

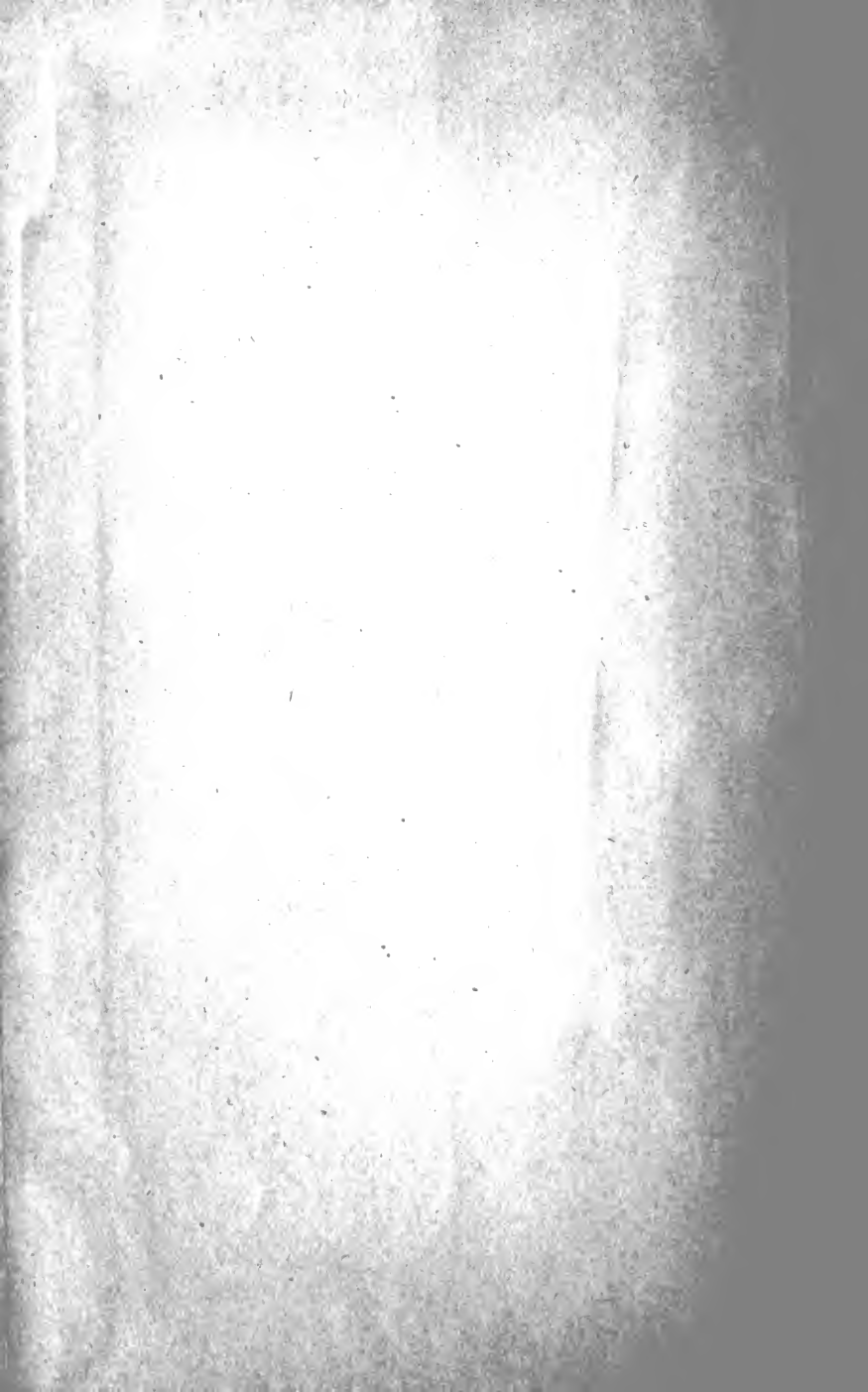


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SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

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SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

I.

ITS EARLY HISTORY.

“ How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore.
What dreams romantic filled my brain,
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemagne,
The Cid Campeador.

“ And shapes more shadowy than these,
In the dim twilight half-revealed:
Phœnician galleys on the seas,
And Roman camps like hives of bees;
The Goth uplifting from his knees
Pelayo on his shield.”

THE beginnings of Spain lead us back to the very caverns of history, to grope in the dim twilight of an obscure and almost forgotten past. For the earlier peoples of the Iberian peninsula kept no record of their achievements, preserved no chronicle of their doings, their rulers and their governments. Two features present themselves, as we scan the nearly obliterated pages of Spain's history: and we may choose whether to take

as our initial point, in this voyage of discovery, the primitive peoples of the north, the Basques of the Pyrenees, or the first city founded by the Phoenicians on the southern coast near the Strait of Gibraltar.

Both have claims upon the consideration of the historian; but, as the first glimmerings of historical traditions—we can hardly call them authentic, though probable—shone from the shores of southern Spain, out upon the waters of the Atlantic, we will heed them to the extent of beginning our investigations there.

Traditional, indeed, one might term that history which claims, as the founder of the famed city of Cadiz, the Pygmalion of mythology, the royal sculptor who prayed Aphrodite to give life to the ivory statue he had made. Doubtless this ancient hero has been confounded with King Pygmalion of Tyre; but even so, another mythological figure arises in this connection, no less than great Hercules, some of whose “labors” were unquestionably performed in Spain. Not far from Cadiz, as distances are reckoned, rise the great Pillars of Hercules, which guard the Strait of Gibraltar, and which, as all the world knows, were set up by the giant whose name they bear.

After this performance, Hercules landed at or near the present city of Cadiz and there began his search for the oxen of the giant Geryones.

More than this: Spain, it is said by geologists, is now the last remaining western headland of the lost Atlantis, from which it was wrenched, in some great cataclysm, and sunk beneath the ocean. It was in

Atlantis, according to authorities on this subject, that Hercules sought the golden apples of Hesperides. Thus we find here a triad of mythological creations: Pygmalion Aphrodite and Hercules, whose connection with this coast—even though it may be argued against them that they never really existed—bestow upon it the halo of a great antiquity.

Out of the mists of mythology, however, slowly rises the more substantial fabric of history; in the wake of fanciful heroes and deified navigators sail actual entities of blood and bone. These are the Phœnician searovers, traders from Tyre on the far eastern shore of the Mediterranean, who have heard of vast mineral wealth concealed in the soil of Iberia, and, keen for traffic, penetrate even beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

The rude and uncultured aborigines of the Iberian peninsula are thought to have been the remote ancestors of the present people of the Pyrenees, the sturdy Basques, whose language is so uncouth that the devil himself, after seven years' vain effort to master it, was able to speak but two words, yes and no. This, at least, is the tradition that the Basques gleefully narrate to-day and which they seem to believe in. They also say that his Satanic Majesty was so disgusted at his failure that he shook the dust of the Basque country from his feet and has never been seen there since. According to the philologists, this Basque language, or idiom, was once the universal speech of the peninsula, and to-day it is said there are all of two thousand words in universal use derived directly from it. Alex-

ander von Humboldt, who studied the Basque, believed it to have been the ancient language of Iberia, and the Basques themselves declare that it was the veritable language of Father Adam in Paradise and was brought by Tubal Cain to Spain.

It is as difficult to learn to-day as it ever was, having preserved, like the people who speak it, all its primitive simplicity and original barbarism. A certain modern writer even goes so far as to declare that while the Basques seem to understand each other's speech, he has grave doubts on the subject; for example, he adds, they may write a word similar to Solomon, but will pronounce it Nebuchadnezzar! Another author professes to have discovered that this language is identical with, or very similar to, the speech of some native Berber tribes in North Africa.

As the only idiom that has held its own throughout all the mutations of Spanish history, the Basque is entitled to respect. As a survival of the aboriginal speech it takes us back to those primitive peoples who were first found here in possession by the Phœnician searovers, more than three thousand years ago. Related—as some affirm—on the one hand to the Celtic, and on the other to the aboriginal dialects of North Africa, it was probably spoken by the Aryan invaders who swept over the peninsula in the earliest times of which we have even a tradition. These Aryans found here an aboriginal people, the native Iberians, from whom the peninsula derived its name, and the union of the two produced the sturdy Celtiberians, stalwart of frame,

uncultured warlike and quarrelsome worshippers of the elemental forces and objects of nature; in a word, as to their religion veritable pagans.

Ever seeking the western islands of their mythology, on the watch for those fabled Atlantides of whom their great teachers had taught them, the restless Phœnician sailors coasted both northern and southern shores of the Mediterranean until they finally reached the Iberian coast. They probably founded a city, or at least a place for trading, at or near the present Barcelona, perhaps also at Tarragona; but it is known that they finally reached their farthest western limit at Cadiz. The province or surrounding region was known to the scriptural writers as Tarshish, and probably included the coast territory on both sides the River Guadalquivir's mouth. It is sometimes known by its Latin form of Tartessus, but the Phœnicians called it Gaddir, or the Fortress—a name probably applied to the city, and which the Romans subsequently knew as Gadez.

Gold, silver and copper ores were abundant in the province or territory of Gaddir, in ancient times, and to-day copper is mined in great quantities in the province of Huelva, near the mouth of the Rio Tinto—which is so called from the color of its water. The Iberians and Celtiberians, then, being unacquainted with the value of the so-called precious metals, were very glad to trade their ores for the wares and manufactures of the Tyrian trade merchants. Copper and silver were found in such abundance that the Phœnician vessels were often laden with them to the water's

edge, and the silver was wrought into anchors as well as into plate and ornaments:

“ Past these shores the wise Phœnicians
Coasted onward toward the West,
Hoping there to find Atlantis
And the Islands of the Blest.
Somewhere in these mystic valleys
Grew the golden-fruited trees
Which the wandering sons of Zeus
Stole from the Hesperides.”

Cadiz possesses to-day all the advantages which lured hither those bold sea-rovers of three thousand years ago; which made it the greatest port of Spain during the conquest and colonization of America, when the fleets for the second, third and fourth voyages of Columbus were fitted out and assembled here; when, a hundred years later, the vast Armada was brought together here for the invasion and conquest of England; whence, in 1805, the combined French and Spanish fleets sailed forth to their defeat at Trafalgar, when Nelson gave the death-blow to Spain's supremacy upon the ocean.

Gaddir, Gadez, Cadiz, these are the names by which has been successively known the first Phœnician city on the coast of Spain, and whose ancient origin is perpetuated to-day in its civic coat-of-arms, upon which are engraved the figure of Hercules and the lions he strangled, when he came to this coast on adventure bent. The situation of this city, commanding as it does the entrance to a magnificent bay so vast that its

farther shores are dim in the distance as seen from the city, which is built on a neck of land between the sea and the river, early stamped this spot as the site of a great seaport. So it is no matter of wonder that it so soon became famous as the chosen port of the Phœnicians, even though situated beyond the confines of their then-known habitable world.

Whether or no Pymalion—that is, the sculptor who fell in love with and married his vivified statue—founded Cadiz, it is a matter of world-wide credence that the sister of King Pygmalion of Tyre, who flourished centuries after, was the legendary foundress of Carthage. This event occurred about the middle of the ninth century before Christ, or some three hundred years after the alleged founding of Cadiz on the coast of Spain. Driven from Tyre by her brother, Pygmalion, who murdered her husband and uncle, taking with her vast treasure, and accompanied by a great number of noble Tyrians, Elissa—or Dido, as she is better known to history—put to sea, finally landing on the north coast of Africa. From the Numidian King Hiarbas she purchased a tract of land on which to build her city. The agreement was that she should have as much land as she could encompass with the hide of a bullock, and she then performed that feat ever since known as “cutting a Dido,” when she cut the hide into narrow thongs and thereby managed to surround with it a large area. King Hiarbas, it is related, was so struck with her sagacity that he tried to force her to

marry him, and to escape this fate Dido stabbed herself on a funeral pyre.

This is the popular account, more or less mythical, of the founding of Carthage; and whether Queen Dido did as tradition relates, or not, at all events Carthage was founded by Phoenicians. It became in time the seat of a great African empire and centuries later was at war with Rome, waging that war chiefly in Sicily, for the exclusive possession of which the two nations contended. And it was as a consequence of this war in Sicily that the Carthaginians became involved in Iberian affairs more intimately than during the preceding centuries, when their traders merely visited Spain for traffic.

After the great Carthaginian general, Hamilcar Barca, had been driven out of Sicily by the Romans, who thus brought to a close the first Punic war in 241 B.C., he was for a time engaged in subduing his savage African mercenaries, whom he finally brought to terms. This was only accomplished, however, after severe fighting and a struggle prolonged during five years. Becoming disgusted at prospect of having to fight for Carthage with the mercenaries he could not depend upon, and foreseeing a continuance of the long struggle with Rome, Hamilcar Barca cast about for a new recruiting ground, and soon fixed upon the Iberian peninsula. Here were vast hordes of Celts and Celtiberians, untrained, but brave, lacking only discipline and a leader to make of them most formidable fighting material. Even as, many centuries later, Great Britain

fought France and Napoleon Bonaparte in the Iberian peninsula, bringing about division and distraction of his armies, and eventually the destruction of his forces, so Carthage and Hamilcar prepared to attack Rome by the way of Spain and with the help of her soldiers.

Invading the peninsula with a small army, about the year 238 or 239 B.C., he was so successful that when ten years later he fell by the assassin's hand, he had brought under subjection not only the people of southern Spain, but of portions of Lusitania, or Portugal. Succeeded by Hasdrubal, his son-in-law, who was also a soldier-statesman of the highest rank, Hamilcar's great work was still carried on, so that the year Hasdrubal was assassinated, or in 221 B.C., the Carthaginians held all Spain as far north as the river Ebro. In the centuries succeeding to the founding of Cadiz, conditions had so changed that from desultory bands of merchant-sailors the Phœnicians had now become, through their African colonists of Carthage, almost the sole masters of the sea. They concentrated their fleets and soldiers at the spot selected by Hasdrubal as the site of a city which he founded here and called New Carthage, or Cartagena. Its harbor, capacious enough to hold all the fleets of that period, and with narrow entrance, strongly fortified, served as an admirably-chosen strategic base from which to project the various expeditions into the peninsula and along the coast, by which the barbarians were brought to vassalage.

Hither came, while yet a youth, one who has been styled "the greatest captain that the world has seen,"

Hannibal, son of Hamilcar, and the inveterate enemy of Rome. He was but nine years of age when, after swearing eternal enmity to Rome upon the altar of his god at Carthage, he was taken by his father to Spain. Born mid the throes of war and bred a soldier, married to an Iberian woman, and a comrade of her brethren, his influence among the rude soldiery of Spain was unbounded. At the death of Hasdrubal, when Hannibal was twenty-six years of age, he was unanimously elected their leader and found himself in command of a magnificent army of fifty-six thousand men and two hundred elephants. At least, this is the force Hasdrubal had assembled, trained and disciplined; and it was not in the nature of things that Hannibal should allow this invincible equipment to lie idle while there seemed a possibility for glory and conquest. So it was, that, two years after his accession, Hannibal marched against the nearest settlement in alliance with Rome, Saguntum, on the eastern coast to the north of the present city of Valencia. About 900 B.C. the Greeks had sent a colony to the Catalonian shores, on the east coast of Spain, and not long after had founded ill-starred Saguntum. In the pages of the historian Livy is a glowing characterization of the heroic Hannibal, and of the no less heroic Saguntines, who, after a siege of nearly a twelvemonth, finally became the prey of the Cathaginians. Choosing rather to perish with their beloved city than to be taken prisoners, the Saguntines made one last foray in which all the fighting men—all the male citizens, in fact—fell victims to their valor.

They had assembled their women and children around a vast pile of their most valuable possessions, previous to their foray, and had instructed them what to do in case of their defeat. In accordance with those instructions, these surviving noncombatants set fire to the pile and cast themselves into the flames, so that when the victors entered through the breaches they had made in the walls, there was no foe upon which to wreak their vengeance, no plunder to reward their Herculean toil. Charred corpses and smoking ruins alone greeted their eyes; and thus Hannibal, though he had won a victory, was deprived of its most glorious results.

As Saguntum was a dependent colony of Rome, the latter could not but resent this affront to her dignity, this setting at defiance of her might; and as soon as possible after the reception of the astounding intelligence, she set in motion her hitherto invincible legions. This, indeed, Hannibal had anticipated, had probably calculated upon. His army, at the siege of Saguntum, was estimated at more than one hundred and fifty thousand men. Leaving a strong force to defend Cartagena and his base of supplies, he lost no time in marching northward along the coast of Spain, having as his ultimate destination the proud capital of his foes, no less than glorious Rome herself. The first Punic war had ended in the defeat of Hamilcar in Sicily; the fall of Saguntum precipitated the second, which resulted in the eventual loss to the Carthaginians of all Spain; and the third eventuated in the fall of Carthage itself.

Historians, civil and military, have pronounced against this apparently insane move of Hannibal in the direction of the Roman capital, thus leaving open to attack the widely-separated bases of Cartagena and Carthage, the one in Spain, the other on the north coast of Africa. But, notwithstanding its disastrous results, this mighty scheme of conquest projected by the implacable Hannibal has compelled the admiration of man for nearly twenty centuries. Setting forth with an army of one hundred thousand horse and foot, and with a troop of trained elephants whose prestige was so terrifying to the Latins, this commander pressed forward to and beyond the confines of the peninsula. This was the beginning of that wonderful campaign against Rome, which lasted fifteen years and brought the African army to the gates of the capital itself. Nearly three-fourths of his army perished in the terrible passage of the Alps, yet, undismayed, Hannibal pressed on in the direction the fates had ordained he should go, defeating army after army sent against him, and striking terror to the heart of Rome. As an example of the man's invincible purpose, as an inspiration to future ages, showing what an unconquerable spirit inspired by any great aim or ambition can accomplish, this campaign of Hannibal the Carthaginian against the overwhelmingly numerous armies of Rome is a fruitful lesson. That it ended in eventual disaster was not so much the fault of the commander as of his enemies at Carthage, who recalled him to the defense of that city when supreme victory was almost within his grasp.

They had, also, been extremely remiss in aiding him with men and supplies, leaving him alone to combat his swarming foes far from any base which could be of use to him. The Romans, also, had taken a leaf from his own book of tactics, and even as he had attempted the freedom of Carthage and Spain by carrying the war into their own country, now turned about and carried the war into Africa. By his great victory over Hannibal and his virtual capture of Carthage, the Roman Scipio obtained his distinguishing surname, "Africanus," in October, 202 B.C.

Affairs in Spain, meanwhile, turned out about as might have been expected, for while Hannibal's brother, Hasdrubal, at first defeated and flanked a Roman army under Cneius Scipio, and afterward marched to the assistance of the Africans, yet he was later defeated by the consul Nero and lost not only his army but his head. Another Scipio, Publius Cornelius, the same who later conquered Carthage and made an end of Hannibal, next appears in Spain. He had met him previously in Italy, but escaped somehow from the defeats in which he was involved to meet and battle with Hasdrubal's army, which he vainly essayed to prevent from crossing the Pyrenees. But by skillful strategy he captured the Carthaginian stronghold, Cartagena, taking with it an immense spoil and many prisoners. This was but the beginning of Carthaginian losses in Spain, and by the end of 206 B.C., four years before Hannibal's defeat in Africa, all of African Spain was in possession of the Romans. The very last

Carthaginian city of consequence to fall was Cadiz; and thus, after nine centuries of commercial and military supremacy in Spain, Phœnician power was to end where it had begun, destined never more to assert itself beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

II.

ROMANS AND VISIGOTHS.

THE plans of Hannibal had miscarried and the Romans were not only triumphant at home, but abroad, in Spain and in Africa. Not many years passed by ere the Iberian peninsula, which had hitherto nourished the barbarian Celts and their allies, had furnished troops and material for war to Carthage, had sent silver and gold to Tyre and mercenaries into Italy, became in reality as well as in name a Roman province. Under various consuls, or proconsuls, it was governed from Rome, and was soon divided into Hither and Farther Spain. It was about this time, probably, that the peninsula became known as *España* or *Hispania*, which has been moderized or rather anglicized, into its present name of Spain. But, while the Romans had ousted their African enemies, yet there remained for them great work to do. That they did it, that they gradually imposed upon the conquered peoples their language and their customs, that they built bridges and roads, cities and theaters—erected those imperishable monuments that no other people could have created in so short a time—all Spain, even at the present time, attests.

Their first great labor was the overcoming of the

native Celtiberians, who, as brave and warlike as ever, and quondam allies of the Carthaginians, were hard to conquer. Those of the coast fled to the interior, where they intrenched themselves among the hills and mountains, and for many years defied the efforts of the Roman armies to subjugate them. A hundred Celtiberian towns, it is chronicled, were taken and romanized by the three Gracchi—the elder, and after him his two sons. Defeats came to the Romans, at intervals, as for instance when their army under Mummius was overwhelmed by the Lusitanians, who were for years in rebellion.

The most serious of these uprisings against Roman authority was that of these barbarous Lusitanians, dwellers mainly in that portion of the Iberian peninsula now known as Portugal. Under the rude and simple, though valiant and courteous shepherd-chieftain, Viriathus, who, from a friend of the Romans, had been driven to become their most implacable enemy, through their own treachery and failure to perform their promises by treaty, the natives were often led to victory and held for years their enemies at bay.

It is a strange commentary on the repetitions of history that his defection was brought about through circumstances similar to those which precipitated the latest rebellion in Cuba in 1878. In this case, as in that of Spain when dealing with Cuba, a foreign power was seeking to treat with rebellious natives who resisted the imposition of their authority. Driven to treat, at last, the Cubans (as may be recalled, at the end of

their "ten-years'-war"), signed a treaty with the Spaniards, by which their practical autonomy was to be secured. This treaty, however, the Spanish Cortes refused to acknowledge, and thus the Cubans gained nothing through their concessions, and were eventually driven into the last uprising, which had so disastrous an ending for the Spaniards. Viriathus stipulated with the Roman generals for the independence of the Lusitanians, and in good faith surrendered; but the treaty was rejected by the Roman senate and he was again driven to take up arms in defense of his country and principles. His revolt lasted practically from the year 147 to 134 B.C., and was only brought to a close by his assassination at the hands of reputed friends and the fall of Numantia, where the scenes of Saguntum were in effect repeated, all the garrison and inhabitants falling by famine and in battle.

Before this Celtiberian city of Numantia the Romans had gathered nearly all their armies, comprising in the end more than sixty thousand men, and commanded by one of their greatest generals, Scipio the Younger, or Africanus Minor, who had entirely destroyed African Carthage, twelve years before, and now followed the same course with Numantia.

All the great names famous in Rome during the height of its glory were inscribed on the scroll of Spain's history during those troublous times: The Gracchi, the three Scipios, learned Cato, Junius Brutus, and later Metellus, Pompey, and great Cæsar. All these gained imperishable laurels in Spain, even if they

did not receive their training at arms there. Thus the distant province became a field in which Rome tried the temper of her soldiers.

About the beginning of the first century before Christ the Romans sustained great losses through the defection of one of their own soldiers, the brave but misguided Quintus Sertorius. He had served under the veteran Marius and taken prominent part in the fractional quarrels which divided and weakened Rome at that time of her highest empire and which caused ultimate defeat to her armies. Sertorius was driven by Sully to Spain, where he made friends with the Lusitanians. Among them he gained great power, being worshipped almost as a demigod. His chief accessory to gain the superstitious reverence of his followers was a white fawn, which went with him everywhere and to which was ascribed supernatural virtues, especially in divination. But at all events, Sertorius did not depend wholly upon supernatural aids for his victories, being like the great Napoleon of centuries later, a firm believer in the efficacy of sturdy battalions.

He held out against some of Rome's greatest generals, and kept his people in revolt for many years, until finally a young man named Pompey was sent out to conquer him. He was also treated to defeat by the sturdy veteran. But again, as in the case of Viriathus, the base assassin's aid was invoked, and Sertorius fell a victim to treachery at a banquet prepared in his honor, and his enemy triumphed. Pompey succeeded in pacifying the revolted Lusitanians, marching from

victory to victory, and when he returned to Rome was hailed with acclaim and accorded a "triumph."

Nor was Pompey the last great Roman to win undying fame in the province of Spain, for the man who became later his deadly rival and enemy acquired not only fame, but fortune, as proconsul of *Hispania ulterior*; no less than Cæsar, of immortal memory. The century was but half-completed ere the latter met and defeated the legates of Pompey, in Spain, the year before he caused the final downfall of his stubborn rival at Pharsalia; and four years later Cæsar rose to complete supremacy by winning the great battle over Pompey's sons, in which one of them was slain, at Munda, near the city of Roman foundation, Cordova, which subsequently became famous as a capital of the Moors.

With his vast capability for the management of affairs of magnitude, Cæsar soon reduced order out of the chaotic conditions in Spain, and started the country upon a career of prosperity which lasted, with but few intermissions, for the next four centuries. Roman Spain became the grandest province of the empire, the chosen abode of wealth and literature, and in the ensuing years men were born there who have left more than an ephemeral impression upon the times in which they lived. At the Roman city of Italica, which is now a mass of ruins, near Seville, were born Hadrian and Trajan; of a Spanish family came Marcus Aurelius and Antoninus; and Spain also boasts the names of such as the two Senecas, Lucan, Martial, and others.

The Romans ruled Spain for about six hundred years,

and on the whole wisely and well; the long peace was so nearly unbroken, during nearly four centuries, that nothing of importance occurs to chronicle.

Spain became civilized, even Romanized, her barbarian tongues being succeeded by a bastard Roman or Latin, which subsequently became modified by the Gothic, thus giving rise, in the course of years, to a speech entirely peculiar to Spain itself. This was accomplished by the inflow of a flood of Goths, who afterward came to be the ruling people; as we will proceed to relate.

An invasion of the Franks, about A.D. 236, disturbed Spain somewhat, but was of little importance, save as the precursor of what was to come. In the latter part of the fourth century Italy was overrun by hordes of barbarians, who, in the early part of the fifth century, became a menace to the nation. In the year 408 Rome itself was threatened by Alaric, who appeared at its gates and demanded tribute of gold, silver, silks and slaves. This was given him, but he later returned, sacked the imperial city and left it humiliated. With the hand of the barbarian at her throat, Rome could give but little aid to Spain in repelling the hordes of Alani, Suevi and Vandals, which about this time swept over the Pyrenees into her northern provinces and stopped not in their devastating flight until they had swept the country from northern border to southern coast. The Vandals passed over into Africa, where they founded a short-lived empire, but they left behind

memories of excesses and ravage that have lasted till the present day.

Alaric, conqueror of Rome, died and left his migrant and vagrant horde to the care of one Athaulf, who led his followers from Italy into Gaul, first, however, making love to and marrying by force the beautiful sister of the Emperor Honorius, who by some means had been captured and was held a prisoner. That she was not a willing wife to Athaulf, appears from her subsequent history; for she was sought by a former lover, taken away from her husband and back to Rome, where she became mother of one high in the annals of fame in future years, the Emperor Valentinian.

The Visigoths, as they were called, to distinguish them from the eastern, or Ostrogoths, were able and virile, even if barbarians, and early fell under the influences of the Latin religion, the Arian branch of it, to which they clung consistently for a long period. In order to get rid of them, Rome allowed them to settle in some of the southern provinces of Gaul, and it was while there that they performed her a great service in acting as a bulwark against the overwhelming floods of Suevi and Vandals; in the year 428 participating in a defeat sustained by the Roman army, inflicted by Genseric the Vandal. The Visigothic kingdom was then ruled over by King Theodoric, who was assisted at that great victory by the allied Goths and Romans, by which the southward-sweeping scourge of Huns was arrested and overthrown. The king lost his life in the conflict and was succeeded by a son of the same name, and he

by his brother, Evaric, under whom Roman authority was cast off and defied and Spain made into a Visigothic kingdom. His successor, Alaric II., established his capital at Toledo, according to some writers, where for the first time we find the Visigoths permanently settled.

Toledo, the "Toledoth" of the Jews, is said by them to have been founded by their ancestors who left Palestine in the days of the great Nebuchadnezzar. It comes into Spanish history as early at least as about 200 B.C., when it was taken by the Romans, and even then was a large and populous city.

Situated on a commanding promontory above the golden Tagus, it contains almost imperishable relics of the Romans, Goths, Jews, Moors and Christians, the various buildings on its hills telling of their origin, like geologic strata. The impression a visitor to Toledo receives to-day is that it is a Gothic city, yet its finest architecture is Moorish, except for the cathedral, which is Gothic—though not built by the early Goths. In fact, the Goths and Visigoths have left very few permanent memorials of their presence here, nor in any other part of Spain. The grand old bridge spanning the Tagus is a Romano-Gothic, and there are some buildings bearing the impress of that style of architecture.

Here in Toledo the Goths, after many years of wandering, maintained their capital, and here reigned the long line of kings, to the number of thirty and more. Very few of whom, it is said, ever died a peaceful death. As rigid Aryans, the Goths were at first cele-

brated, but finally, through the constant pressure of the Roman bishops, they came to profess the more modern doctrine. One of the most vigorous of the Gothic rulers, King Leovigild, was such an uncompromising Aryan that he put to death his youngest son for adopting the religion of his French wife and becoming a Catholic, while a brother, Recared, stood by unmoved and saw the deed performed. Yet it was not long after, according to the chronicles, that this same Recared, after he had succeeded to the throne, on the death of his father, turned Catholic himself, and persecuted his Aryan subjects relentlessly.

Of the many rulers who lived in Toledo, few are worthy of particular mention. This one, Recared, was the means of turning all the nation from Aryanism to Catholicism, and has the reputation of being the first of that long line of bigoted kings, beginning with himself, in the sixth century, and ending not until the passing away of Ferdinand VII., in the nineteenth—a line which has consistently supported the acts of inquisitors and destroyers of heretics. He attempted the expulsion of the Jews, and relented only when they, too, promised to conform to the rules of the new religion.

That the line and names of kings are more or less fictional is proved by the uncertainty surrounding the deeds and eventual disappearance of the very last to reign, King Roderick. To this day, indeed, all Spain is divided as to the guilt or innocence of this king, who was accused by his enemies of having committed a dastardly act. Perhaps the most picturesque figure of

them all is old King Wamba, who was elected to reign over the people while engaged in tending his flocks as a simple shepherd. He protested in vain that he did not want to ascend the throne, but was compelled against his will; and he became such a terror to crime and criminals that he was soon invited to step down and out. By this time, however, having had a taste of royalty, he liked it so well that he would not resign; so some conspirators one day administered a dose of medicine that threw him into a deep sleep, during which he was stripped of his kingly robes and garbed in a monk's cowl and cloak. This had been done at the instance of the ecclesiastics, who desired a person of their own choosing on the throne; and as it was a law of the land that a monk once garbed should always wear the cowl, there was nothing for King Wamba to do but accept his fate and retire to a cloister.

Whatever is true in these Gothic chronicles, at least there is evident the hand of the priest and the bishop; at this time began that interference in affairs of state by so-called "holy" men, which continued to the time of Isabella and Ferdinand, and beyond. It was one Erwic, who, according to tradition, gave Wamba the soporific draught that proved so disastrous to his ambitions; and who, after the latter had retired to a monastery near Burgos, ascended the throne, which he all along had coveted. Instigated by the Bishop of Toledo, he enacted oppressive laws against the Jews, who were driven almost to open rebellion. His successor, Egica, who was also his son-in-law, took issue with some of

the clergy on account of a lack of courtesy on their part toward the throne, and banished the primate of Spain, Sisbert, who had conspired to assassinate the royal family. This shows the lax condition of things at the capital, and the constant friction between the ecclesiastics and the rulers, which latter the ecclesiastics apparently set up and pulled down at their pleasure.

In the last years of Egica's reign a law was enacted by the ecclesiastical council of Toledo which declared the virtual enslavement of all the Spanish Jews and their distribution among the Christian families of the kingdom. This was the last straw that broke the back of the long-suffering Jews in Spain; it was probably the one act necessary to precipitate that long-impending avalanche of Moslems from Africa, which so soon fell and engulfed all Spain. Contrasting their own condition with that of their co-religionists in Africa, subject to the Moslems, and the similarity of their faith to that of the Mahomet's followers, there is little doubt that the oppressed sons of Israel not only conspired with those of their faith across the Mediterranean, but actually invited the Arabs to come over and possess the country. This is a most natural assumption, at all events; but the actual invasion of Spain by the Moslem Arabs, which soon occurred, has been ascribed to the thoughtless and criminal acts of the last Gothic king, Roderick, the successor to Witica, who came after Egica. The real reason that the hapless Roderick was made a scapegoat for all the misfortunes of Gothic Spain may be found, it has been stated, in his opposi-

tion to the ecclesiastics, in their temporal rather than their spiritual affairs. If not a friend of the persecuted Jews, at least he was not actively their enemy; he was given to the working of reforms within the kingdom and the church which many viewed with apprehension, and he was overfond of luxurious living.

Looking off from the fortified walls of Toledo, and down toward the roaring river Tagus, one may still see the ruins of what are called the Baths of Florinda, where, tradition tells us, the beautiful daughter of Count Julian was bathing when King Roderick saw her and became enamored of her charms. Another story has it that he first saw her playing with some female companions in his own palace, whither she had been invited by his wife. Whichever story be told, it has as its motive the guilty intercourse of King Roderick and the fair Florinda, daughter of Count Julian, an attendant upon his court. Count Julian was alcalde of Ceuta, on the African side of the Strait, and held in a measure the fate of Spain in his hands. The Moslems were then in possession of all the African coast as far west to the westward as the point opposite Gibraltar, and were doubtless preparing for an invasion, when the time should seem propitious, of the Christian land across the Strait. The Moslem commander, fierce old Tarik, was one day approached by Count Julian with the proposition to conduct him and his army to the country of their desires and to assist him in conquering the Christian hosts. His offer was accepted, and after the Moslems had spied out the country, they

sent over a great force, which was opposed by a still greater one under King Roderick. They met on or near the banks of the Rio Guadalete, at the plain of Xeres, the Christian army one hundred thousand strong, but containing a host of traitors within its ranks, led by Bishop Oppas, a brother of the former King Witica, and the latter's two sons, as well as Count Julian and his followers. At the appointed moment, and when the battle raged at its fiercest, they all broke and went over to the enemy, with the result that the Goths were most disastrously defeated and the Moslems triumphant on every side. King Roderick was last seen fleeing the field mounted on a milk-white charger, and his golden sandals are said to have been found among the reeds on the river bank; but he was never after found alive, and is supposed to have perished. But, while authentic history is silent respecting his fate, yet song and legend have celebrated this unfortunate Roderick, the last king of the Goths.

“ The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay,
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;
He, when he saw the field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

“ His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame—he could no farther go;
Dismounted, without path or aim, the king stepped to and fro;
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For, sore athirst, and hungry, he staggered faint and sick.

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‘ He looked for the brave captains that led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the
slain?

Where’er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And, while thus he said, the tears he shed ran down his cheeks
like rain:

‘ ‘ Last night I was the King of Spain—to-day no king am I;
Last night fair castles held my train—to-night where shall
I lie?

Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee—
To-night not one I call mine own; not one pertains to me.

‘ ‘ Oh, luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursèd was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great seignory!
Unhappy me, that I should see the sun go down to-night!
O Death, why now so slow art thou, why fearest thou to
smite?’ ”

III.

THE MAHOMETANS IN SPAIN.

THE soil of Spain had been ploughed by the native Iberians, surveyed by the Phœnicians, harrowed by the Goths and Romans; but its harvests were to be gathered by the Mahometans. From the north coast of Africa, out of the wilds of the "mysterious continent," came those people who were to change the aspect of all Spain, who were to impose a new religion upon its inhabitants, and cause the country to blossom with an Oriental architecture.

They are certainly deserving of a few words of explanation, before we leave behind us the native races and follow in the train of these new arrivals. "The ancients," says a celebrated French author, "have left us no trustworthy documents upon those people who first settled the north coast of Africa. According to Sallust, this territory was first inhabited by two native races, the Getules and the Libyans; but later the former united with the Medes and Persians and from the fusion of these two elements (one autochthon and the other Asiatic) sprang the Numidians, represented at the present day by the indigenous natives, or the so-called Berbers.

“This tradition from the annals of the Numidian kings easily account for facts that are being proven to-day. The dark type would represent the descendants of the Numidians, while the fair type, which is not so numerous, and is found more especially in Morocco, would represent the posterity of the armies of the Medes and Persians. Tradition is also preserved of a Semitic invasion from Canaan, supporting which is the fact that the Berbers have always had more affinity with the Semitic race and the Canaanites than the Aryans.

“If we compare the native Berbers with the Touareges (or wild Bedouins) it is easily seen that a relationship exists between them; they speak the same language, and their written characters are precisely the same as those in the rare inscriptions found in the mountains of Algeria and called Lybic. The origin of the Touareges is evidently Oriental, probably from the Arabian peninsula on the borders of the Red Sea. Other invasions, either from Spain or from the Mediterranean coast, have without doubt co-operated in the formation of this Algerian people, the Berbers; but this ethnic contingent had not, before the Arabian conquest, furnished an element important enough to modify any of the essential traits in the characteristic physiognomy of the primitive populations of Algiers.

“From the finding of megalithic monuments in Spain similar to those found in North Africa, some writers have supposed an Aryan invasion through Europe, across the Strait of Gibraltar, after the death of Hercules; but this is not so probable as the invasion along

the African coast. An invasion of Iberians (from Spain) is not very certain; and as to the Greeks—they did not reach so far as Algeria even. The first people, then, in historic times who came here to settle were the Phœnicians; but they came (at first, at all events) merely for trade, and had no perceptible effect upon the native types. It was quite the opposite with the Moslem conquest; for from the first the Arabs imposed their religion and their language upon the greater number of the inhabitants. In the plains, indeed, their influence was such that it soon became impossible to distinguish the victors from the vanquished. The mountaineers resisted longer, but finally became zealous converts to Islamism.

“But, in consequence of their invasion of Spain, and the struggles of all kind they had to undergo, it was not long before the Arabs themselves disappeared from Algiers. Another invasion, however, took place in the eleventh century, and after having ravaged the country, the greater part of these tribes settled in the south-eastern part of Algeria, near the frontiers of Morocco, where they are now installed. A few even went into the interior of Morocco and helped by their arms to establish the dynasty which is reigning there to-day. The Arab Berbers speak an Arab dialect, which contains but very few native words. And as a rule, the farther one goes into the desert, the purer he will find the Arabic spoken by the people. The Arab Berbers are revengeful, courageous, honest among themselves, and of a very warlike nature, seizing upon the most trivial

pretext to take up arms and make a *razzia*, or pillaging excursion, into a neighboring territory."

These are the representatives to-day of the fierce warriors who united with the Arabs in their invasion of Spain, in the early years of the eighth century.

Let us now glance at the home and customs of the Arabs themselves, who initiated that invasion and who made an indelible impression not only upon Spain, but upon North Africa as well. The Arabs, who previous to the rise of Mahomet, were hardly coherent enough to be recognized as a national entity, and who were in their religion merely pagans or nature worshippers, like the Iberians, within one hundred years after the "hegira," or flight of their prophet, overran Persia, Syria, North Africa and the southwestern portion of Europe. We have seen that the Gothic or Spanish Jews were more favorable to the Moslems than to the Goths or Christians. This arose from their racial connection with the Arabs, both being Semitic, and from the points of similarity in their religion. Mahometanism, as is well known, is based upon our own Holy Writ, the Koran, in many parts, being a mere transcription of the Bible. Mecca was substituted later for Jerusalem, but Mahomet adopted nearly all the Jewish prophets in a body, the list comprising Adam, Seth, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, etc., to whom was added Mahomet, of course. Islamism insists upon a belief in God, in angels, in the prophets—of whom Mahomet is chief—in the Koran, and in predestination or fatalism. The chief distinction being that while

Christianity is a religion of love (as preached by Christ), the religion of Mahomet is one of the sword. At least, it became so, and during his life, at that; and was particularly acceptable to the fierce sons of the desert among whom he dwelt.

After the death of Mahomet there were two rival candidates for his mantle. Ali, his cousin and son-in-law, husband of Fatima; and Abu Bekr, father of Ayesha, his favorite wife, and who was finally elected Caliph, or Commander of the Faithful. The numerous sects and schisms date from this division; but still, an army of conquest was sent into Syria and took the city of Damascus, to which the caliphate was removed in 673. Another army was sent into Egypt, which took Cairo and Alexandria. North Africa to the west of Egypt at that time was known under its Roman names of Numidia, Tingitania and Mauritania, and to this vast region collectively comprised in those provinces a trusted general was appointed named Musa or Moses. His armies quickly reduced the Berbers to subjection and they flocked by thousands to his banner and his mosques, which were soon established, with their *kibbah* or holy niche toward Mecca; at the opposite end the minaret, from a balcony of which the *muezzin* sent forth the call to prayer. During the first years of the eighth century, Islamism, under Al Walid, Caliph of Damascus, "was established from the banks of the Ganges to the Atlantic surges."

Musa was created Emir of Africa and the supreme commander of all the Moslems of the west. Serving

under him were his six stalwart sons, one whom took Tangier (called *Tingis* by the Romans, and by the Arabs *Tanjah*). Command of the army at this point was given to an Arab chieftain named Tarik Ibu Zeyad Ibu Abdillah, whom, as he had lost an eye in battle, his soldiers (who were devoted to him) called "Tarik the One-eyed," or *El Tuerto*, for short. This was the redoubtable general who commanded the first small force sent over across the Strait, from Ceuta to Gibraltar—from the African to the Spanish "Pillar of Hercules," in fact—to spy out the fair land of Spain. Meanwhile the bulk of the Arab-Berber army was gathering at Tangier. "For more than three-quarters of a century soldiers, and the sons of soldiers, conquerors and the sons of conquerors, they were burning for yet greater conquests."

The Arabs, then, were those who brought Africa and Spain under Moslem rule, and they were aided by such others of African tribes and origin as had been converted to their faith. Their mainspring of action, as we have seen, may be found in their religion, the faith of Islam, or resignation to the will of God—as interpreted by Mahomet. And this belief, as they interpreted it, made it incumbent upon all true believers to slay all unbelievers "for righteousness' sake," in short that they carried the flaming sword in place of the cross.

A learned writer has said of Islamism: "Monotheism was its keystone, and predestination its supporting columns. . . . *La Plaha, illa Allah, Muhammed*

resoul Allah: 'There is no God but Allah, and the Mohamet is prophet of Allah. '"

As good Mahometans, the soldiers of this first army of invasion were enjoined strictly to prayer, alms-giving—when practicable—fasting, and the pilgrimage to Mecca. They were supposed to pray at least four times a day; or in every twenty-four hours: at *azohbi*, just before dawn; *adokar*, just after the meridian; *almagreb*, before sunset; and *alaska*, in the evening. To-day, in Tangier, the city where their armies gathered, restlessly awaiting the order to cross the Strait, one may yet find their mosques (which no Christian may enter) and hear the muezzin, at sunset, chant: "Come to prayers, come to prayers; it is better to pray than to sleep!"

Although many hundred miles from Damascus, yet Musa, the Arab general, was obliged to send back to the Caliph for permission to make the attempt upon Spain. This the Commander of the Faithful was gracious enough to send, and so an army about twelve thousand strong was collected on the African shore, near Ceuta, the ancient Abyla of former times, and recently used as a Spanish penal settlement, in which many Cubans, natives of America, have been unjustly imprisoned. Right in sight, rearing its crest against the Spanish sky, rose the great Rock of Calpa, after this event called Gibraltar, *Gebel el Tarik*—in honor of old Tuerto, the One-eyed; a name which has stuck through all the centuries since, and doubtless will forever remain. It is not known whether or not the Arabs

surmised the existence of the conjectural underground passage from the African to the European shore, by which it is said the last remaining apes of the other continent gain access to the mighty rock. But if they did they made no use of it, even if they searched; but were toilfully ferried across in vessels none too large for comfort. It is no matter of surprise to find that Tarik burned his ships behind him, after he and his command had landed, thereby setting an example to Hernando Cortez, some eight centuries later, in Mexico; for they were probably unseaworthy, and besides, those Arab warriors were weary of seeking new countries, and fully determined to stay right where they were. It is thought that the base Count Julian reaped rich rewards from his perfidy; but, according to the talented historian of Spain, they availed him naught. "He had gratified his vengeance; he had been successful in his treason, and had acquired countless riches from the ruin of his country. . . . But, wherever he went Count Julian read hatred in every eye. The Christians cursed him as the cause of all their woes; the Moslems despised him and distrusted him as a traitor. Men whispered together as he approached, and then turned away in scorn; mothers snatched away their children in horror if he offered to caress them. He withered under the execration of his fellow-men, and at last he began to loathe himself. For a time he sought in luxurious indulgence to soothe or forget the miseries of the mind. He assembled around him every gratification and pleasure that boundless wealth could purchase;

but all in vain. . . . He sent to Ceuta for his wife Frandina, his daughter Florinda, and his youthful son Alarbot; hoping in the bosom of his family to find that sympathy and kindness which he could no longer meet with in the world. Their presence, however, brought him no alleviation. Florinda, the daughter of his heart, for whose sake he had undertaken this signal vengeance, was sinking a victim to its effects. Wherever she went she found herself a byword of shame and reproach. The outrage she had suffered was imputed to her as wantonness and her calamity was magnified into a crime. The Christians never mentioned her name without a curse and the Moslems, the gainers by her misfortune, spake of her only by the appellation of *Cava*, the vilest epithet they could apply to woman.

“But the opprobrium of the world was as nothing to the upbraidings of her own heart. She charged herself with all the miseries of these disastrous wars; the deaths of so many gallant cavaliers; the conquest and perdition of her country. The anguish of her mind preyed upon the beauty of her person. . . . When her father sought to embrace her she withdrew shuddering from his arms, for she thought of his treason and the ruin it had brought upon Spain. Her wretchedness increased after her return to her native country, until it rose to a degree of frenzy. One day when she was walking with her parents in the garden of their palace, she entered a tower and, having barred the door, ascended to the battlements. Thence she called to them in piercing accents, expressive of her insupporta-

ble anguish, and desperate determination: 'Let this city,' said she, 'be called Malacca, in memorial of the most wretched of women, who therein put an end to her days.' So saying, she threw herself headlong from the tower and was dashed to pieces. The city," adds the ancient chronicler, "received the name thus given it, though afterward softened to Malaga, which it still retains in memory of the tragical end of Florinda. The Countess Frandina abandoned this scene of woe and returned to Ceuta, accompanied by her infant son. She took with her the remains of her unfortunate daughter, and gave them honorable sepulture in a mausoleum of the chapel belonging to the citadel. Count Julian departed for Carthage, where he remained plunged in horror at this doleful event."

* But the terrible retribution was not to end here. Anticipating somewhat the progress of events, we may note that as successor to Musa, the Emir in Africa was one Abdalasis, who, becoming suspicious of Count Julian and his family, resolved to destroy them root and branch. He stormed and took the castle of Ceuta, cast headlong from the battlements the infant son of the count and had his wife stoned to death. The count himself for a long while escaped those sent in pursuit of him, but at last fell into their hands and was beheaded, or put to death with tortures.

Bishop Oppas, brother to King Witiza, who had occupied the throne before King Roderick, though he and his nephews, the sons of Witiza, had been granted immense estates, was eventually suspected by the Arabs

of treason, imprisoned in a mountain fortress and died in fetters. The two sons of Witiza, his nephews, were also put to death; and thus did these traitors to Spain expiate their treason.

These events occurred long after Spain itself had been overrun by the African invaders; meanwhile the very face of the land was being changed by these fierce Moslems, for they razed cities and massacred people, scattered repeatedly the forces hastily gathered to oppose them, and soon made themselves complete masters of the entire peninsula except the more mountainous portions, to which a remnant of the Goths retreated, and where they stood at bay. After a dominion extending over three hundred years the Gothic supremacy was shattered. It had lasted from about the year 410 to 711, the year in which this lamentable invasion occurred; three centuries in fact, and a new people (that is, new to this part of the world), was to occupy the land that for nearly nine hundred years had been in possession of the Romans and the Western Goths.

It is the belief of impartial historians that Musa the Emir had not really intended the conquest of Spain, but merely an invasion for purposes of ravage, and so had ordered Tarik the One-eyed to return to Africa with what plunder he could collect in his raid, and not tempt fate by open battle. But the overwhelming successes the latter had experienced tempted him to disobey these orders, even if he had not deliberately planned to do so in advance, as instanced by the destruction of his fleet of transports. He had secured plunder enough

to satisfy even the desires of an Arab, for so many years accustomed to ravage and pillage; but the warlike spirit was too strong in the old chieftain to allow him to turn back and retreat upon Africa again, with the prospect before him of unlimited conquest and the illimitable spread of the "only true faith." He kept on after the fleeing Goths until he had reached and stormed their capital, Toledo; had passed on the way and thrown a force of occupation into the famous city of Cordova, and was still in hot pursuit of the foe, when orders from Musa reached him and arrested his victorious career. He sullenly withdrew his troops from the pursuit and awaited further commands from Musa, who, when he had himself come into Spain and noted the extent of his subordinate's conquest, was overcome with anger. To him had been due, he thought, the rich rewards of this invasion, and not to a comparatively unknown fighter in the ranks. But he paused to gather up what his lieutenant had left behind him when he had pursued a straight course northwardly after the flying foe. For instance, Tarik had passed at one side the rich city of Seville, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and on the other the fruitful territory now pertaining to Granada. These Musa, having once entered the land, reached out his greedy hands to grasp, and a long time elapsed before he could reach and summon Tarik to account. But even then time had not cooled his resentment, and he reproached the grim warrior, when at last he had come into his presence, with having disobeyed his orders. Having full powers over the con-

quered territories in Africa and Spain, Musa made the fatal mistake of supposing that whatever he declared would prevail with the Caliph at Damascus, who, even though at a distance of thousands of miles from the scenes of warfare, yet exerted supreme power over his fanatical followers. A commander of ordinary nobility of soul would have congratulated, rather than have reprimanded a soldier of Tarik's great ability; but Musa was to receive his reward in due time. As he did to Tarik, even so, and more, the Caliph did to him. The quarrel coming to the Caliph's ears, he at once despatched swift couriers to summon Musa and Tarik into his presence at Damascus. Each prepared to obey that order, for neither dared to disobey. Musa traveled leisurely and in state, as became the conqueror of a kingdom; grim old Tarik hastened to Damascus with a small retinue of warriors as tough and agile as himself, and when his former commander had arrived, he had seen and told his story to the Caliph; so that Musa's first reception presaged his doom. By the Caliph's orders he was degraded of all rank and deprived of every honor which he had acquired; and his sons, whom he had left in command as emirs in his absence, were, by the Caliph's orders, secretly slain.

Tarik el Tuerto, on the contrary, being a servant too valuable, too faithful to his master to deprive of rank or power, was ordered back to the field of glory, there to fight again the battles of Mahomet against the unbelievers. As a last indignity, it is said, the Caliph had Musa's favorite son beheaded, and the embalmed

head brought to his court, where it was shown to the sorrowing father, surrounded by reviling courtiers. In anguish too deep for words the unhappy Musa slunk from court, and soon ended his life in poverty and great distress.

IV.

THE MOSLEM INUNDATION.

EVEN the Pyrenees did not suffice to roll back that flood of African Mahometans which had broken through the coast barrier of Spain. Months and years were as nothing to these determined, fanatical adherents of the Prophet; for they were deeply imbued with the energy and delusions of their great chief. Like a tidal wave from the Mediterranean they inundated all Spain and spread themselves over the peninsula. Then, forcing the passes of the Pyrenees, they assailed the towns and cities of France; but here they were met and stopped by the resistless might of Charles Martel. The great "Hammer" of France, Charles Martel, never performed a greater service for Christendom than when he imposed his hardy veterans as a barrier against the surging sea of Moslems from Africa and Spain. They had overrun all Aquitania and were triumphantly advancing to the Loire, when Charles assembled his armies to oppose their progress in the year 732, just twenty-one years after the landing in Spain. The battle was protracted, bloody and desperate; but the Moslems lost their great leader, Abderrhaman, and in the end were disastrously defeated. Five years later,

in 737, the invincible Charles again defeated an army of Saracens, and then they sullenly retreated, back behind the Pyrenees, where they were safe from pursuit.

“But for these great victories,” says the historian Gibbon, “perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to an uncircumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet.” Great indeed was the peril from which Europe was saved by the French king, and thankful were the Christian peoples for their deliverance. An Oriental people, with an inborn love of the sun and of lands bathed in sunshine, the Mahometans gladly settled in Spain, the southern portions of which rejoice in a perpetual summer. Although they captured and for a long time held strongholds and cities in the north, such as Toledo and Saragossa, Barcelona and Valladolid, yet they found their land of promise in the south, in the fair country of Andalusia, chiefly, and along the Guadalquivir and the southern coast. After many years of unsettled wanderings, they finally fixed their capital at Cordova and here arose the seat of learning, the center of Oriental refinement, that, in the words of the talented writer, “kept alive the light of learning during the Dark Ages, when it was all but extinguished elsewhere.” Here it was that, according to Prescott, “the influence of the Spanish Arabs was discernible; not so much in the amount of knowledge, as in the impulse which they communicated to the long-dormant energies of Europe. Their invasion was coeval with

the commencement of that long night of darkness which divides the ancient from the modern world."

It was more because of their separation from the caliphate of Damascus, and their freedom from the bigoted restrictions emanating constantly from the Orient, that the Moslems of Spain came finally to surpass their prototypes in the far East. Energy and ambition they had brought with them, along with superstition and ignorance; but the dissensions at the center of their faith and influence soon caused them to break away from their traditions and to establish what became an independent empire or caliphate. The two leading sects of the Mahometans were known as the Abbasides and the Omiades, so called from their putative leaders. At the time of the invasion the Abbasides were in the ascendant, but they had murdered or exiled all their opposing Omiades, and were bent upon their extermination. But one of the princes of the defeated sect, called Abderrhaman, escaped to Egypt and to North Africa, where he became a royal guest among the devoted Bedouins. After the dissensions caused by the quarrel between Musa and Tarik had spread to their respective adherents, the final severance came as between the Oriental and the Spanish Moslems. The latter, hearing that a prince of the Omiades was wandering as a fugitive with the African Bedouins, sent over for him to come and be their ruler, and thus was established the long line of Spanish caliphs, which endured for quite three centuries, and cast a reflected glory upon Mahometanism which the Oriental line (save

in the person of two or three caliphs) did not deserve. Material evidences of the vast works, not only begun but accomplished by Abderrhaman and his successors are plentiful to-day, in Cordova, particularly. One of the most striking structures, one that claims the attention of the traveler as he approaches this city, founded by the Romans and completed by the Moslems, is the great bridge spanning the Guadalquivir, which is attributed to Octavius Augustus and is said to be—at least its foundations—not less than a thousand years old. But Cordova's most glorious structure—and perhaps the most magnificent to be found in Spain—is the great mosque, which was begun by Abderrhaman in or about the year of our era 786, near the beginning of his rule as Caliph of the West. It was soon after he was firmly fixed upon his throne that he conceived the idea of building here such a structure “that all the world should come to wonder at it.” He sent, indeed, to every part of the world with which he was in communication for columns with which to adorn this temple erected to the glory of Mahomet and the triumph of the western Moslems. And not only from Moslem countries, but from Christian as well, came to him material for his mosque. From France and from Africa, from Tarragona on the east coast of Spain, from Leo the Emperor of Constantinople; from Damascus and from the ruins of ill-fated Carthage. And again, as the mosque is said to have been erected on the site of a Roman temple to Janus, it is very probable that this building, raised for the glorification of

Islamism, was enriched by contributions from the heathen temple. The Arabian historians tell us there were originally more than twelve hundred monolithic columns, and even at the present time there are more than a thousand still standing as monuments to the indefatigable energy of Abderrhaman and his architects; more than a thousand pillars of jasper, verd antique and porphyry, forming a veritable petrified forest, such as only the writer of an "Arabian Nights" could invent, or dream of creating.

These thousand columns give us impressions of vastness, of grandeur, and an idea of the infinite conceptions in the minds of those ancient builders, whose dreams were of beauty and originality. There are nineteen longitudinal and thirty-three transversal aisles in this vast mosque, the roof of which, only forty feet high, covers more than four acres, supported by double arches above the columns, some of these arches so constructed as to convey the effect of fluted, interlaced ribbons.

Charles V., many years later, sought to "improve" this great conception by intruding a *capilla mayor*, or great chapel, and a *coro*, or choir stalls, in the center of the edifice. At least, he is sometimes credited with this intrusion; but again he is said to have declared when he saw it: "This is only what might have been built anywhere else, but you have destroyed what was unique in the world." Which was perfectly true, whether he said it or not. Even now, with the view adown those wondrous naves obstructed by this chapel

and choir we may imagine what a glorious effect was produced upon the beholder, when one could look through these vistas of columns, from one end of the vast mosque to the other. "Well may this grand mosque have served as the Mecca for all Spanish Moslems, and to have ranked in sanctity as second only to the sacred *Kaaba* of the original Mecca.

We may find here now the ancient *maksurah* where the gold and silver vessels were kept, and the immense Koran, so heavy that two men could hardly lift it. The "holy of holies," also, or the *ceca*, where is the *mihrab*, or Moslem sanctuary, exquisitely arched and sculptured, which is at the side of the mosque toward Mecca, as in every mosque throughout Spain and Algiers—or wherever a place of worship has been erected by the Mahometans.

With this mosque as a groundwork there have been many inscriptions painted, in Cufic and African, while the mosaics and interlaced arches are said to be Romano-Byzantine, made by a Greek artist and architect sent by Leo of Constantinople, in the year 965, who taught the Moors the art.

This is but one of the many beautiful structures erected by the Moors in Spain, showing how art and architecture blossomed here, when freed from the influence of tyrannical caliphs in the far East. Cordova became a rival to the wonderful Bagdad, with its hundreds of bridges, palaces, fountains and mosques. Here gathered all the learning and culture; schools were founded, also universities; astronomy, that purely

Oriental science, was studied with avidity, mathematics gained greatly from the investigations of the scholars of Cordova, and names arose here which even the centuries that have succeeded have allowed to live. The pre-eminence of Cordova was maintained through a long line of emirs and caliphs some two dozen in number, the bare enumeration of whose names would be unprofitable. One of the greatest who ruled the city, and consequently the land, was never recognized as caliph, but in the name of his master was virtual ruler over all; a vizier of obscure birth who arrogated to himself the title of "Almanzor Billah—the Victorious." To narrate his accomplishments and victories would be to anticipate the proper course of events; but he it was who, long years after the great mosque was built, hung therein as lamps the bells of holy Compostello's shrine about the end of the thousandth year of our era.

Cordova is but one example of revived art and science, which was brought about by the advent of the Moors, or Arabs, into Spain. In truth, "the coming of the Moors, though destined to be the occasion of long and destructive warfare, was nevertheless destined to be productive of much that was to the permanent benefit of Spain and its people. They settled the wasted lands by planting colonies of agriculturists from Mauritania (the ancient home of the Moors in Africa) and furthered commerce by the introduction (and protection) of the Jews."

The Moorish taste for literature and the arts and their splendid talent for architecture are proverbial;

and under their rule the land was adorned with monuments of the builder's art, which excite admiration even at the present day. Their manners, too, though their lives were simple and unaffected, were more polished than those of the Goths, and their love of music and poetry is supposed to have determined the character of the national airs and the rhymes and ballads peculiar to the peninsula.

The improvement in the condition of the country became more marked when the Omiad caliphs were seated upon the throne, though much injury was done by the unseemly differences which, even now, continued to exist and to trouble the land. Education received a liberal share of attention, and public schools, attached to the mosques were established in every city.

Nor were the sterner arts of life neglected. Agricultural operations were carried on with the greatest skill; shipbuilding was much improved, and commerce greatly extended; while the manufacture of sword-blades—for which Toledo was so long and universally celebrated, and the manufacture of Morocco leather, was carried on to a lucrative extent. Thus the peninsula only needed an absence of internal and external warfare to flourish nobly.

Unfortunately, the Moors were not only soon beset by external enemies, in the persons of the revived Goths, who had gradually recovered their strength and were becoming numerous in the northern mountains, but they were divided against each other, on matters of faith and government. As we have seen, they included

within their ranks Moslems from Arabia, Syria, Egypt, and North Africa. Like all devotees to a new religion, the latest converts were the most fanatical but also the most difficult to rule. "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet;" on that all agreed; but as to the interpretation of the minor matters of faith they were divided. To the Arab Omiad is ascribed the advance in culture and education; to the African Bedouin or Berber most of the victories were due. Thus while the latter fought the battle and finally accumulated the spoils of victories, the former indulged in enervating luxuries, albeit the highest exponent of Moorish culture. Then the usual ending came to dynasties enfeebled by long indulgence in luxurious modes of living, and the Omiades were eventually obliterated. Religious differences prompted one of the sects to call to its aid a fierce and ruthless warrior-king of Morocco named Yussef, who indeed aided his friends at first, but eventually turned upon them and established himself in power, laying the foundations for the Almoravid dynasty. Under him and his successors the learning and even the civilization of the Cordovan caliphate was threatened with extinction and the city itself became the abode of savages and warriors.

The Almoravides were overthrown about fifty years after their elevation to power, but by a sect hardly less rude and ignorant, and certainly not less fanatical than they: that of the Almohades, founded by one Mahomet the Lamplighter, a native of Cordova, but who had

retired as a hermit to the mountains of Morocco. Mahomet the Lamplighter died before the vast army of his followers had crossed the Strait, and his companion, one Abdelmummen, had the doubtful honor of overthrowing his rival sect and seating himself on the throne of Spain as caliph of the faithful.

He died in the year 1162, and was succeeded by a son, Cid Yussef, whose great claim to distinction is as the builder of the great mosque of Seville, the bridge that crosses the Guadalquivir at that city's site, and the immense aqueduct, the arches of which stand now, a striking memorial of his greatness.

But while the Moslems were warring among themselves, and at the same time receiving general accessions from the continually oncoming hordes from Africa, they were also being combated by the ever increasing power of the Christians of the North. Wave after wave, flood after flood, of Moslem invaders came over from Africa, yet to be eventually checked in their careers of conquest at the feet of the northern mountains, sometimes the Cantabrians, sometimes the Pyrenees. In the year 778 the Moslem forces in the north of Spain received a severe punishment from Charles the Great, Charlemagne of France, who, lured by the prospect of cities to be taken and vast plunder to be had, poured through the passes of the Pyrenees with a tumultuous army and for a time was successful in ravaging a portion of the Moorish territory. Some historians, however, declare that it was not as an enemy of the Moors, but to aid one sect or band of

rebels against the rule of one of the caliphs. Whatever the cause of this invasion, the facts are that Charlemagne invaded the north country of Spain, that he took Pampeluna and razed its walls, and advanced as far as Saragossa (then in possession of the Saracens), but then, recalled to France by an uprising of his Saxon subjects, suddenly turned about and in effect retreated through the Pass of Roncesvalles. Then it was he suffered a terrible defeat, by his rearguard being set upon by the Basques and all but destroyed.

“ The day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was
broke in two;
Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer
In fray or fight the dust did bite beneath Bernardo's spear.”

V.

THE NORTHERN KINGDOMS.

THIS campaign of Charlemagne against the north of Spain was the only one he conducted through the Pyrenees, and according to the chroniclers of his time it was disastrous enough to tempt him back for reprisals. For, in the Pass of Roncesvalles, "as the army of Charlemagne was marching in extended order through the narrow pass, the Gascons (Basques) who, profiting by the denseness of the woods that abound there, had posted themselves in ambush on the heights, rushing upon those guarding the rear, hurled them into the valley beneath, and there slew them to a man; and having seized the baggage dispersed in all directions, so that there was no finding them to take vengeance upon them."

It has been charged that King Alfonso II. of Spain, founder of the cities of Compostello and Oviedo, himself invited Charlemagne over the border; but afterward repented and allied himself with the Saracens to encompass his defeat, fearing his strength. But, what ever the truth of the matter, the occasion of his invasion and his defeat at Roncesvalles was early seized upon by the ballad and romance writers for lauding

the deeds of two men of that time, who performed great and doughty acts with their swords. One of these was the semi-mythical Roland, or Ronaldo, who fought with Charlemagne's rearguard in the Pass, falling covered with honorable wounds; and the other was one Bernardo del Carpio, perhaps equally mythical, who was the hero on the Spanish side.

Bernardo del Carpio may have been merely the embodiment or individualization of the heroic deeds of many men of that time, when all men were brave and lusty fighters. But at all events, around him cluster many legends of the age in which he is said to have lived. It appears from the legend, that Alfonso was persuaded from his alliance with Charlemagne by the nobility of his court, led by Bernardo del Carpio, whose father the king even then held a prisoner, because of an intrigue with Doña Ximena, a virtuous princess, who became the mother of this same Bernardo. He aroused the king to a sense of duty, and then:

“ With three thousand men of Leon, from the city Bernard goes,

To protect the soil Hispanian from the spear of Frankish foes;
From the city which is planted in the midst between the seas,
To preserve the name and glory of old Pelayo's victories.

“ The peasant hears upon his field the trumpet of the knight;
He quits his team for spear and shield, and garniture of might;
The shepherd hears it 'mid the mist—he flingeth down his crook,

And rushes from the mountain like the tempest-troubled brook.

“ As through the glen his spears did gleam, these soldiers from
the hills,
They swelled his host as mountain stream receives the roaring
rills.
They round his banner flocked in scorn of haughty Charle-
magne,
And thus upon their swords are sworn the faithful sons of
Spain.”

Romance and poetry aside, it was thus the sons of Spain did flock to the banners of their respective kings or lords, whether the foe were Saracen or Christian. Although the Moslems had driven the Goths from the southern plains and coast towns, yet they had left a few small bands in the almost inaccessible mountains of the north whom they had considered too pitiful to hunt out and destroy. They had good reason to regret this omission on their part when, before the end of the century in which they had invaded Spain, these isolated bands of Goths had become nuclei around which gathered the brave and hardy veterans, as well as the youth of the rent and devastated kingdom. Not many years had elapsed, in fact, ere they boasted of a king, Pelayo, who, though he may have lived in a cave and dressed in shaggy skins stripped from wolf or sheep, yet was of kingly lineage and presence. Under him, and under his immediately successors the Goths grew rapidly into something like a coherency of peoples, with villages and hamlets, at first, then with towns and growing cities. Thus arose, finally, the provinces or kingdoms of Asturias, Leon, Galicia, Navarre, Aragon,

Catalonia, which covered the country fairly well from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, but throughout the north, only. Petty kings also arose, a ruler for each province or kingdom, and as is almost always the case with a multiplicity of rulers, they frequently clashed among themselves. When, however, there seemed an opportunity for uniting against the Saracen, they always did so, with disastrous effect to the intruder. It was in this manner that the Moslem finally held but few cities in the north of Spain, and soon relaxed his hold of these. But it took years, even centuries, to dislodge him altogether and it was not until about the year 1082 that the city of Toledo fell a prize to Alfonso VI., the son of Ferdinand the Great. This old city had been long in Moslem possession, or for more than three hundred years; but at last became once again a Gothic capital.

The chronicles of the time are replete with individual deeds of valor and with the names of petty kings who attained to great honor and distinction; but as the object of this history is to show more the means by which Spain became the land of the heterogeneous population it now holds, and the abode of valiant though ignorant peoples, we will not stop to scan too closely the pages in which are recorded their individual acts. The Moors had won nearly all the battles until the opening years of the eleventh century, but when, by losing the great fight of Catalañazor, Almansor of Cordova lost also his prestige and his life, the tide seems to have changed.

The loss of Toledo was the last straw for the Moors to bear with equanimity, and, as has already been noted, they invited over from Africa the barbarian emperor of Morocco, Yussef, the bigoted Bedouin, who gladly accepted the opportunity for adding another kingdom to his list, and soon sent an invitation to Alfonso to become a Mahometan or to prepare for defeat in battle. Alfonso chose the gage of battle, and in October, 1086, met Yussef on the plains of Zallaca and suffered most disastrous defeat. During his long life he fought more than forty battles, and met defeat but twice, so it may not have been presumptuous in him to accept Yussef's challenge. But these last Bedouins to invade the peninsula were of the same temper as the first and at the outset were invincible. The audacity and insolence of the Moors now knew no bounds; Yussef even demanded the restoration of the ancient tribute of maidens which old King Ramiro, more than two hundred years before, had successfully fought to abolish. This "maiden tribute" is mentioned by one of the chroniclers in the following language: "Ramiro had not been many months seated on the throne when Abderrahman, the Moorish king, the second of that name, sent a formal embassy to demand payment of an odious and ignominious tribute, which had been agreed to in the days of former and weaker princes, but which, it would seem, had not been exacted by the Moors while such men as Bernardo del Carpio and Alfonso the Great headed the Christian forces. This tribute was a hundred virgins every year.

King Ramiro refused compliance and as a consequence was forced to march to meet the army of Abderrahman. The battle lasted for two days, and on the first the Saracen cavalry had nearly accomplished a complete victory, when the approach of night separated the combatants.

During the night (says tradition), the good St. Iago stood in a vision before the king, and promised to be with him the next morning in the field. Accordingly, the warlike apostle made his appearance, mounted on a milk-white charger and armed head to foot in radiant mail, like a true knight. It is hardly necessary to say that the Moors sustained a signal defeat, and the 'maiden tribute' was never afterward paid, although often enough demanded." In this version of the abandonment of tribute and story of celestial assistance from St. James, we see how inextricably mingled are truth and fiction in the history of Spain. But we narrate this incident, not as a bit of history, but as showing the romantic nature of the legends and the crigin of many of the ballads of early Spain. First, the poet makes use of the legend as food for his muse; then the ecclesiastic seizes upon it to strengthen his hold upon a superstitious people. Here is what the poet says:

" Ye noble King Ramiro within his chamber sate
One day, with all his barons, in council and debate,
When, without leave or guidance of usher or of groom,
There came a comely maiden into the council room.

- “ She was a comely maiden—she was surpassing fair:
All loose upon her shoulders hung down her golden hair;
From head to foot her garments were white as white may be,
And while they gazed in silence, thus in their midst spake she:
- “ ‘ Sir King, I crave your pardon if I have done amiss,
In venturing before ye at such an hour as this;
But I will tell my story, and when my words ye hear,
I look for praise and honor, and no rebuke I fear.
- “ ‘ I know not if I’m bounden to call thee by the name
Of Christian, King Ramiro; for, though thou dost not claim
A heathen realm’s allegiance, a heathen sure thou art—
Beneath a Spaniard’s mantle thou hid’st a Moorish heart.
- “ ‘ For he who gives the Moor-king a hundred maids of Spain,
Each year when in its season the day comes round again;
If he be not a heathen, he swells the heathen’s train—
’Twere better burn a kingdom than suffer such disdain.’ ”
- “ The king called God to witness that, come there weal or woe,
Thenceforth no maiden tribute from out Castile should go;
‘ At least I will do battle on God our Saviou’s foe,
And die beneath my banner before I see it so!’
- “ A cry went through the mountains when the proud Moor drew
near,
And trooping to Ramiro came every Christian spear;
The blessed Saint Iago, they called upon his name:
That day began our freedom, and wiped away our shame!”

As to the claim of King Ramiro that St. Iago, or St. James, aided him in that memorable battle with the Moors, when it is held that he slew sixty thousand of the enemy, there is nothing unique in either the claim or the occasion, for, according to the chronicles he has

assisted the Spaniards on no less than thirty-eight different battlefields; though, as to that matter, this may have been the first time he appeared to armed hosts in Spain.

Even in Mexico, seven centuries after, Cortes claimed that he was assisted by an apparition of St. James on his white charger, or Bernal Diaz made the claim for him, which is about the same.

The origin of the legend of St. James, and the reason the good apostle's name has been adopted as a Spanish war-cry, is this: One day, after his decapitation, he went into a boat and set off for Spain, on his way passing a port in Portugal where the wedding festivities of a noble's daughter were in progress. One of the amusements of the occasion was the game of "throwing the cane," which took place at the seashore, and as the bridegroom was about to take part, to the consternation of his guests his horse suddenly plunged into the waves, only emerging when he reached the boat containing the saint. He again disappeared, and when he landed was found covered, as was his rider, with scallop shells. The groom said that St. James had promised him that he would take good care of any one who should visit his shrine and who should wear a scallop shell, in token of having been true to his vows. After leaving directions how and where he would be found, he again set off and when within a few miles of the present shrine of Santiago he lay down on a stone, which wrapped itself around him like a cloak, and was discovered there eight hundred years afterward and

removed to Santiago. Thus arose the church of Santiago, founded by pious pilgrims to this shrine, each one of whom wore as a distinguishing badge a scallop shell, like the shells found, even to-day, petrified and in abundance in that locality. During the Middle Ages a pilgrimage to this shrine was considered as indispensable to all good Christian knights as one to Mecca by all true believers. To Englishmen alone, it is on record, no less than twenty-four hundred licenses were granted in year 1434, only, and by papal encyclicals those who dared sell shells to other pilgrims than those to Santiago, were in danger of excommunication. Corn and wine were always paid as tribute by the kings to the priests of Compostello—or the “Field of the Star,” where it is a tradition St. James first appeared after his petrification.

There was another occasion on which St. Iago is said to have appeared with great *eclat*, and that is at a period somewhat later than the time of King Ramiro, when a Moorish host had come up to Castile from Cordova in such numbers that the vast plains were completely covered as with swarms of locusts.

A celebrated hero of Castile, Count Fernan Gonzalez, seeing that the unaided arm of flesh could not prevail against such a host, with great perspicacity at once retired to a hermitage on the mountain above the river Arlanza, and prayed lustily for aid. In the battle that immediately ensued, and just when the tide was turning against the Christians, the glorious apostle, San Iago, appeared in the heavens, accompanied by a

great company of angels, innumerable hosts of them, each company displaying a banner with a red cross on it. There is no need of further remarks, for this was all the Spaniards wanted, and they were so inspired by the appearance of their heavenly allies that they drove the Moors before them in confusion, and with immense slaughter. Indeed, if we may believe the ancient chroniclers of those days miracles were as plenty as blackberries, but they so invariably worked in favor of the Spaniards that one's sympathies cannot but be enlisted in behalf of the Moors, against whom they so invariably and disastrously operated; even though the latter always fought stoutly, giving the Spaniards as good as they sent. Now there was another instance—that which relates to the devout Castilian, Pascual Vivas, who, on the eve of a certain battle, entered a chapel to pray. He continued so long at mass that the battle, in fact, went on without him, and when he appeared outside he had the great mortification of meeting his comrades returning victorious as he rode down the hill.

But it appears that the Holy Virgin was so pleased at his devoutness that she had made it seem that he, that same Pascual Vivas, had been all along in the thick of the fight, as his armor was indented, and his charger covered with marks of the fray; and his companions saluted him enthusiastically as the real hero of the fight. It was explained (years after, by the good Pascual Vivas himself, and so of course it must be true) that his effigy had taken his place in the ranks and had enacted his part to perfection. This is but one example

of the real and unaffected modesty of those worthies who battle against the Moors; for, as in this case, they were often willing that their counterfeit presentiment should have all the glory, that their immaculate mistress might thereby be exalted.

There is, probably, no city of Spain so typical of these early times when the Castilians were seeking to rid themselves of the Moorish domination in the North, as the ancient city of Burgos. Let us halt a moment in our search for heroes, and examine this erstwhile residence of the most famous of their kind. Aside from its glorious cathedral, which is of later date than the time of which we are writing, there are numerous structures which carry us back to those troublous times of some eight or nine hundred years ago. The grim old castle still stands there in which Count Fernan Gonzalez once imprisoned his rival, Don Garcia, about the year 958, and in which Alfonso VI. of Leon, was confined by the Cid Capmeador; where King Ferdinand the "Saint" received with honors the daughter of the Moorish king of Toledo, St. Casilda, who became a convert to Christianity; and where, later on, King Edward I., of England, was married to Eleanor of Castile. This historic castle still stands, but in ruins, above the cathedral, on the hill overlooking the city; for it was blown up by the French army early in this century.

There are other structures, also, in this old Castilian city on the river Arlonzon, that remind us of the ancient worthies of Burgos, two of these being the town hall, and the great city gate of Santa Maria. This

latter, the "Arco de Santa Maria," is first observed as one approaches the city from the railroad station, rising above and at the city end of a fine stone bridge which here crosses the river. This is really a relic of the Middle Ages, with its flanking bastions of the city walls, its turrets and its battlements, from which many a cross-bowman has shot his bolts at the enemy approaching. An image of the protecting Virgin stands over the great archway, with statues of heroes on either side, and behind it, not far away, rise the beautiful Gothic towers of the old cathedral.

But in the Town Hall we find most impressive evidences of the ancient heroes, the founders of this city, the earliest Counts of Castile, such as authentic portraits, etc. Here are preserved the portraits of Lain Calvo and Nuno Rasuro, and the Roman or Gothic chair in which they and other judges were once seated, more than a thousand years ago. In one room devoted to his memory are relics of that redoubtable hero of the eleventh century, the Cid Campeador, the most conspicuous being the veritable bones of himself and his devoted wife, the lovely Ximena. The bones of the Cid, of which several of the larger yet remain, are contained in a walnut casket; but all that is now visible of his wife are held in a black glass bottle. The Spaniards are especially devoted to such relics as these, and are never satisfied unless they can dig up the relics of their saints and heroes, great commanders and heroines, and exhibit their grewsome remains in public. This fad was probably started in the time of King Philip

II., whose gloomy Escorial is one vast charnel house of sacred "relics."

But, assuming these remains to be authentic—as they doubtless are—it is indeed a pity they should be thus paraded. Almost any other bones would do as well to bring back the presence of the renowned Campeador, and almost any pinch of dust recall the devotedness of his faithful wife. It had been better to have left them at rest in the tomb in which it was his wish he and his wife should rest forever. This same tomb, beautifully sculptured, but now empty, to which the great warrior was borne on his war-horse, and where he and his wife rested many years, may yet be seen, in the convent of San Pedro de la Dena, a few miles distant from the city.

He died, as we know, while nobly defending the city of Valencia from the assaults of the Moors, and his devoted Ximena, after continuing the defense successfully and beating off the enemy, had his corpse mounted on his caparisoned charger and taken to Burgos, herself following after. This was in the year of our Lord 1099, and for many years thereafter the embalmed body of the invincible Cid Campeador sat erect beside the high altar of the church in Burgos, and only at the death of his wife was he interred in the tomb.

The site of the Cid's house is to-day indicated here by three obelisks, not far distant from an arch erected to the memory of the great judge and warrior Fernan Gonzalez. Like Count Fernan, the Cid was a constant

source of terror to the Moors, and ever ready to leap astride his war-horse and dash forward to the fray.

Leaving for the moment these heroes of Spain's history, let us examine a few other of the buildings in Burgos which bring to mind their companions at arms. The general aspect of the city is ancient enough to warrant us in imagining its streets repopled with gallant cavaliers in mail and soldiers in armor. Even the very beggars of Burgos—and they are numerous and persistent—wear helmet-like headdresses patterned after the helmets of those famous counts of Castile, whose history and deeds they all known by heart. More than this: some of those very mendicants are descended from knights of high degree, and some of them still treasure in their huts their *escudos*, or coats-of-arms, with quarterings that indicate royal appreciation in the olden times. Throughout all Spain, in fact, the various costumes preserve to us helmets and armor of ancient days. For example, the “*coletos*” are the ancient doublets, the “*monteras*” are the helmets, and the “*abarcas*” (Arabic *alpargatas*) are the gaiters such as were worn by soldiers when Granada was besieged and taken by the army of King Ferdinand.

VI.

HOW SPAIN REDEEMED HERSELF.

THE Spaniards have a saying: "If God were not God, he would make himself King of Spain, with the King of France for his cook." In this sacreligious proverb is epitomized the Spanish arrogance and levity. Educated in the midst of romantic associations and brought up to believe in the invincibility of their ancestors, whose deeds are mainly chronicled in rhymes and ballads, they have quite naturally grown to be supercilious and haughty, with a feeling of superiority which their present circumstances by no means warrant them in assuming. At heart, the Spanish people are kindly and courteous, but their consuming pride is the rock against which their nation has split, time and again. Another proverb of theirs says: "A true gentleman would rather have his clothes torn than mended," and their contempt for outsiders is expressed in: "Abstract from a Spaniard all his good qualities and there remains a Portuguese." It is not so much the fault of the Spaniard as of his ancestors, his antecedents, that he is to-day vain, haughty, proud without reason, and firm in the belief that his country is the most glorious and its history the most noteworthy of any the world has ever known.

It is for this reason that the early history of Spain is so involved in vainglorious accounts of heroes and the doings of somewhat mythical warriors, saints and kings, that it must be taken with a bit of caution. At the same time, this dubious portion is rather more interesting than some other that is or has been authenticated. Now, in one of the cloisters of the cathedral of Burgos, there is affixed against the wall an ancient trunk said to be more than eight hundred years old, and to have once belonged to the veritable Cid himself. It is kept there not so much on its own account, as for the moral it serves to impress up the rising generations. The Cid was, if not actually once existent here, the typical warrior against the Moors, and above all a good hater of the despised Jews. And this trunk is said to be the very one which he at one time filled with sand and pebbles and pledged to the Jewish bankers in return for an advance of a large sum of money, and which he represented as being filled with jewels and precious stones. Tradition does not state what manner of Jews they were, who would accept such a pledge without examining it; but the trick has ever since been placed to the credit of the Cid, who has always posed as the one who outwitted those hated people at their own game. To be a fighter of the Moors and a good hater of Jews and heretics, was, in the eyes of the Spaniards—and is to-day—proof sufficient that one was a perfect gentleman in his manners and a good Christian and certain to attain to the joys of paradise when he died. So of course the Cid went straight to glory at

his demise and has been the favorite theme of poet ever since. To what extent he was accepted as the typical hero of his time, may be seen by perusing the numerous "Ballads of the Cid," some of which have been translated into English, and all which have been accepted by the Spanish as the gospel truth.

If one need an excuse for frequently quoting from poetry contemporary with the times of which he is writing, it may certainly be found in these and other poems, collectively known as the "Ancient Spanish Ballads," in which are epitomized the leading events of the period of which they treat. "It is mainly in the "Ballads of the Cid" that the most striking episodes of his life have been preserved. His real name was Rodrigo del Bivar, and by this he was known until he had won the title which distinguished him in after years. It seems that he was a hair-brained swashbuckler sort of cavalier, in his younger years, and among his other adventures he met and fought with Count Gomez, who had a fair and beloved daughter. Rodrigo slew the count, and his daughter appealed to the King of Castile for redress.

- " Within the court at Burgos a clamor doth arise,
Of arms on armor clashing, of screams, and shouts, and cries;
The good men of the king, that sit his hall around,
All suddenly uprising, astonished at the sound.
- " The king leans from his chamber, from the balcony on high:
'What means this furious clamor my palace porch so nigh?'
But when he looked below him, there were horsemen at the
gate,
And the fair Ximena Gomez kneeling in woful state.

“ Upon her neck, disordered, hung down the lady’s hair,
And floods of tears were streaming upon her bosom fair;
Sore wept she for her father, the count that had been slain;
Loud cursed she Roderigo, whose sword his blood did stain.

“ ‘ Good king, I am descended from barons bright of old,
Who with Castilian penons Pelayo did uphold;
But if my strain were lowly, as it is high and clear,
Thou still shouldst prop the feeble, and the afflicted hear.

“ ‘ For thee, fierce homicide, draw, draw thy sword once more,
And pierce the breast which wide I spread thy stroke before;
Because I am a woman, my life thou need’st not spare;
I am Ximena Gomez, my slaughtered father’s heir.’ ”

But Rodrigo did not pause for more; he mounted his steed, Babicca, and galloped off to slay some hundreds or so of the Moors. And in due time the fair Ximena was impressed by his great bravery and grew to love him—so the ballad runs:

“ Now of Rodrigo del Bivar, great was the fame that run,
How he five kings had vanquished, proud Moormen every one;
And how, when they consented to hold of him their ground,
He freed them from the prison wherein they had been bound.

“ To the good King Fernando, in Burgos where he lay,
Came then Ximena Gomez, and thus to him did say:
‘ I am Don Gomez’ daughter, in Gormaz count was he;
Him slew Ridrigo of Bivar, in battle valiantly.

“ ‘ Now I am come before you, this day a boon to crave—
And it is that I to husband may this Rodrigo have;
Grant this, and I shall hold me a happy damosell,
Much honored shall I hold me—I shall be married well. ”

The king highly approved the match and sent his royal commands to Rodrigo to that effect. What the knight thought and said has not been recorded; but he held, like the true and loyal knight that he was, that he really owed Ximena a man for having deprived her of her lawful protector, and prepared to obey. With a retinue of two hundred gayly-caparisoned attendants, he set forth to meet the king.

“ The king came out to meet him with words of hearty cheer; Quoth he: ‘ My good Rodrigo, right welcome art thou here; This girl, Ximena Gomez, would have thee for her lord, Already for the slaughter her grace she doth accord.

“ ‘ I pray thee be consenting, my gladness will be great; Thou shalt have lands in plenty to strengthen thine estate;’ ‘ Lord King,’ Rodrigo answers, ‘ in this and all beside, Command, and I’ll obey thee. The girl shall be my bride.’

“ But when the fair Ximena came forth to plight her hand, Rodrigo, gazing on her, his face could not command; He stood and blushed before her; thus at the last said he: ‘ I slew thy sire, Ximena, but not in villainy.

“ ‘ In no disguise I slew him—man against man I stood; There was some wrong between us, and I did shed his blood. I slew a man, I owe a man; fair lady, by God’s grace, An honored husband thou shalt have in thy dead father’s place.’ ”

“ And so they were married,” and the chronicles say, lived happily together despite the ghost of the murdered count, who did not altogether approve of the proceedings. But that was the style of a hero the Spaniards lauded in those days, and he was the great proto-

type of the heroes they worship at the present time. Their ideals have not greatly changed during the past thousand years; only to the bull-fighter of to-day has been transferred their idolatry.

Legends and traditions, fiction and romance, we find mingled with historical accounts—as we have already noted. But finally, out of the confusion the truth is crystallized. We have referred to the fact that the last attempt by the Africans at universal conquest was when the Almohades crossed the Strait of Gibraltar with an army so vast that two months were consumed in the passage. Upon the walls of the cathedral of Burgos hangs the banner of Alfonso VIII., of Castile, who, together with the kings of Aragon and Navarre, won the great and decisive battle of Navas de Tolosa, by which the armies of the Almohades were destroyed and Moslem power shattered. This impressive victory, fruitful in one hundred thousand Moslems slain, and plunder without stint, resulted in the entire liberation of the northern kingdoms from the Mahometan yoke. It also avenged the losses of Alarcos, in the battle lost by Alfonso VII., and prepared the way for the entire subjugation of most of the southern provinces. The battle of Tolosa turned the tide so strongly against the Mahometans that they never recovered, but steadily shrank toward the southern coast. Their discomfiture might have happened sooner if what soon took place—the union of Leon and Castile under one crown—had occurred earlier in the century. Alfonso the Noble of Castile died two years after the victory of Tolosa, and

was succeeded by his grandson Ferdinand, the third of the name, and who was canonized, long after his death, which occurred in the year 1252. Succeeding to the control of vast possessions and being able to unite the armies of Castile and Leon, Saint Ferdinand won a series of victories by which the Christian conquest was extended southwardly toward the Strait. Indeed, by the successive captures of Cordova in 1236, of Jaen in 1246, of Seville in 1247, and finally of Jerez and Cadiz in 1250, Saint Ferdinand created a chain of Spanish cities connecting the interior of Spain with the southern Atlantic coast, and thus retrieved in great part what the Goths had lost five hundred years and more before. The King of Aragón, Jayme I., had gradually advanced along the western coast of Spain, so that he had driven the Moors from Valencia and Murcia. The Guadalquivir now became the southern frontier of the Christian strongholds, and the Moors were restricted solely to the provinces of Almería, Malaga and Granada. These were particularly fitted for people of their habits and nature, being semitropical in their climate and fertile as to their soil. Through centuries of indulgence, in this favored land, the Moors had become enfeebled, enervated even, and had lost their love for war and battle. Believing that the Castilians would allow them to possess their lands in peace, they made treaty with them, consenting to become vassals, in effect, of the king, and to pay tribute.

For more than two centuries the Moors were allowed

to possess the province of Granada, but during this long period the Christians were not altogether idle. Saint Ferdinand died in 1252, and to-day we may see his tomb in the Capilla Real, the Royal Chapel, in the great cathedral of Seville. The sainted remains are contained in a shrine of silver, bronze and gold, while the banner he carried, the sword with which he so lustily smote the infidel, and the image of the Virgin which was always hung at his saddle-bow, are shown here also.

This grand cathedral of Seville, the building of which occupied eighteen years, from 1401 to 1419, is one of the largest in Europe and ranks perhaps third in Spain, coming after those of Burgos and Toledo. Its most sacred relics may be those of Saint Ferdinand, but as some of its precious treasures are the famous paintings of Murillo and Campana, its *custodia* of silver, its *tenebrario*, or great bronze candlestick twenty-five feet high, the carven choir-stalls, the high altar, and its numerous chapels. Another Ferdinand is also buried here, beneath the pavement of the cathedral, no less than Ferdinand Columbus, son of the great navigator, and over his remains is the marble slab originally intended to cover the bones of his father, with the famous inscription: "*A Castilla y a Leon Mundo nuevo dio Colon.*"

Originally a Phœnician and then a Roman city, Seville can boast some of the most ancient ruins in Spain; of the Roman walls and aqueduct, remains of which are yet visible. Of the time when it was a

Moorish city and the center of refinement, of learning and silk manufactures, there are still many evidences. Above the cathedral, so close in fact as to appear a tower attached rises the grand campanille, the "Giralda," which was built by the Moorish king Abu Yacoub in 1196, nearly fifty years before the city fell to the Christians. It was originally two hundred and fifty feet in height, and of admirable proportions, but the Spaniards, in 1568, added a hundred feet to its altitude and crowned it with a figure of Faith, which is now called the "Girandillo." This is one of the "lions" of the old Moorish capital, but the chief attraction of Arabic origin is the equally famous Alcazar, which is typical of what the five hundred years of Moorish domination brought forth.

Like its great Gothic rival (speaking architecturally) the cathedral, it occupies perhaps the third place in the structures of its kind, ranking after the mosque of Cordova and the Alhambra of Granada. But, with its seventy-eight apartments and patios with their wealth of mosaics and elegant arabesques, with its attached garden filled with fountains and fantastic walks, the Alcazar is one of the most beautiful of architectural creations. In its great central patio or court were gathered, tradition tells us, those beautiful maidens (to whom allusion has been made) once sent annually by the Castilians to the Moorish kings, to the number of one hundred, and whose memory, is perpetuated by its name: "Patio of the Princesses."

After the passing away of Saint Ferdinand, this de-

fender of the Christian faith, there came to the throne his son, Alfonso X., who was known as "*el sabio*," or the wise, for he turned his attention to learning rather than to feats of arms and wrote, or caused to be written, a Bible, works on chemistry and philosophy, and a record of Spanish events down to the time of his accession.

A son and successor, Sancho IV., repulsed an attempted invasion of the Moors of Morocco, in 1291, and during the reign of his grandson, Ferdinand IV., in the year 1303, the fortress of Gibraltar was wrested from the infidels.

A final invasion by the combined Moors and Berbers of Africa, in the year 1340, was entirely frustrated by the glorious victory of Rio Salado, by the Christian armies under Alfonso XI., and the King of Portugal, when the killed of the enemy amounted, it was estimated, to more than two hundred thousand, and lay piled in heaps so vast that it was impossible to bury them.

Alfonso XI., died and the throne fell to his son Pedro, whose surname the Cruel was obtained by certain acts, such as the murder of his half-brother, Fadrique and the supposed assassination of his wife Blanche, in order to marry his mistress, Maria de Padilla. The Alcazar is rich in, or rather reeks with, memories of this royal pair, Pedro the Cruel and Maria, the gardens in which they walked and the rooms in which they carried on their amours being pointed out and indicated by their names. Within the walls of the Alcazar, also,

is said to have taken place the terrible massacre by Pedro's commands of the emir of Granada and fifty of his nobles, whose throats were cut while they were his guests and supposed to be protected by a flag of truce. It may be that Pedro the Cruel was a victim of circumstances and did not commit all the crimes imputed to him; at all events he was very brave, even though a relentless enemy, and at the last, when brought face to face with his half-brother Henry of Trastamare, fought with the latter fiercely for his life, and only gave up when stabbed in the back and spent with loss of blood. This event occurred in 1379, and the throne came to that same half-brother who had killed him during the desperate fight in the tent to which Pedro had been lured by treachery. Henry of Trastamare reigned but ten years, but long enough to raise issue to succeed to the throne, his son, John I., carrying the succession to the year 1390. There had been a candidate for the throne of Castile in the person of the English John of Gaunt, in 1385, but he was placated by the promise that John's son, who later reigned as Henry III., should marry his daughter Catherine; which event indeed came to pass, in the year 1390, at the death of John.

It is a strange commentary upon the times that by this marriage the grandson of the fratricide, Henry of Trastamare, in the person of Henry III., should marry a granddaughter of Pedro the Cruel, this Catherine being a daughter of Constance, whose mother was Maria de Padilla.

Of this person who became Pedro the Cruel's queen on the death of his lawful wife, Blanche of France, an English writer says: "Maria was often, in consequence of her close intimacy with the Jews, called by the name of their hated race; but she was in reality not only of Christian, but of noble descent in Spain. However that might be, Pedro had found her in the family of his minister, Albuquerque, where she had been brought up, loved her with all the violence of his temper, and made her his wife in all things but the name. Although political motives, long afterwards caused him to contract an alliance with a princess of the French blood royal, the unfortunate Blanche of Bourbon, he lived with the young queen but a few days, and then deserted her forever, for the sake of this beautiful, jealous, and imperious mistress, whom he declared to be his true wife. . . . That Pedro was accessory to the violent death of this young and innocent princess, whom he had married and then deserted for Maria, there can be no doubt. This deed was avenged abundantly, for it certainly led, in the issue to the downfall and death of Pedro. Mariana says, very briefly, that the injuries sustained by Blanche had so much offended many of Pedro's own nobility, that they drew up a formal remonstrance; and that he, his proud and fierce temper being stung to madness by what he considered an unjustifiable interference with his domestic concerns, immediately gave orders for the poisoning of Blanche in her prison."

In this connection, and in view of the subsequent

height to which the descendants of Pedro the Cruel and Henry of Trastamare attained, in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella, we may be pardoned for again referring more particularly to that fatal feud between the two half-brothers.

It may be recalled that "when Don Pedro had, by his excessive cruelties, quite alienated from himself the hearts of the great majority of his people, Don Henry of Trastamare, his natural brother, who had spent many years in exile, returned suddenly into Spain with a formidable band of French auxiliaries, by whose aid he drove Pedro out of his kingdom. The voice of the nation was on Henry's side, and he took possession of the throne without further opposition. Pedro, after his treatment of Queen Blanche, could have nothing to hope from the crown of France, so he immediately threw himself into the arms of England; and Edward the Black Prince, who then commanded in Gascony, had more than one obvious reason for taking up his cause.

By the battle of Najara, which took place in 1368, Henry was defeated and compelled to fly beyond the Pyrenees; but finally when Edward had become disgusted at the cruelties of Pedro and left him to fight it out alone, Henry returned at the head of an army of mercenaries and in turn put Pedro to flight. Attempting to escape from a fortress in which he was beleaguered, Pedro fell into the hands of a body of French cavalry, who delivered him over to the friends of Henry. "On entering the tent where his unfortunate

brother had been placed, Henry exclaimed: 'Where is that bastard and Jew who calls himself King of Castile?' Pedro, as proud and fearless as he was cruel, stepped instantly forward and replied: 'Here I stand, the lawful son and heir of Don Alphonso, and it is thou that art but a false bastard.' (Which was probably the truth.) The rival brethren instantly grappled like lions, the French knights looking on. Henry drew his poniard and wounded Pedro in the face, but his body was defended by a coat of mail. A violent struggle ensued. Henry fell across a bench, and his brother, being uppermost, had well-nigh mastered him, when one of Henry's followers seizing Don Pedro by the leg, turned him over, and his master, thus at length gaining the upper hand, instantly stabbed the king to the heart. . . . Pedro's head was cut off and his body meanly buried. But his remains were afterward disinterred by his daughter, the wife of John of Gaunt, 'time-honored Lancaster,' and deposited in Seville, with the honors due to his rank."

VII.

A CONSOLIDATED KINGDOM.

- “ At the feet of Don Henrique now King Pedro dead is lying.
Not that Henry's might was greater, but that blood to Heaven
was crying;
Though deep the dagger had its sheath within his brother's
breast,
Firm on the frozen throat beneath Don Henry's foot is pressed.
- “ So dark and sullen is the glare of Pedro's lifeless eyes,
Still half he fears what slumbers there to vengeance may arise.
So stands the brother,—on his brow the mark of blood is seen;
Yet had he not been Pedro's Cain, his Cain had Pedro been!”
- “ Glad shout on shout from Henry's host ascends unto the sky:
' God save King Henry—save the king—King Henry!' is their
cry.
Put Pedro's barons clasp their brows—in sadness stand they
near.
Whate'er to others he had been, their friend lies murdered
here.”

WHILE it would be impossible even to mention in detail the different rulers and provincial governors of Spain, many of whom passed for kings and upheld all the dignities of courts and royal assemblages, yet we have dwelt thus minutely upon the accession of Henry of Trastamare through the murder by his own hand of

the lawful sovereign, in order to indicate the discordant elements of which the united kingdom of Spain was subsequently composed. That these elements were finally welded into a mass sufficiently coherent to accomplish the century-long hope and prayer of distracted Spain, is one of the wonders of that era of discord and strife.

We are now approaching that happy period in the history of this country when it first became possible for it to cherish the hope of a really national life; when the union of the two great sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, made that desire a living reality. How discordant were those elements, and how hopeless at one time seemed the object of the peoples' wish, will only appear when we glance at the ancestry of this royal pair. Going no further back than to this same Pedro the Cruel, we will first trace the lineage of Isabella.

By his illegitimate union with Maria de Padilla, Pedro had one daughter, Constance, who was married to English John of Gaunt, and whose daughter Catherine became the wife of Henry III.,—as already mentioned—their son was John II., of Castile, who reigned until 1454, and left the throne to his son Henry IV., who, like his father, was twice married, and like him also was weak and vacillating, ruled more by his prime minister than by his own will.

Henry IV. died in 1474, leaving no male issue, but a daughter, Juana the Beltraneja, as she was called in allusion to her doubtful paternity. The contest for the throne of Castile now resolved itself into the rivalry

between this daughter, alleged by many to be illegitimate, and Isabella, sister to Henry IV., born in 1451, and the daughter of John II. of Castile. It happened that the subsequent doings of this daughter, Isabella, constituted almost the sole claim John II. of Castile had to fame; but this is anticipatory of events.

Going back again to the accession of Henry II., the bastard son of Alfonso XI., whose son John I. married Eleanor, daughter of Peter of Aragon, and thus established a succession to that throne. Their son became Ferdinand of Aragon and Sicily, whose son John II. of Aragon married Mary, daughter of John II. of Castile, and their heir, Ferdinand, was thus a first cousin to Isabella. He was born at Sos in Aragon, March 10, 1492; she first saw the light on April 23, 1451, and was consequently his senior by nearly a year.

These are the antecedents of Isabella and Ferdinand, whose joint reign became the most glorious in the history of Spain. At first glance it would not seem that much that was promising or fruitful could proceed from the union of these two, descended as they were from scions of doubtful legitimacy, and so closely allied by the ties of consanguinity. Yet in them—although their descendants showed the curse of consanguinity, and by their erratic behavior the possession of distempered minds—we find apparently sane minds in bodies of perfect physical development.

While her brother Henry lived, Isabella dutifully refrained asserting her claims to the throne of Castile, although attempts were made to oust him on the

charge of incompetency. He lived a king to the end, thanks to Isabella's grace and courtesy, but at his demise his sister was crowned Queen of Castile and Leon, in the ancient city of Segovia, on December 13, 1474. Isabella and Ferdinand had then been nearly five years married, the ceremony having been performed at Valladolid, on October 19, 1469, after they had baffled many attempts on the part of their enemies to prevent their meeting and union. As the presumptive heiress of Castile and Leon, Isabella had not lacked for suitors; two princes, a brother of Louis XI. of France, and a brother of Edward I. of England, and the King of Portugal, being prominent on her lists. But she turned her back upon them all, rejecting the overtures of foreign sovereigns, merely to accept her cousin, Ferdinand, possible heir to a kingdom even smaller than her own. This action accorded well with the wishes of King John of Aragon, who probably saw into the future sufficiently to predict the benefits to Spain that would accrue from a union of his rugged kingdom with Castile and Leon. He died in 1469, leaving Ferdinand his heir, and peace being that year proclaimed between the warring factions, by Portugal yielding her claim which she had asserted, through Juana's being a daughter of a Portuguese princess, both came into possession of their own at practically the same time.

"In that year also Ferdinand became King of Aragon, on the death of his father, and the two kingdoms of Aragon and Castile were united in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella; the latter, however, as long as

she lived, maintained authority and control in Castilian affairs. The reign that followed is one of the greatest in the history of Spain, which was in a few years advanced to the first rank among the nations by the military, administrative and diplomatic skill of its sovereigns, and of the distinguished body of ministers and generals that surrounded them.

“Ferdinand’s political talents found plenty of scope in the distracted condition of affairs which met him on his accession—the kingdom split into factions, feuds raging between the great houses, and robbery and outrage rife in every quarter of the country. The effectual suppression of the banditti he accomplished by reorganizing the *santa hermandad*, or ‘holy brotherhood,’ a kind of militia-police, composed of the citizens and country people. Moreover, a principal aim of Ferdinand and Isabella was to break the power of the feudal aristocracy, and good use was made of the *hermandad* in carrying out this design. The establishment of the Inquisition, in 1478–80, although primarily and mainly intended to further religious ends, likewise helped to lessen the nobles’ influence; and Ferdinand also strengthened his power by investing in himself and his successors the grand-mastership of the military orders of Calatrava, Alcantara and Santiago; in all which schemes he was ably seconded by his queen and by the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes.”

A glance at the map of Spain will show the commanding position of the three united kingdoms of Castile, Leon and Aragon, with their dependencies and

neighbors. Their backs against the Pyrenees, their arms reaching out westerly to the Atlantic, and easterly to the Mediterranean, they soon gathered to themselves all that was non-Mohametan of the peninsula. In themselves, the two sovereigns represented the ancient Gothic blood, both being fair, blue-eyed and comely. Behind them, in fact, was a long line of Gothic ancestry, and they were, if any could be, representative of the strain of Pelayo, the first king whose throne was set up in a cave in the mountains of the northwest. Around them gathered the choicest spirits of Spain, and their court soon acquired a prestige which presaged diplomatic victories abroad as well as victories at arms in the field.

What was the great and crowning event of their reign, however—the total subjugation and ultimate expulsion of the Moors—did not occur until after Ferdinand and Isabella had been united in the bonds of matrimony twenty-three years; until eighteen years after Isabella had been crowned Queen of Castile and Leon, and thirteen years had passed since the two were made sovereigns over the united kingdoms. During the intervening years they were gathering their forces together, accumulating a vast store of sage experience and calling to their aid the counsel of the wisest of their subjects. In point of fact, though they had in a great measure succeeded in consolidating their empire, yet the nobles of their land were more like vassals than subjects. They still possessed vast estates covered with retainers of whom they exacted allegiance, and whom

they led to battle like independent sovereigns. It was as much, perhaps, to cause to cohere more closely this loosely-held mass of the nobility, as to crush the power of the Moors, that the campaign was inaugurated which eventuated in the accomplishment of both.

It was in this interval of comparative peace, and while conserving their energies for the notable achievement of their lives, that the children were born who caused them so much solicitude and from whom, in the way of alliances with foreign sovereigns, Isabella and Ferdinand hoped so much. That their plans came mostly to naught, and that from that child of whom they expected least (she who became known to history as "Crazy Jane") their greatest hopes were destined to fruition, is one of the curious facts the historian has to chronicle.

Their first child, Isabella, was born in 1470, and, as Princess of the Asturias, married Alfonso, a prince of Portugal; but he died and she then married Emanuel, King of Portugal. The child of her second marriage, Miguel, died when but two years old, and his mother had already preceded him to the grave by a year, departing in 1478. Prince Juan, her brother, and the only son of Isabella and Ferdinand, born 1478, died at the age of nineteen; so that by these two deaths the throne was left without a male successor. The child next of age was Juana, born 1479, who married Philip, son of the Emperor Maximilian; and after her came Maria, born 1482; and Catherine, 1485. The last-named, was the unfortunate princess who first married Arthur,

Prince of Wales, and then his brother, Henry VIII., of England. She was the Catherine of Aragon, the first wife of Henry VIII., who was the indirect cause of the Reformation in England. Married to King Henry in 1509, within the next ten years she bore him five children, one of the number only surviving, who became the "Bloody Mary" of after years. Inextricably mixed, seem these mingled Spanish-English alliances, for while, by insisting upon a divorce from Catharine, some years later, Henry VIII., incensed her nephew Charles, son of her sister Juana—then a powerful sovereign—yet many years after her daughter Mary was not only bethrothed to Charles, but afterward actually married his son, Philip II. All these events will be treated in due course, but this series is mentioned in this connection, merely to show that the foreign alliances matrimonial into which Isabella and Ferdinand entered, were not at first successful. Prince Juan, who had married Margaret, daughter of Emperor Maximilian, died while yet a youth and without an heir; likewise his sister Isabella, whose son survived her but a year or so; and now Catharine became precluded from rendering her royal parents happy by the eccentricities of her unamiable husband.

The Princess Juana, or Joanna, was then the only hope of her parents for a diplomatic connection that should if possible enhance the glories of their reign. She was married to Margaret's brother, the Archduke Philip, to whom she became devotedly attached, and their only son—afterward known as Charles I. of Spain,

and the Emperor Charles V. of Germany, carried Spanish power and prestige to its zenith.

Having shown in which direction the line of Isabella and Ferdinand was perpetuated, let us now return to consider their family and public relations. As to their mutual relations, each was to the other the needed complement: Ferdinand cold and calculating, politic and even crafty—dishonest some have said—unscrupulous where the prize at stake was worth the while in his estimation; Isabella warm and loving with a mother's heart beating beneath the silken garb of royalty yet business-like and methodical in her dealings with the world. She has been called generous and sympathetic—the “gentle queen”—yet she sanctioned the introduction into Spain—or the re-establishment—of the terrible Inquisition. She was extremely religious, and her chiefest failing was that bigotry which led her to institute this scandal of the world, the “holy office” of the Inquisition, under the arch-fiend Torquemada, who, in the guise of a priest had won her unsuspecting heart. This is another of the paradoxes of history: this union of the bigot and the saint in one and the same individual, as in Isabella the First of Spain.

But her unalterable determination was to rid her beloved land of the Jew and the Moor, of the “heretic” and the unbeliever. It was to be a paradise only for “Catholics” to dwell in, and in rendering it so she probably thought she was doing God a service. However, we have not to do with the motives of men and women, even in high stations—it is their actions and

the results of those actions, by which they are to be judged. Ferdinand and Isabella, judged by the standard even that prevailed in their times, fall far short of what they should have been. They were mean and bigoted, narrow-minded, avaricious, devoid of the compassionate feelings common to the meanest of human beings at the present day. They had a purpose and held to it; this is to their credit. They availed themselves of every circumstance to exalt their country and make it glorious; this, so far as it relates to their love of country, is also to their credit. But they took good care that all revenues, all acquisitions of territory, the compensation for all adventures and voyages, should revert to them, and to them alone. They sought to build, upon the backs of a prostrate people, a fabric of royalty that should endure and perpetuate itself forever at the peoples' cost. And they well-nigh succeeded; Spain to-day is groaning beneath the accurs'd burdene which was originally imposed by this crafty pair of schemers against the liberties of the people. For centuries, now, the ignorant people of Spain have hugged to their bosoms, have impoverished themselves to support, the descendants of bastards and fratricides, burners of heretics and oppressors of humanity, only because they have come to them wearing the insignia of royalty!

They played most successfully one portion of the people against the other: the nobles against the common sort, the peasants against the nobles, and the middle-classes against both; until finally all their liberties,

nearly all their jealously-guarded rights—their “*fue-ros*” or ancient privileges—were relinquished into the royal hands. In the name of God, in the name of righteous war against the infidels, the inhabitants of Spain were called upon to give freely of their substance, their life-blood, even, at the behest of the sovereigns. It has long been the custom with historians to see only the king and the queen, in the fore-front of the battles that have taken place “for God, for home, for native land.” It has been their sacrifices, their sorrows, their deprivations, and finally their glory, that have engaged their attention and inspired their pens. But that has been because it is far easier to select a conspicuous figure and amplify it, rather than a thousand insignificant individuals and ferret out their motives and inspirations. For the same reason, that it is easier to draw one well-rounded personality than a host of minor mortals, the artist selects an episode of history, or some one great event, to be depicted on his canvas.

VIII.

THE PROVINCE OF GRANADA.

THREE-FOURTHS of the fifteenth century had passed before the final preparations were consummated for the extinction of the Moors in Spain. Nearly eight hundred years had they lived here, reckoning from that first African invasion in the year 711; they had inundated the peninsula during the first century of their existence here, had leaped the barriers of the Pyrenees, had conquered all the chief provinces and cities, besides founding towns and cities of their own. They had proved more a blessing than a curse—always excepting the fact that their religion was irreconcilable with the general progress of the world—for they had irrigated vast desert tracts and brought them into cultivation, had improved the processes of agriculture until all Southern Spain, at least, blossomed with fruitful gardens and fields; had built palaces and mosques which yet remain to attest their wonderful skill as architects, and had greatly ameliorated the condition of the people at large.

But the flood had spent itself upon the Pyreneean mountains, and the reflux wave, though more slowly than the first had advanced, subsided among the val-

leys of the southern coast-land. At last, after centuries of fighting and after sullenly combating the rising power of the Christians, foot by foot as it were, the Moors had retreated behind the mountain barriers of Granada, where, between the snow-capped Sierras and the Mediterranean shores, they found a congenial country, broken by rugged hills, but with most fertile valleys interspersed. Celebrated as it is for the production of almost every variety of fruit and vegetable, and for its no less varied climate, Spain yields her most bountiful blessings to the residents of her southern lands.

The province or kingdom of Granada, into which the Moors at last were driven, and where they had resided for many years, in or about 1475, included an area at present covered by the modern provinces of Almeria, Malaga and Granada itself, to the extent of some twelve thousand square miles. It became an independent kingdom shortly after the fall of the caliphate of Cordova, and from the time of St. Ferdinand had paid tribute to the kings of Castile. Toward the end of the fourteenth century we find a well-established sovereignty in Granada, under the Mahometan Yussef II., who, in the main on friendly terms with the Christians, had yet led in an invasion of Murcia, seeking to recover some of his lost lands. This was futile, and he was fortunate that the divided state of the Christian kingdoms precluded the possibility of reprisals. He died in the year 1396, and was followed by a son who reigned for the brief period of three years under the title of Mahomet V., and was succeeded by his broth-

er, whose execution he had commanded but a few days before he expired. It is probable that he was assassinated, as many of the Granadan rulers fell as victims to the poniard and poison, and the dissensions among them were only less extensive than those among the Christian states.

Under Yussef III., who reigned from 1399 to 1423, Granada became the refuge of fugitives from Christian Spain and Africa, and its population greatly increased. Yussef's hospitality was the means of increasing the strength of his kingdom, but the heterogeneous elements thus introduced greatly augmented the danger from internal dissensions, and after his death, though his reign had been peaceful, succeeded bloodshed and disorder. His son Mahomet VII. was twice hurled from his throne, the first time by his own cousin, who occupied it for two years as Mahomet VIII.; but who was in turn deposed by the first Mahomet and lost his head. His second deposition was brought about by another relative who usurped the throne as Yussef IV., but was soon ousted and Mahomet VII. took charge of his own. Yet again, a third time, he was deposed, and this time successfully, by one Mahomet ben Ozmin, who took the title of Mahomet IX.; but during the ten turbulent years of his reign he was opposed by a cousin, Mahomet ben Ismael, who finally overcame him and ascended the throne as Mahomet X., in 1454.

He in timè was succeeded by his son, Muley ben Hassan, under whom Granada was rent by feuds and civil strife. He was forced to abdicate in favor of his

brother Abdallah of Zagal, but only after the streets of Granada had run blood for days; and while Abdallah was in the field against the Christians, Muley's son seized the reins of power and forced the former to become a fugitive. The affairs of Granada, indeed, were involved inextricably, and the historian finds it difficult to follow the changes which occurred, by which first one fierce Arab and then another, was seated on the petty throne. Of course, during all these years of strife, the Christians had not been idle, and the result of every dispute between the insensate Moors was a loss of territory, until their province became much circumscribed indeed.

Had these Moors but kept watch upon the signs and portents they would have exerted all their power to preserve the peace among themselves and to strengthen their defenses. As it was, when the evidences were unmistakable that the Christians were at last resolved upon their expulsion or destruction, they were intrenched within walled cities of great strength and possessed many cities which were almost invulnerable against the assaults of those primitive times, when artillery was rude and ineffective. When, therefore, King Ferdinand established his military court at Cordova, and as a provocative of war sent one of his trusted captains with a small escort to demand the tribute which for years Muley Hassan had intermitted, the latter, confident in his strength, returned a brave and haughty answer. "Tell your king," he is recorded as having said to the noble cavalier, Don Juan de Vera,

“tell King Ferdinand that the kings of Granada who used to pay tribute in money to the Castilian crown, are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of scimitars and heads of lances.”

This memorable interview took place within the castle-palace, the famed Alhambra (which we will soon more minutely describe), perched upon the crown of a hill surrounded by walls of immense height and all but inaccessible to a storming party. Secure in what he considered was an impregnable castle, and surrounded by soldiers whom he thought to be invincible, Muley Hassan could afford to indulge in a bit of sarcasm at King Ferdinand's expense. The cavalier, Don Juan de Vera, bowed and withdrew, leading his little band to safety outside the walls, but noting carefully all their defenses.

Both kings knew well enough that this demand for a revival of the ancient tribute was but a pretext, and none better than Muley Hassan appreciated its significance. Hardly had the band of cavaliers disappeared beyond the hills surrounding the plain of Granada than he sounded the alarm and assembled his warriors. Since the King of Castile meant war, the sooner it was begun, he thought, the better for the Moors. He would strike the first blow, and thus anticipate the Christians in their plans for reducing his fortress. With a small but chosen body of fighting men, King Muley Hassan marched forth from the Alhambra fortress one day in the winter of 1481, to the attack of a detached outpost called Zahara. It was a small place, consisting merely

of the fort, perched upon a mountain top, and a hamlet clustered around it. As there had been but few Moorish sails that year, and as the place was of great natural strength, the garrison of Christians was negligent as to its duties, and was easily surprised by a midnight attack. The greater part were put to the sword, and the remainder, together with the miserable inhabitants of the hamlet, sent as prisoners to Granada.

The ancient chroniclers tell us that the news of this capture was as ill received by the residents of the Moorish capital as by the Christians, since they well knew that it would precipitate upon them all the horrors of a protracted war. As their king had begun it by thus promptly playing King Ferdinand's game, they knew also that they could expect no mercy—that it was to be a war to the bitter end. But whatever the reception King Muley Hassan received at Granada, the grim old warrior expressed no regrets, and made all haste to put his towns and cities, forts and castles, in a state of defense. It was while thus engaged that the expected happened—that is, one of his own fortified towns was carried by assault and the tables turned upon the Moors in a way that caused the fierce old king to rage against all Christians, who, if he had his way, would be exterminated.

Allusion has been made already to the frail nature of the ties by which the noblemen of Spain were bound to Ferdinand, and to the almost imperial character of their possessions. This was well illustrated in the next stage of affairs, when, vexed at the slow and cautious

movements of King Ferdinand, one of his nobles took the initiative and made the assault which retrieved the fortunes of war so far as Zahara was concerned. Dwelling in the country of Andalusia, not far from the city of Seville, was one of the most powerful of these nobles, Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, the Marquis of Cadiz, the owner of vast estates who had an army of retainers constantly at his command.

“The Marquis of Cadiz,” says Washington Irving, in his “Conquest of Granada,” “had vast possessions in the most fertile parts of Andalusia, including many towns and castles, and could lead forth an army into the field from his own vassals and dependents. On receiving the orders of the king (to be constantly on his guard against surprise) he burned to signalize himself by some sudden incursion into the kingdom of Granada that should give a brilliant commencement to the war, and should console the sovereigns for the insult they had received in the capture of Zahara. As his estates lay near to the Moorish frontiers, and were subject to sudden inroads, he had always in his pay numbers of *adalides*, or scouts and guides, many of them converted Moors. These he sent out in all directions, to watch the movements of the enemy, and to secure all sorts of information important to the security of the frontier. One of these spies came to him one day in his town of Marchena, and informed him that the Moorish town of Alhama was slightly garrisoned and negligently guarded, and might be taken by surprise. This was a large, wealthy and populous place, within a few leagues

of Granada. It was situated on a rocky height, nearly surrounded by a river, and defended by a fortress to which there was no access but by a steep and ragged ascent. The strength of its situation, and its being embosomed in the center of the kingdom, had produced the careless security which now invited attack."

Briefly told, a night assault was planned, by which the devoted place was carried by storm, after the fortress walls had been scaled by a chosen band of soldiers, and the garrison overcome. But Alhama was a walled town and when its citizens discovered the Christians in possession of the castle, they barricaded the city gates, manned the battlements and made it very uncomfortable for the Marquis of Cadiz and his soldiers. They were, in fact, in great danger of being sent back empty-handed, when, the marquis seeing that the gate of the castle, which opened toward the city, was completely commanded by the artillery of the enemy, ordered a large breach to be made in the wall, through which he might lead his troop to the attack; animating them, in this perilous moment, by assuring them that the place should be given up to plunder, and its inhabitants made captives. The breach being made, the marquis put himself at the head of his troops and entered sword in hand. A simultaneous attack was made by the Christians in every part—by the ramparts, by the gate, by the roofs and walls which connected the castle with the town.

The Moors fought valiantly in their streets, from their windows, and from the tops of their houses.

They were not equal to the Christians in bodily strength, for they were for the most part peaceful men, of industrious callings, and enervated by the frequent use of warm baths; but they were superior in number, and unconquerable in spirit; old and young, strong and weak, fought with the same desperation. The Moors fought for property, for liberty, for life. . . . The Christians fought for glory, for revenge, for the holy faith, and for the spoil of these wealthy infidels. Success would place a rich town at their mercy; failure would deliver them into the hands of the tyrant of Granada.

The contest raged from morning until night, when the Moors began to yield. Retreating to a large mosque near the walls, they kept up so galling a fire from it with their lances, cross-bows and arquebuses, that for some time the Christians dared not approach. Covering themselves, at length, with bucklers and mantelets, to protect them from the deadly shower, they made their way to the mosque, and set fire to its doors. When the smoke and flames rolled in upon them the Moors gave up all as lost. Many rushed forth desperately upon the enemy, but were immediately slain; the rest surrendered themselves captives.

The struggle was now at an end; the town remained at the mercy of the Christians; and the inhabitants, both male and female, became the slaves of those who made them prisoners. Some few had escaped by a mine or subterranean way which led to the river, and concealed themselves, their wives and their children, in

caves and secret places; but in three or four days were compelled to surrender themselves through hunger. The town was given up to plunder, and the booty was immense. There were found prodigious quantities of gold and silver, jewels, rich silks and costly stuffs of all kinds, together with horses and beeves, and abundance of grain, oil and honey, and in fact all the productions of this fruitful kingdom; for in Alhama were collected the royal rents and tributes of the surrounding country; it was the richest town in the Moorish territory, and, from its great strength and its peculiar situation, was called the "Key to Granada." This attack and capture have been described at length, quoting from the inimitable historian of the Conquest, because of the vivid glimpses we obtain of the methods of assault, the weapons and armor, and of the barbarous treatment of the captives. Infancy and old age, tender womanhood and noble manhood, were alike disregarded by the captors; all went to swell the ranks of those already in slavery.

The Marquis of Cadiz had won a victory, but his triumph was of short duration, for the fiery old king of Granada was soon raging at the walls, with an army twice the size of the besieged. Having wasted their captured spoils, the Christians were soon assailed by famine, and it would have gone hard with them had not succor arrived from an unexpected source—from the Duke of Medina Sidonia, hitherto an inveterate enemy of the Marquis of Cadiz. Between the two, Muley Hassan was forced to give up his designs as to

the recapture of Alhama, and retreat upon Granada. And this was one of the most glorious results of the war just begun: that those who, like the Duke of Sidonia and Marquis of Cadiz, had been hitherto rivals at arms and deadly enemies, became reconciled and only strove for the greater good of their native land. Their men fraternized on the spot, and when the news reached Ferdinand that the King of Granada had been turned back, it was also accompanied by the grateful intelligence that two of the greatest nobles of his kingdom had agreed to join forces with him as against their common enemy, the hated Moor.

King Ferdinand does not shine brilliantly as a commander in the field; his gifts were those of diplomacy and craft; he could turn to his own advantage the victories gained by his captains in their battles, but was not himself successful as a fighter.

He had set his troops in motion on receiving the news of the straits to which the Marquis of Cadiz was reduced, but finding that the Duke of Medina Sidonia was ahead of him, turned back and awaited further tidings at the old city of Antiquera. He afterward resolved to lay siege to the important city of Loxa, and the result shows that the estimate already given of him was correct; for though he was accompanied by a large force, and there were then distractions among the Moors of Granada which prevented them from going in force to the assistance of the beleaguered city, yet he met with ultimate defeat and was compelled to raise the siege. He had called to his assistance all the sol-

diers resident in cities as far north as Salamanca and Valladolid, and the great military orders of Santiago, Calatrava and Alcantara, and required them to furnish their own provisions, bombards, and other munitions of warlike character. By the end of June he found his forces all in front of the city, but on the opposite side of the river from it, and resisted all the counsel of his experienced generals to change his camp to a more favorable location. The result was that he was fiercely attacked by a wary old Moor, one Ali Atar, father-in-law of the then ruler of Granada (set up after the loss of Alhama, by his changeable countrymen), and this skillful veteran, though more than ninety years of age, prevailed against him to the extent of driving him to retreat. Old Ali Atar, also killed in single combat several of Ferdinand's most valiant cavaliers, and led his soldiers to the plunder of the Christians' tents.

Meanwhile, Muley ben Hassan, King of Granada, had met with great disappointment, on his return from his fruitless attempt to recapture Alahama, and when he arrived at the gates of Granada, was denied admission. In his stead, the Moorish nobles had raised up his youngest son, called Boabdil el Chico, and this undutiful heir of the old warrior mocked him from the walls. King Muley has the credit of having murdered in cold blood all his children save that same Boabdil; and it must have been his most poignant regret, when he returned and found he had usurped his throne, that he had been so lenient as to spare even one—the wrong one, too, it seems, and the weakest of the old man's

numerous progeny. However, King Muley wasted no time in fruitless laments, but betook himself to the wide territory of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, where he made reparation for his rescue of the Marquis of Cadiz at Alhama by ravaging his estates and carrying off a vast collection of cattle, besides great plunder of other kind. Then he retired to a country-seat in the hills and from his eyrie watched the progress of events awhile, before taking again an active part in the proceedings. Seizing upon a favorable opportunity, he led his still faithful band of savage Zegrís into the Alhambra, one night when the guards were lax, and put to the swords several score of his enemies before making good his retreat.

It was in this manner, by their insenate quarrels among themselves, that the Moors gave aid to Ferdinand, when but for their feuds he might not have subdued them for many, many years. The end might have been postponed, but not averted; it was inevitable that the flag of the Prophet should soon float no more from the castles and watch towers of Spain. As the foray of Muley Hassan had touched the pride of Andalusia in a tender spot, some of the cavaliers organized a counter-foray into the hills and mountains of Malaga, whither the old king had retired with his spoils. This, it turned out, was one of the most disastrous events of that time, for the fortress of Malaga was under the command of a younger brother of the king, a skilled warrior, known as El Zagal, who was wary and watchful. No sooner had he learned that the cavaliers were

well within the gloomy forests of the mountains than he surrounded them with his trained troops, blocked all the passes, and rained down upon the devoted band such a fire of arrows, balls and even rocks and stones, that nearly all were killed. The few who escaped the general destruction and reached their homes, bore such tidings to their friends that there was universal mourning.

IX.

WITHIN THE ALHAMBRA.

WHEN, about the middle of the twelfth century, the greatest of Arab caliphs in Spain, Aben Alhamar, conceived the project of erecting a mosque, a palace and a fortified stronghold, he pitched upon one of the most picturesque places in the world, the steep craggy hill rising above the present city of Granada. Aben Alhamar was a contemporary of the great King Ferdinand, conqueror of Seville, and is supposed to have aided that sovereign as an ally, at the memorable siege. His reign was one of peace at all events, and he devoted the time usually occupied by the Moorish kings to war and *razzias*, to the cultivation of his mind and the welfare of his people. Having selected the spot, he summoned hither artists and artisans from Africa, Constantinople and Damascus, and together these cunning workmen wrought for many, many years, finally producing that marvellous creation known as the Alhambra.

The summit of the "Hill of the Sun," was leveled, and surrounded with a continuous wall of great height, having at intervals semidetached and crenelated towers overtopping all this fortification, thus inclosing

within this impregnable defense a space of several acres. The centuries roll on, and the hold of the Arab Moor in Spain is weakened, is finally unloosed, and at last comes down Castilian Ferdinand with his armies and lays siege to Granada and the towering walls of its castle-palace. The Spanish king, as we have seen, had already taken from the Moors their largest cities and outlying strongholds; it was not until 1491 that he finally settled himself down to the last great affair of the war.

The details of that siege we will glance at later; first let us examine that core of the "pomegranate," Granada, the castle-palace of the Moorish king, Boabdil el Chico; the taking of which would end hostilities by depriving him of a nucleus of defense. The shining snows of the Sierras form a brilliant background for the rich-toned towers and walls, as seen from Granada and the opposite hill of the Albaicin. Between the two hills flows the river Darro, spanned by arched bridges and overhung with trees. Far above, nearer the Sierras, perched on a shelf of still another hill, is the summer palace of the Moors, called the *Generalife*, which is famous for its exquisite gardens and its marble corridors. Still higher, at the crest of the Hill of the Sun, is the great rock known as the "Seat of the Moor," from which a most extended view is obtained, over the two clusters of palaces, over the meadows or *vegas* of Granada and over the city itself. The Darro comes down from the mountains, fed by the melting snows of the Sierras, and its crystal waters are led in conduits

through all the courts of the Alhambra, and serve to irrigate innumerable gardens on the slopes of the hill.

Along its farther bank live the vagrant gypsies, the *Gitanos*, those strange people who have squatted beneath the Alhambra walls, and who persist in living there, dwelling for the main part in caves hollowed out of the solid rock. Over across on the western slope of the hill which here dips its feet in the river Xenil flowing placidly through the vega, are yet other little gardens, fruitful and blossoming, which were planted by the Moors hundreds of years ago, and which became the properties of the conquering Spaniards at the fall of Granada.

In a general view of the Alhambra, first and most conspicuous is the great tower nearest the city of Granada, called the *Torre del a Vela* or the great Watch Tower, from which the Christian flag first floated after the surrender of the fortress. It still contains within its belfry the deep-toned, silver-voiced bell, which is yet, as in the days of the Moors, tolled at regular intervals to guide the farmers of the *vega* at their labors of irrigation.

If we were to take a survey of the area of circumvallation, we should be impressed with the magnitude of this vast work of the Moors, and, unless guided by one acquainted with the ground, become confused in its labyrinthine passages.

Below the Watch Tower, beyond the grove of elms, is the more ancient Vermilion Tower, not at present accessible; and swinging around to the opposite side of

the hill, above a lateral ravine of the Darro, we find another conspicuous one, the *Torre de los Picos*, through a gate in which, says tradition, Boabdil the king last rode after the surrender of his citadel. Still another of these towers made famous by the former dwellers in them is that in which some Moorish princesses were once confined as prisoners by order of their cruel father the king. This tower lies about central of them all, and is still preserved in excellent condition. Walls and towers have changed but little since the time when, some seventy years ago, Washington Irving lived here, and here wrote his charming legends of the Alhambra. He, like the writer of these lines, once had the privilege of long residence within the walls and of dwelling in the history-haunted rooms.

We should not forget, while describing the environment of the Moorish citadel, that the only official entrance to the Alhambra is through the arched gateway in the so-called Tower of Justice. This tower was erected in the year 1348, is nearly square, is forty-seven feet wide by sixty two in height, and has a narrow and winding passage through it, as an additional means of defense against possible invaders. In one of the inner porches sat the khalif, in Moorish times, to administer what then passed for justice. In the keystone of the outer arch is carved a hand with fingers spread apart, which is said to symbolize the five points of Moslem law, and also to have been placed there to avert the evil eye. Inside, another keystone bears the image of a carven key, another symbol of Moslemism denot-

ing the prophet's alleged power to open and shut the gates of heaven. And further, it is a Moslem tradition that when the hand outside reaches in and grasps the key, then Moslem power shall be restored in Spain. . . . Needless to add that hand has not yet grasped the key; they still remain apart.

An open *plazita*, or small square, lies beyond the Tower of Justice, called the Place of Cisterns, because it covers immense subterranean reservoirs. Crossing this *plazita*, you find yourself before a plain, ugly wall, pierced by a small doorway, unassuming and unattractive; but entering it you are at once transported into a realm of wonders. Before you lies spread out the first of these famous courts, forming the glorious aggregation of *patios* in which the palace of the Alhambra abounds. The entire structure, in fact, vast as it is, consists of a succession of open courts, surrounded by corridors of pillars of wonderful grace and lightness, these surmounted with stucco work in exquisite tracery. The numerous rooms, though many of them large and magnificent, seem but incidents in the general design. The first of these courts is that of "the Tank," sometimes called the Myrtle Court, as it has both a hedge of myrtle and a tank or bath, the former inclosing the latter, which is one hundred and twenty-four feet in length, by twenty-seven wide, and five feet deep. Though primarily constructed as a bathing pool for the Moorish kings, yet tradition states that many a tragedy has occurred here; many an erring woman of the harem here been deprived of life, many a death-cry here

hushed forever in the still waters of that shallow pool in the Court of the Myrtles.

Towering high above this patio, its crenelated crest mirrored in the water of the pool, rose the Tower of Comareh, the largest in the outer line of fortifications, and which contained the famous Hall of the Ambassadors, entrance to which is through the vestibule, or *antesala*, called the corridor of la Berca, or the Benediction.

The Hall of the Ambassadors is the most spacious and the most celebrated for its traditions, and there is a certain grandeur to it, by which it would seem that the Moors had excelled even themselves, bestowing upon it the magnitude of the Roman, and the loftiness of the Gothic edifice. Here took place most of the scenes identified with the reign of fierce Muley Hassan and the fighting monarch, El Zagal, and which hastened the prospective end of Granada. Here the cavaliers from Ferdinand were entertained when they sought tribute from the haughty Muley Hassan, and here Boabdil lamented his predicted overthrow, seated beneath the carved ceiling, and surrounded by the fair members of his harem. This was, indeed, the grand reception room of the kings of Granada, and perhaps the most impressive of the great halls, with its lofty ceiling of carved and painted wood, deeply recessed windows, and decorated doorways. Here, also, are most fascinating views outspread, beneath and beyond, as you look forth from the narrow, double windows, with their supporting pillars of alabaster. Here Arabic

art and ornament were lavished without stint, here the Oriental imagination gave itself full play, and produced forms so beautiful, it has been declared, as never to have been surpassed by artists or architects since. Some of the finest tiles in the palace were here, inlaid with bits of blue, gold, and vermilion, above them Cufic inscriptions interwoven with leaves and flowers. This great hall, so crammed with memories, was also called the *Sala de Comareh*, because the artists who decorated it came from Comareh in Persia.

Next in size to the Myrtle Court is the Patio of the Lions, which was built in 1377; is one hundred and twenty-six feet long by seventy-three in width, and inclosed with a perfect forest of marble columns, to the number of one hundred and twenty-eight. At each end of this beautiful court is a projecting pavilion, composed of alabaster columns, with arches of open-work stucco, and, wrought upon the capitals, quaint Cufic inscriptions. Nothing can surpass the exceeding grace and airy beauty of these columned porticoes, which have withstood the assaults of time for more than five hundred years, and are still preaching the lessons of their builders.

In the center of this court is the fountain from which it derived its name; a dodecagon basin, ten feet across and two deep, supported upon the backs of twelve objects with barbecued manes, carved from marble, and supposed to represent lions. Around the basin-brim is an Arabic poem in ancient meter, praising the constructor of this court.

Directly opposite the fountain, west, is the Hall of the Abencerrages, where, in that fierce contest between the African Zegrís and the more cultured and noble Arabs, in the time of Boabdil, the Moorish royal guard, composed of the Arab Abencerrages, was massacred. The stains of their blood, as it flowed across the pavement, in a stream, are still pointed out, in the center of the hall. The roof or ceiling of this hall is one of the most fairylike constructions in the palace, and consequently in the world. It arches more than sixty feet above the pavement, where it has been for the past five centuries, and yet seems to the eye as light as thistle-down, or tuft of silken floss borne hither by the winds. Of similar construction—the two beautiful beyond compare—is the ceiling of the “Two-Sisters’ Hall,” across the Lions’ Court, and which is said to be composed of more than five thousand pieces of reed and plaster, forming a rich profusion of minute vaults and domes, stalactites and pendentives, incomparably rich and elaborate, and quite indescribable. On the imposts and the archivolts of the doorways here are several diminutive shields, each with the motto: “God alone is Conqueror;” and over each is a latticed window, behind which the sultanas sat, unseen by others, and watched their lords and masters in the courts below.

Still another corridor bounds the Lion’s Court—the grand and distinctive *Sala del Tribunal* or Hall of Justice, a gallery seventy-five feet long and sixteen in width, divided into recessed alcoves formerly occupied by luxurious divans. Here, in these cool and delight-

ful alcoves, the swart Moors reclined; here Isabella is said to have received Columbus, at one of their interviews before the voyage to America; and at its farther end a latticed *ajimez* window gives outlook into a garden fragrant with roses and orange blossoms where is a fountain with an Arabic inscription describing its delights. Into this same garden opens a double arched window in the "Mirador of Lindaraja" the sultana's *boudoir*—which is rich in exquisite dados, friezes, and iridescent tilings. Here we see in their perfection those iridescent tiles called *azulejos* the secret of whose manufacture has perished it is said. It is a matter of history that the Phœnicians of Spain, long before the arrival of the Moors, excelled in the manufacture of pottery; but the Spanish Arabs subsequently surpassed even them; for the Alhambra ceramics, says an authority, are among the finest in the world. "The Hispano-Moriscan ceramics occupy a distinct and distinguished place in the cabinets of collectors, and the Arabic *azulejos* had arrived at a high degree of perfection when the delfts of European countries were extremely crude."

Deep down beneath the halls and corridors, reached by narrow passageways, are the subterranean baths, in a vast hall by themselves. This lower region is sometimes called the Hall of the Baths, and also the Room of Couches, or Room of Repose, because of its numerous alcoves where anciently the Moors, reclining upon silken divans passed the heated term of the day in this cool spot, lulled to sleep by clouds of incense

coming up from below through the perforated floor and soothed by music from the halls above. There is likewise a subterranean mosque, the façade of which is entirely covered with inscriptions, such as: "The glory is God's;" "The power is God's, and empire," etc. All the walls, as well as the imposts, and the capitals of columns, all the archivolts and interspaces, are covered with inscriptions; interwoven with arabesques are Alcoranic verses, to the praise of God and of the seer of Islam. One of the loftiest conceptions runs as follows: "By the sun and his rising brightness, by the moon when she followeth him, by the day when he showeth his splendor, by the night when it covered him with darkness, by the heaven who built it, by the earth and Him who spread it forth, by the soul and Him who completely fashioned it and inspired into it both wickedness and piety, there is no god but Allah!"

"I am a glorious altar for prayer, my direction is toward happiness." "I am like the seat of a bride, endowed with beauty and accomplishments." "View with attention this, my diadem, for thou wilt find its like only in the aureola of the moon at its full."

All the inscriptions were originally gilded, to make them prominent, but the antique colors now appear only in most sheltered places, as in the niches which were used as receptacles for books of prayer, amulets and lamps, perhaps for pieces of armor, and for scimitars and swords. If one were to enter into the minutiae of the Alhambra, he might wander here all the days of his life; for, how many thousand artists and architects

labored here, year after year and century succeeding century to produce this work so stupendous in conception and grand in realization; an offering to Allah worthy even the acceptance of the King of Kings?

We can well believe as a certain writer has said that the Golden Age of Arabic culture in Spain reached its apogee in the construction and adornment of the Alhambra. In the farther East it had received that distinction six hundred years before, during the reign of the famous Haroun al Raschid, the celebrated Caliph of Bagdad, to which place the caliphate was transferred from Damascus. In Spain, at the same time, it was Cordova which was the seat of learning in the West. In the partition of Spain among the Mahometans, the fertile province of Granada fell to the ten thousand horsemen from Syria, "the noblest and best of the Arab invaders."

We can trace here three periods of Moorish architecture, as illustrated, the first by the mosque of Cordova, the second by the Alcazar of Seville, the third by the Alhambra of Granada.

"The style of the last," remarks an architectural authority, "represents the most florid development of Moorish art and architecture. It is, however, wanting in the unity of design, typical forms, lofty inspiration and breadth, for which the mosque of Cordova is so remarkable. But it stands unrivalled in the gorgeous splendor of its halls; and nowhere, at no time, has its decorative art been excelled. There are wonderful varieties of pattern, happy and novel appliances of

poetical conceit and Alcoranic passages, to enhance and form part of the ornamentation; airy lightness and veil-like transparency of filagree and stucco, and partitions colored like the sides of a Stamboul casket. A description of what it must have been in the time of its glory can only be found in the 'Arabian Nights.' "

There is a fascination about the Alhambra which is irresistible, distinctively attaching to this relic of the ancient Moors. And this is owing, the Spaniards say, to the fact that it is still haunted by the ghosts of departed warriors, poets, artisans; those who have died in defense of it, whose lives have been passed in adorning it, and who have poured forth their raptures in praise of it. Beautiful as it is by day, yet at night, flooded with the moonlight, the Alhambra is lovely beyond human conception. Especially charming it is to one who has wandered, with the spell of night and the moon upon him, from dusky room to illumined patio, from the sweet silence of Linderaja's bower to the murmuring music of the Lion's Court, permeated as it is with the gurglings and groanings of the imprisoned Moors, which the poets have fancied the subterranean waters imitated in their confinement. Ghostly fingers beckon from the deep recesses, fair faces gaze mournfully through the latticed windows, dark skinned, white robed Arabs stalk gloomily adown the corridors, in their eyes bale fires glowing, in their hands naked scimitars gleaming. All these apparitions come to him who visits the Alhambra by moonlight, if he will

but seek the subterranean alcoves and give himself up to romantic speculation!

An Italian writer says respecting the strange charm of the Alhambra—the spell it weaves over those who visit it: “When people are in love they dream a little of the Alhambra; and, if they could translate in line and color all those dreams, we should have pictures, which would astonish us with their resemblance to what one sees here. This architecture does not express power, glory, grandeur, but rather, voluptuousness; love with its mysteries, caprices, and bursts of gratitude to God; its fits of melancholy and silences. There is thus a likeness, a harmony, between the beauty of this Alhambra and the soul of those who have been in love in youth, when desires are dreams and visions. From this arises the indescribable charm that this beauty exercises; and for this reason the Alhambra, though so deserted, and half in ruins, is still the most fascinating place in the world, and on seeing it for the last time strangers shed tears. It is because in saluting the Alhambra, one bids a last farewell to the most beautiful of his youthful dreams, which are revived for the last time among its walls. One says adieu to faces indescribably dear; faces that have broken through the oblivion of many years, to look, for the last time, through the columns of those little windows!”

X.

PLUCKING THE "POMEGRANATE."

SUCH was the glorious palace and castle dominating the Moorish city of Granada. The city itself lay at its feet, or rather it was built on the edge of a great plain, called the Vega, and ran around the bases of and climbed the sides of two hills, that of the Alhambra and the Albaicin. Itself built upon four swelling elevations, somewhat resembling a cleft pomegranate, it had probably derived its name from this fruit, as the name, Granada, in Spanish, to-day signifies a pomegranate. It was this significance attached to the Moorish city that caused King Ferdinand to say, when he started out on the great enterprise of reducing the city and its defenses: "I will pluck out the seeds of this pomegranate, one by one." He meant the province, rather than the city, and that he would reduce all the cities of the kingdom, one at a time, until there should not be one left for the Moors to dwell in. That he carried out his threat, we of the present age know full well; but it took several years more to accomplish it, even after the fall of the towns of Alhama and other minor places.

Granada to-day is quite interesting, but it lacks the great walls which surrounded it at the time the Moors dwelt there. Its principal street is called the Vivar-

ambla, and used to run along the banks of the Darro, which it now partially covers for a long distance. The most characteristic street is the Zacatin, which was once the Moorish market-place, where the Arabs sold fine silks and jewels manufactured by themselves. Occupying the site of a Moorish mosque, is the finest structure of Granada city, the great cathedral, which contains many relics of the past, as well as articles of ecclesiastical furniture.

Attached to the cathedral is the so-called Royal Chapel, where lie buried the sovereigns of whom we are writing, Ferdinand and Isabella, under whom the Moors were expelled and the first voyage to America undertaken. Their tombs are of the finest alabaster richly sculptured, and surmounted by chiseled effigies of the king and queen. Beneath these tombs is a vault containing four leaden coffins, within which are inclosed the remains of these sovereigns and of their daughter Juana and her husband Philip. In a room adjoining the chapel are shown various relics of Ferdinand and Isabella, such as the king's sword, and her scepter and missal, with illuminated pages.

It was in accordance with their wishes, that they were brought here to be entombed, for they considered Granada as the brightest, most lustrous jewel in their crown, and their conquest of the Moors who held it as one of their greatest accomplishments; so they commanded that when they should die their remains should be brought here for sepulture. Their desires were fulfilled, and there they lie now, as they have lain nearly

four hundred years, beneath the marbles raised above them by their grandson, Charles V.

The leisurely manner in which the Spaniards set about the reduction of the Moorish cities made the conquest seem more like a protracted series of pleasure excursions than a conflict to be continued to the death. Having established their court at Cordova, the sovereigns passed the winter seasons in gayety, and in attending to the affairs calling for their attention in other parts of their kingdom, and in the early spring sent forth an army to attack and lay siege to a Moorish town or two. In this manner, but after most obstinate defenses by the Moorish garrisons, some of the smaller strongholds were reduced and became Christian property, their surviving soldiers and inhabitants captives and slaves.

Working his way down through the rugged mountains Ferdinand at last invested Malaga, the last remaining port of Granada, which gave the harried kingdom its only open connection with Africa. Malaga to-day is a picturesque but extremely filthy city, on the Mediterranean; in Moorish times it was vastly more picturesque than now, cleanly and charming, with a vast fortress dominating the port and adjacent vineyards and olive orchards. With the exception of Loxa—from which he was compelled to retreat, as we have seen—Ferdinand never attacked a town or city, or sat down before it, without eventually reducing it to terms.

"The first operations of the Spaniards were directed against the suburb on the land side of the city. The

Spanish ordnance was served with such effect that a practicable breach was soon made in the wall. The combatants now poured their murderous volleys on each other, through the opening, and at length met on the ruins of the breach. After a desperate struggle the Moors gave way. The Christians rushed into the inclosure, at the same time effecting a lodgment on the rampart; and, although a part of it, undermined by the enemy, gave way with a terrible crash, they still kept possession of the remainder and at length drove their antagonists, who sullenly retreated, step by step, within the fortifications of the city. The lines were then drawn around the place. Every avenue of communication was strictly guarded, and every preparation was made for reducing the town by regular blockade.

"In addition to the cannon brought around by water from Velez Malaga, the heavier bombards, which from the difficulty of transportation had been left during the late siege at Antiquer were now conducted across roads, levelled for the purpose, to the camp. Supplies of marble balls were also brought from the ancient and depopulated city of Algeciras, where they had lain ever since its capture in the preceding century by Alfonso XI. The camp was filled with operatives, employed in the manufacture of balls and powder, which were stored in subterranean magazines, and in the fabrication of those various kinds of battering enginery, which continued in use long after the introduction of gunpowder."

The siege of Malaga was protracted to great length by the valor and obstinacy of its defenders; it lasted so

long, in fact, that hundreds of foreigners came to view the proceedings, and formed no inconsiderable portion of the Spanish army. This siege was signalized by at least two events: one was the arrival here before Malaga of Queen Isabella, who brought with her a train of admirers and courtiers; and the other was a daring attempt which was made upon her life by a Moor who obtained access to her tent and endeavored to stab one of her ladies-in-waiting, mistaking her for the queen. When at last, succumbing more to starvation and famine than to Spanish cannon, the inhabitants of Malaga agreed to surrender, they were all made slaves by the cruel Ferdinand, who not only obtained by stratagem possession of their wealth—of the gems and jewels they might otherwise have secreted—but of their persons. The last to surrender was the garrison of the Gibalfaro, the tower overlooking the city and occupied by African Moslems.

The talented historian, Prescott, from whom we have already quoted, and who seems ever to have been an ardent apologist for the king and queen—his clearness of vision perhaps dimmed by the grandeur of their station and their mighty deeds—says of the terrible edict passed against the dwellers in Malaga

“The city was computed to contain from eleven to fifteen thousand inhabitants, exclusive of several thousand foreign auxiliaries, within its gates at the time of surrender. One cannot, at this day, read the melancholy details of its story without feelings of horror and indignation. It is impossible to vindicate the dreadful

sentence passed on this unfortunate people for a display of heroism which should have excited admiration in every generous bosom. It was obviously most repugnant to Isabella's natural disposition, and must be admitted to leave a stain on her memory, which no coloring of history can conceal. It may find some palliation, however, in the bigotry of the age, the more excusable in a woman whom education, general example, and natural distrust of herself, accustomed to rely, in matters of conscience on the spiritual guides, whose piety and professional learning seemed to qualify them for the trust(?) Even in this very transaction, she fell far short of the suggestions of some of her counselors, who urged her to put every inhabitant, without exception, to the sword; which, they affirmed, would be a just requital of their obstinate rebellion, and would prove a wholesome warning to others. We are not told who the advisers of this precious measure were; but the whole experience of this reign shows that we shall scarcely wrong the clergy much by imputing it to them. That their arguments could warp so enlightened a mind as that of Isabellaes, from the natural principles of justice and humanity, furnishes a remarkable proof of the ascendancy which the priesthood usurped over the most gifted intellects. . . . The fate of Malaga may be said to have decided that of Granada. The latter was now shut out from the most important ports along her coast; and she was environed on every part of her territory by her warlike foe, so that she could hardly hope more from subsequent efforts, however

strenuous and united, than to postpone the inevitable hour of dissolution. The cruel treatment of Malaga was the prelude to a long series of persecutions, which awaited the Moslems in the land of their ancestors; in that land over which the 'star of Islamism'—to borrow their own metaphor—had shone in full brightness for nearly eight centuries, but where it was now fast descending amid clouds and tempests to the horizon."

Malaga capitulated in 1487; yet there were a few "seeds" remaining in the Moorish pomegranate, and one of the most important was the city of Baza, to which Ferdinand lay siege in the spring of 1489. This city was strongly fortified, and after the Spanish army had arrived in front of it, two months and ten thousand men were employed in throwing up a line of intrenchments which completely inclosed it within "an unbroken line of circumvallation."

The fate of Baza was ultimately that of Malaga, notwithstanding an heroic defense by its garrison, animated by the presence and example of their chief, El Zagal, the fiery uncle of King Boabdil of Granada. The whole summer passed away before Baza succumbed to the strength and persistence of the besiegers; but with its fall also went Guadix, the real capital of El Zagal, who was compelled to enter into capitulation with the Spaniards and accept a sum of money for his relinquished territory.

It is thought that Christopher Columbus was with the court of Ferdinand, after Isabella arrived at Baza, and here met some monks from Jerusalem, who came to

implore Ferdinand to clemency. "While the camp lay before Baza, a singular mission was received from the sultan of Egypt, who had been solicited by the Moors of Granada to interpose in their behalf with the Spanish sovereigns. Two Franciscan friars, members of a religious community in Palestine, were bearers of dispatches, which, after remonstrating with the sovereigns on their persecution of the Moors, contrasted it with the protection uniformly extended by the sultan to the Christians in his dominions. The communication concluded with menacing a retaliation of similar severities on these latter, unless the sovereigns desisted from their hostilities toward Granada.

"The menacing import of the sultan's communication, however, had no power to shake the purpose of Ferdinand and Isabella, who made answer that they had uniformly observed the same policy in regard to their Mahometan, as to their Christian subjects; but that they could no longer submit to seeing their ancient and rightful inheritance in the hands of strangers; and that, if these latter would consent to live under their rule as true and loyal subjects, they should receive the same paternal indulgence which had been shown their brethren."

The Mahometans had good reason, not only subsequently but even at that time, to distrust the "paternal indulgence" which these persecutors of heretics and Jews would bestow upon them. The fate of the Moors of Malaga was ever before them; yet they had to surrender to the overpowering force and equipment of the Christians.

Finally, "on [December 4, 1489, Ferdinand and Isabella took possession of Baza, at the head of their legions, amid the ringing of bells, the peals of artillery, and all the other accompaniments of this triumphant ceremony; while the standard of the Cross, floating from the ancient battlements of the city, proclaimed the triumph of the Christian arms. The brave alcaide, Cidi Yahye, experienced a different reception from that of the bold defender of Malaga (who was cast into chains). He was loaded with civilities and presents; and these acts of civility so won upon his heart that he expressed a willingness to enter into their service. 'Isabella's compliments,' says the Arabian historian dryly, 'were paid in more substantial coin!'"

The object of all these attentions was soon made manifest, when the Alcaide was prevailed upon to seek out his kinsman, El Zagal, and set before him the futility of longer resistance to the Christian arms; a task which he fulfilled to the satisfaction of the Spanish sovereigns, for the old king sold out his provinces and went over into Africa; where, according to some, he was plundered, and left to die in obscurity. Having accomplished all this: having left no town or province outside Granada of importance, the sovereigns disbanded their army, on January 4, 1490. Nearly all that they had undertaken was at last accomplished; another campaign was to witness the end of Moorish domination in Spain.

"Thus terminated the eighth year of the war of Granada, a year more glorious to Christian arms, and

more important in its results, than any of the preceding. During this period, an army of eighty thousand men had kept the field, amid all the inclemencies of winter, for more than seven months; an effort scarcely paralleled in these times, when both the amount of levies and period of service were on the limited scale adapted to the exigencies of feudal warfare. . . . The history of this campaign is, indeed, most honorable to the courage, constancy, and thorough discipline of the Spanish soldier, and to the patriotism and general resources of the nation, but most of all to Isabella. She it was who fortified the timid counsels of the leaders, after their disasters, and encouraged them to persevere in the siege."

Meanwhile the *Rey Chico*, or Little King, Boabdil, at last sole sovereign in the Alhambra, though still in fact a vassal to Ferdinand, was quite uneasy on his throne. He had had the misfortune to be taken captive by the Count of Cabra, while out on a foray, against his stipulations with the Spanish sovereigns, and thus doubly was their debtor for signal favors, which they would surely not fail to require requited a thousand-fold.

He had sunk so low as to stipulate with his Christian opponents that when the cities of Baza, Almeria and Guadix should have been taken, he would also surrender his sovereignty over Granada. When, therefore, Isabella and Ferdinand were settled for the winter in Cordova, they sent a reminder to Boabdil, king by their grace, and last of the royal line to reign

in Spain, that the time had come when he should yield up his possessions and abandon Granada.

He returned for answer that as to that matter he was not his own master, for if he should consent to capitulate thus, his life would be forfeited to his enraged subjects. In short, he absolutely refused to move out of his palatial castle, with its battlemented walls, and as this decision he declared to be final, the Spanish sovereigns once more prepared for a campaign against the infidels: They had deprived the Moors of all but the now restricted province of Granada, it was isolated from all succor, and depended alone upon itself. Early in April, 1491, the anxious watchers about the Vega saw an immense host emerging from the passes through the hills and spread itself over the plains. Estimates vary as to the strength of this army, but fifty thousand has usually been accepted as the number of soldiers, though Martyr, the historian, who was present in the ranks, asserts that there were eighty thousand. The force was large enough, however, to cause the Moorish hearts to sink, to convince the beleaguered Moslems that their time had come. They withdrew within their walls and kept up a show of defiance; but, though they made many a sally forth upon the plain, and many a time caused consternation for awhile within the Spanish ranks, yet theirs was a foredoomed cause; they fought fiercely, indeed, but without hope of success.

The strongholds around the Vega, such as Illora and Moclin, had fallen to Ferdinand's artillery; their ruins

attest the fact to this day, for the places never recovered from the shock of this attack. Pitching their tents near the center of the plain, a few miles from Granada, the Spaniards kept at a safe distance from the Moorish artillery, yet annoyed the Moslems by repeated forays and constantly harassing their troops whenever they appeared. They ravaged all the country round, and the Moorish farmers and husbandmen had no opportunity for planting or reaping anything whatever. The summer passed away, and by its end the Moors found famine staring them in the face. They had not lost their ancient spirit, for they were so surpassingly skillful in single combat, that the King Ferdinand forbade his cavaliers to meet them, though they taunted his gallants to the verge of distraction. One notable exception was the encounter between a giant Moor and a cavalier called Garcilasso, which resulted fortunately in victory for the Christian, who cut off the head of the infidel and presented it to his queen; a very acceptable offering to that sovereign, it is said. At last, their camp having been nearly destroyed by flames, the Spaniards built huts of wood, and finally structures of stone, on its site, and thus arose what eventually became the city of Santa Fé, or of the Holy Faith; which stands to-day a witness to the faith and gallantry of its builders. Seeing this apparent determination of the Spaniards to stay there all the coming winter, the besieged lost heart, indeed, and at last consented that their pusillanimous king should treat for capitulation. On the bank of the river Zenil is a small chapel, which

marks the spot where weak Boabdil met the Spanish sovereigns and gave up the keys of Granada. The gate through which he made his exit, when going forth on that unwelcome errand, is still pointed out, above the Darro, in the Alhambra wall, and the gap in the hills by which he made his exit from the Vega; the latter still called by the romantic appellation of *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*—or "the Last Sigh of the Moor."

"In a short time the large silver cross borne by Ferdinand throughout the crusade was seen sparkling in the sunbeams, while the standards of Castile and St. Iago waved triumphantly from the red towers of the Alhambra. At this glorious spectacle, the choir of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of the *Te Deum*, and the whole army, penetrated with deep emotion, prostrated themselves on their knees in adoration of the Lord of Hosts, who had at last granted the consummation of their wishes, in this last glorious triumph of the Cross."

XI.

THE JEWS AND MOORS EXPELLED.

THE Moors who surrendered at Granada were granted more liberal terms than those who held out so valiantly at Malaga, and who became slaves to the conquerors and lost all their possessions. They were to be allowed full enjoyment of their religion, to retain their mosques, to be judged by their own laws, a doubtful privilege, if they can be gauged by the administration of Moslem laws in modern times—to be allowed freedom of dress, the use of their native language, and the liberty of disposing of their properties as they saw fit. They were to be taxed the same as under their Moorish king and exempt from all taxation whatever for the space of three years; and when they should feel like leaving the country not only were they to be permitted to do so freely, but the Castilian sovereigns bound themselves to furnish, within three years from the signing of the capitulation, all vessels necessary to convey them across the Strait into Africa. The city, the castles, palace fortifications, artillery, and munitions of war, were to be delivered up at the time of surrender. These were the terms agreed to in November, 1491, the commissioners from both sides meeting

secretly, at night, sometimes in Granada, and again without the walls, that the turbulent populace of Granada and the Alhambra should not get wind of the affair and precipitate trouble by premature action. Sixty days were to be allowed; but before that term was passed, Boabdil himself hastened the end, and, as already described, delivered the keys of his castle to Ferdinand and Isabella, on January 2, 1492. Boabdil, the Unlucky, as the Moors well called him — disappeared with his retinue over the hills to the west of Granada, going to take possession of a restricted territory in the mountains of the Alpuxarras. He was assigned a beautiful valley, fertile of soil and genial of climate, where he for a little while resided, if not in contentment, at least in peace. But four years later, King Ferdinand, having become doubtful of the policy of allowing one formerly so powerful to remain so near the scene of former glories, while many thousand Moors still lived in Spain, contrived to make a bargain with Boabdil's vizier, by which it appeared that he accepted, in return for all his rights and territory, the sum of eighty thousand ducats of gold. "The shrewd Ferdinand does not appear to have made any question about the right of the vizier to make the sale, but paid the money with great secret exultation. The vizier, Yusef Aben Comixa, loaded the treasure upon mules, and departed joyfully for the Alpuxarras. He spread the money in triumph before Boabdil, and said: 'My lord, I have observed that as long as you live here you are exposed to constant peril. The Moors are rash and

irritable, they may make some sudden insurrection, elevate your standard as a pretext, and thus overwhelm you and your friends with utter ruin. Your territory is sold; behold the price of it. With this gold you may buy far greater possessions in Africa, where you may live in honor and security.'

"When Boabdil heard these words he burst into a sudden transport of rage, and, drawing his scimitar, would have sacrificed the officious Yusef on the spot, had not the attendants interfered and hurried the vizier from his presence. But Boabdil was not of a vindictive spirit, and his anger soon passed away. He saw that the evil was done, and he knew the spirit of the politic Ferdinand too well to hope that he would retract the bargain. Gathering together the money, therefore, and all his jewels and precious effects, he departed with his family and household for a port where a vessel had been carefully provided by the Castilian king to transport them to Africa. A crowd of his former subjects witnessed his embarkation. As the sails were unfurled and swelled to the breeze, and the vessel parted from the land, the spectators murmured: 'Farewell, Boabdil. Allah preserve thee, *El Zogoybi*—the Unlucky One.' This unlucky appellation sank into the heart of the expatriated monarch, and tears dimmed his eyes as the snowy summits of the mountains of Granada gradually faded from his view."

The historian from whom the preceding paragraphs are quoted assumes Boabdil in truth to have been unlucky, because, some thirty-four years after, he fell in

battle, fighting for the King of Fez, in Morocco; as the Arabian chronicler has it: "Dying in defense of the kingdom of another, after wanting spirit to die in defense of his own." But it was a long time after the fall of Granada, and he had lived even beyond that event, a full generation of time; so that there can be no direct application of the epithet, "unlucky," on this account.

The war against the Moors was ended, after they and their ancestors had been in Spain for seven hundred and eighty years, dating from the invasion of Africans and Arabs in the year 711. As a nation, dis-severed and fragmentary though it had been at times, there is no doubt they had reached the altitude of their greatest glory. They had carried their rude sort of civilization all over the peninsula, their vigorous natures had penetrated to its utmost confines; they had built cities and mosques like that of Cordova; palaces like those of Seville, Toledo and Granada; had recovered vast tracts of territory by irrigation and thorough cultivation—had, in fact, made Spain to blossom like a garden. Their arts and architecture had been a revelation to Europe, and the monuments they erected stand to-day, unique of their kind, and all but imperishable evidences of their genius.

But, doubtless, their mission as a people had been accomplished; the work they had done still evidences their great capacity for absorbing the best that the age presented; but for several centuries preceding their conquest they had been at a standstill, so far as great works are concerned. They had fallen a prey to their

own creations; like the Romans, like the Goths, like every other nation mentioned in history—they had allowed luxury and sloth to overcome them, and became enervated and weak. And, while this had happened to the Moors, the revived Goths, in the persons of the Castilians, the Aragonese, the Catalans, and the other companion mountaineers, had grown in strength and energy. Trained in the schools of adversity, nurtured like the eagles in their mountain eyries, with thaws and muscles of iron and natures toughened by long exercise, the men of Castile and Leon were invincible as warriors and not to be withstood. At the close of the Granadan war, probably, the Spaniards reached very near their highest point of energy as soldiers. Later, to be sure, under Charles I., and guided by the *conquistadores*, such as Cortez, Pizarro and De Soto, they performed greater feats of emprise; but these were merely the surplus stores of energy accumulated in and by the Moorish wars. The long centuries of fighting had produced generations of invincible soldiers, who, on the plains of Italy, under the “Great Captain,” Gonsalvo de Cordova, and at Pavia under Charles, in the Netherlands under the Duke of Alva, and in America under various leaders, carried Spain’s national banner to the greatest altitudes. To the Moors, then, Spain owed her subsequent advancement as a world-power; to them she owed the training of her soldiers in feats of arms that surprised the French, the Venetians, and the barbarous Indians of the Americas. And thus, indirectly, the Moors had benefited Spain; as

well as directly, through the impress of their Oriental civilization.

Unfortunately King Ferdinand and his advisers did not take this broad and enlightened view of the situation. They argued that inasmuch as the Moors were originally intruders, as they professed a faith diametrically opposed to that of their church, and were most obstinate in clinging to that faith—the belief of Islam—they were worthy only of extermination, unless they should profess conversion to the only true faith—that of Catholicism. Isabella and Ferdinand were more indebted to the Moors than they would admit, for but for them their kingdom, which now included every portion of Spain except the small province of Navarre, would never have been consolidated as it then was. Union as against the Moors meant for the various dukes, counts, and rulers over petty principalities, arraying themselves and their vast forces under the banner of Ferdinand; and once there, this politic monarch took good care they should not escape his sovereignty. He had usurped the commanderships of the various great military orders, such as that of Alcantara, and Santiago, and he held to these powers with a tenacity of purpose not to be shaken.

And how did he reward these people, who, though perhaps not of their own volition, had made his kingdom possible and his armies all but invincible? At the beginning, as we have seen, he preached good will and fraternal feeling, held out to the Moors the tempting possibilities of their becoming rich and great again,

under his sovereignty, as under their former kings. But this mask was soon torn off, and to the astonished Moslems the real Ferdinand was soon revealed. Much has been written in extenuation of the acts of Isabella and Ferdinand, as though they were not possessed of independent personalities and capable of forming opinions for themselves. It has been claimed that, while their minds were alert and vigorous in the performance of their duties to the nation, while they could enact laws and promulgate edicts for the wise and beneficent government of their people—their Christian subjects—yet they were not capable of independent action when it came to passing upon spiritual affairs. In these matters they surrendered themselves solely to the guidance of their so-called “spiritual advisers.” And these “holy men,” with an eye to the advancement of the church and at the same time their own emolument, invariably prescribed such drastic remedies as always accorded with the basest designs of the Castilian sovereigns. That is, they found for them excuses for harrying a subject people so that they should rise in rebellion and thus the king have an excuse for suppressing them with vigor and cruelty, of confiscating their properties, and sending them as exiles out of the kingdom. And this is what soon happened to the Moors. At first they were quiet and peaceable, in their restricted domains. They saw without openly expressed resentment the Christians placed in possession of their richest fields and provinces, themselves turned out of the homes where their ancestors had dwelt for centuries,

and that some Spanish leader might enjoy the fruits of their labors; they saw their cities occupied and their ports in the hands of aliens; they were reduced from affluence to comparative poverty; yet they did not rebel, until the persistent emissaries of the church tried to force them to adopt the faith of their conquerors. This had been expressly stipulated: that they should be permitted the freedom of their own religion, and to retain their native speech, the Arabs, their peculiar costume, etc. But not long were they to be left thus unmolested. A few years after the fall of Granada some so-called missionaries penetrated to the mountain retreats of the African Moors and attempted by force to make them accept the Christian religion, as the Spaniards interpreted it. A mob was soon gathered in one of the Moorish villages, and the invaders were stoned to death. This news arriving at the Castilian court, Ferdinand ordered one of his valiant commanders to go into the mountains and put down what he styled a rebellion. This commander, a man of renown, Alonzo de Aguilar, when informed as to the force that Ferdinand purposed sending with him, demurred, saying: "When a man is dead, we send four men into his house to bring forth his body. We are now sent to chastise these Moors, who are alive, vigorous in open rebellion, and ensconced in their castles; yet they do not give us man to man!"

Still, being an old soldier, and accustomed to obey, he set forth with his inadequate force to punish the Moors for their contumacy in resisting the putting of

bonds upon them which the Spaniards had expressly contracted with them should not be applied.

Never were the violaters of a sacred treaty more effectually punished, though in the persons of their emissaries, while the real criminals—Isabella, Ferdinand, and the bigoted priests and bishops—were safe within their castles and palaces. The valiant Don Alonzo de Aguilar (the Eagle) set out with his small but chosen band of Christian knights, after offering up prayers to all the saints of Spain for success. But they evidently minded not the Spanish proverb which says: "If God is against you, the saints are no use!" for they trusted much in their prestige, and held the Moors in contempt. Among the Moors, however, in this particular locality in the mountain passes of the Sierra Vermeja, down near the coast not far from Gibraltar, were many fierce Africans known as Gaudules, commanded by a master spirit among them, one El Feri of Ben Estepar. This man of warlike instincts and wonderful sagacity at once he heard the Christians were coming to chastise him and his people, assembled them together and led them to an inaccessible spot of level land inclosed between mountain peaks, surrounded on every side by crags and precipices. Here he resolved to sell his life and the lives of his companions, their wives, mothers, children, as dearly as possible, and to make the Spaniards pay heavily for whatever advantage they gained. At first the "Christians" had it all their own way; in one of their forays they captured a Moorish camp, as there were many women

and children in it, adorned with bracelets and anklets of gold, etc., they halted in midcareer of conquest to despoil them, instead of pursuing the flying Moors. The cries of their wives and children coming to their ears, the Moorish soldiers were stung to make a rally against their opponents, and came back at them so vigorously that the Christian ranks were terribly decimated. Darkness came on, and still they were fighting amongst the crags, many of the Spanish soldiers being killed by falling over precipices, and many more by the rocks rolled upon them from the summits of the acclivities. The culmination came when the redoubtable chief of the Christian forces, brave Don Alonzo, was himself attacked by the Moorish leader, El Feri of Ben Estepar. Long and fierce was the combat, and many were the deep wounds given and returned; but finally Don Alonzo sank beneath the savage attack of his adversary, and fell dead among the rocks. All his companions had perished, and lamentable was the plight of the few who had been left to guard the camp at the foot of the mountains. They escaped to Granada, where Ferdinand was awaiting their victorious return; and only to the heroic exertions of the rear guard, under the Count de Cifuentes, was it due that any escaped from that mountain region at all. The king then marched with a powerful force to the mountain region of which picturesque Ronda is the center, and soon put an end to the rebellion. The most contumacious of the Moors were sold into slavery, some ransomed themselves by parting with all their possessions, and

others were sent over to Africa. The rebels paid dearly for this little war, and for the two or three hundred Christians they slew on the mountains of the Sierra Vermeja, many thousand Moors were made to feel the weight of woe that King Ferdinand knew so well how to bring down upon those who opposed him and his church.

As against the Moorish subjects of his kingdom Ferdinand had some show of reason for administering punishment, even of expulsion from the country where they and their ancestors had lived for many generations; but the real animus of this "Catholic" sovereign and his "humane and gentle" consort was conspicuously displayed in the persecution of another people who had never rebelled, or fought against them—the innocent and peace-loving Jews. The real and only reason for this persecution was their unexampled prosperity, which had for many years excited the jealousy of their Christian neighbors, and brought down upon them at last the righteous vengeance of the Christian sovereigns. They had been persecuted in the time of the Goths, and it was alleged against them, and perhaps with a show of truth, they had aided in the African invasion of the Peninsula, more than seven hundred years before, or at the very first.

It was long ago pointed out—in fact, became sufficiently evident in the time of these same sovereigns—that the unwarranted decimation of the population of Spain, through the acts of Isabella and Ferdinand, and later through those of their great-grandson Philip II.,

and yet later through those of his son, Philip III., would eventually react upon the country itself. By these acts, vast tracts of hitherto cultivated and cultivable lands became barren and nonproductive; looms and silk factories, which brought prosperity and gain to whole communities, were rendered silent and inoperative; but they allowed envy and bigotry to blind them to what—if the accounts of their apologists like Prescott and Irving be true—their “great and enlightened minds” must have well perceived would be the baneful results of their short-sighted policies.

It was within three months after receiving the surrender of Granada, and when their bosoms were swollen with pride and their elation at the great event unbounded, that these most Catholic sovereigns signed the fateful edict of expulsion against the Jews. Their apologists have claimed many mitigating circumstances, such as the well-known avarice of the Israelites, their grasping and mercenary natures, their cowardly policy of shirking all their duties as defenders of the country of their adoption against a common enemy, and finally, the persistence with which they stuck to their ancient religion. The commentators also cite their attempts to apostatize such of the Christians as they could reach; but this is so contrary to their universal practice that no one will for a moment entertain it; neither the alleged crucifixion of Christian children, which charge was brought against them by the overzealous “familiar” of the Inquisition. The bare and naked truth was that they had

accumulated great wealth, and this wealth was desired, first by the church, and secondly by the crown. Behind religion and its imperative demands, the crown shielded itself; and the infamous inquisitors, carried away by their bigotry and churchly zeal, were only too willing to accept the responsibility.

“With a eye single to thy glory,” King Ferdinand would have declared to the Lord, if he had been called upon to explain his persecution of these prosperous subjects whom he so unmercifully banished from his kingdom. It may be explained either way; but we know now, in view of what has since happened to Spain, that it was the blindness of bigotry, and not the singleness of purpose of one called to serve the Lord, that brought about this act of expulsion. The edict was signed on March 30, 1492, and the Jews given but four months in which to dispose of their properties of whatever character and leave the country. The most active instrument of this deportation of a whole body of people whose only crime was that of being prosperous, was the inquisitor general, Torquemada, whose memory has been handed down to universal execration and obloquy. The extent to which he dominated the king and queen is shown by his audacity in bursting into their private apartment one day, after the more wealthy of the Jews had raised a gift of thirty-thousand ducats, hoping thereby to avert the threatened act of barbarity. “Drawing forth a crucifix from beneath his mantle, he held it up, exclaiming: ‘Judas Iscariot sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver. Your highnesses would sell him anew for thirty thousand; here He is, take Him and barter Him away!’ So saying the frantic priest threw the crucifix on the table and left the apartment.” Even the defender of these sovereigns cannot excuse this fiendish act; but he says meekly: “The sovereigns,

instead of chastising this presumption, or despising it as a mere freak of insanity, were overawed by it. Neither Ferdinand nor Isabella, had they been left to the unbiassed dictates of their own reason, could have sanctioned for a moment so impolitic a measure, which involved the loss of the most skillful portion of their subjects." Which, if true, shows them to have been either fools or weaklings; probably both foolish and weak.

XII.

ISABELLA AND COLUMBUS.

THE short-sighted, narrow-minded policy of the Spanish sovereigns, which deprived their nation of a body of people remarkably industrious and frugal, was replete with horrors which were not confined to Spain. The number of Jews thus expelled was variously estimated at from one hundred and sixty thousand to eight hundred thousand; but probably it amounted to about two hundred thousand. Compelled to emigrate at short notice, they carried the plague and pestilence to Italy and other countries, owing to their squalor and the condition to which they were brought by poverty and starvation. The church and people of Spain united in plundering these poor victims of persecution, the former by interdicting any assistance to them from the Christians, and the latter quarreling over the spoils. It is recorded that an eyewitness said he had seen a vineyard traded for a suit of clothes, and a house exchanged for an ass. In Africa, the Jews were attacked by Bedouin robbers, who stripped them of the little left by the Spaniards, and even ripped open their bodies to obtain the gold which many of them were said to have swallowed! Another eyewitness of this event, a Genoese, says: "No one could behold the sufferings of the Jewish exiles unmoved. A great number perished of hunger, especially those of tender years. Mothers, with scarcely strength to support themselves, carried their famished infants in their arms and died with

them. Many fell victims to the cold, others to intense thirst, while the unaccustomed distresses incident to a sea voyage aggravated their maladies."

"I will not enlarge on the cruelty and the avarice of the ship masters who transported them from Spain. Some were murdered to gratify their cupidity, others forced to sell their children for the expense of the passage. . . . One might have taken them for specters, so emaciated were they, so cadaverous in their aspect, and with eyes so sunken; they differed in nothing from the dead, except in the power of motion, which indeed they scarcely retained. Many fainted and expired on the mole, which, being completely surrounded by the sea, was the only quarter vouchsafed to the wretched emigrants. The infection bred by such a swarm of dead and dying persons was not at once perceived, but, when the winter broke up, ulcers began to make their appearance, and the malady, which for a long time lurked in the city (Genoa) broke out into the plague the following year."

One might be disposed to treat these stories with incredulity, but for such scenes as we know occurred near our own shores, quite recently in Cuba, when the barbarous Weyler starved and murdered by thousands the unfortunate "*reconcentrados*." And these Cuban victims of Spanish cruelty were driven to their graves near the end of the enlightened nineteenth century, and on the Spanish throne sat a youth of tender years, the child of a queen regent supposed to have a Mothers loving regard for humanity, and who had asked the sympathies of the world for her young son in his afflicting situation! She had asked these sympathies for him, in the possibility that he might lose the throne of his ancestors; yet she uttered no word of sympathy for the starving "*reconcentrados*," and did nothing to amelio-

rate their heart-rending condition. This circumstance shows us that the Spanish policy is unchanged—that while Isabella and Ferdinand, with cold and cruel calculation, drove their subjects to endure miseries incalculably distressing—the nineteenth-century queen and her advisers could also look calmly on while other thousands of their colonial peoples were being oppressed and even starved to death by their accredited agents in Cuba!

But, from these horrors, which a glance of retrospection unites across the intervening centuries, let us turn now to a more attractive picture—a picture which proved, unfortunately, but the prelude to other scenes upon the panoramic canvas of Spain's cruelties—but which was at the time refreshing in its contrast to the events amid which it was conceived. We allude to the conception of that vast undertaking by Christopher Columbus—the credit for which has often been usurped by the sovereigns of Spain—but whose share in it was merely fortuitous and unpremediated.

It would seem that all the great events which were to bring Spain prominently before the world were now to focus upon the vega of Granada, and cluster around the fall of that city of the Moors. The world is, of course, familiar with the career of Columbus prior to his arrival in Spain; with the circumstances of his birth at Genoa, his youthful adventures, his final conviction that he could reach another and western continent merely by sailing westerly across the Atlantic Ocean; and with his years of wanderings from court to court, seeking some enlightened monarch to support his scheme with money and men, and furnish him with a fleet for a voyage. It was by the merest accident that he had not succeeded with the King of Portugal, or that his brother Bartholemew had not interested the

King of England; but, like the sovereigns of Spain, they were too deeply committed to what they considered more weighty affairs, and turned him aside with scant courtesy. Just why Columbus was so much the more persistent with Ferdinand and Isabella than with the other rulers of continental Europe has never been quite satisfactorily explained, but it was probably because of their recently acquired prominence as defenders of the faith and conquerors of the pagan and infidel. They, also, fed him with promises, kept him continually on the *qui vive*, expecting favors at some time in the near future; and thus he continually waited upon them, a hanger-on at court, a lackey in attendance on the outskirts of their camps, and an unwilling witness of their wars, through the long period when they were engaged in the conquest of Granada. Now and again they would appoint a commission to inquire into the merits of his scheme; and we well know the results: that at Salamanca it was reported as chimerical, that the queen finally refused to entertain him longer as a royal dependent, and that in disgust Columbus concluded to shake the dust of Spain from his feet and leave again for Portugal. His detention in Spain, when he had finally made up his mind to leave it forever, was but one in the series of fortuitous occurrences that gave to this country the glory of having discovered America. To those who believe, as Isabella and Ferdinand believed, and probably as Columbus himself believed—that an all-wise Providence made them the defenders of their religion, and the “saviors” of their country, it yet seems somewhat inexplicable that He should have granted to these persecutors of hundreds of thousands of human beings, the further control over the destinies of millions more, as yet unknown to Europe, and still rejoicing in primitive freedom. According to the state-

ments of their own historians, the Spaniards murdered millions of the American aborigines, and carried with the Cross also the sword, the rack, the fire and gibbet, all the horrors, in fact, of the Inquisition.

But, to return to our pursuit of Columbus, as he essayed a departure from Spain and a last appeal to the Portuguese king. He sought the coast, as we know, and as night overtook him near a monastery at which dwelt a prior once confessor to the queen, he craved shelter and refreshment there. He was invited to enter and stay for the night, and the prior, a learned man for those times, when he had engaged his guest in conversation, saw that it was no ordinary man he had with him then. He became interested, in short, and after his sympathies were aroused he volunteered to go himself to Granada and intercede with the queen. True to his promise, he went, and returned on a certain day, bringing back with him the royal command for Columbus to repair yet again to the court, and with money and raiment for the journey. Complying with this order, though with reluctance, Columbus at last arrived at Isabella's tent, which was pitched upon the site of a square yet pointed out in the present city of Santa Fé. An interview was accorded the importunate Columbus, but as he had abated no whit of his original and seemingly preposterous terms, it was concluded without any concession from Isabella. Convinced at last that his demands were not to be complied with, Columbus set out on his return to the convent of La Rabida, bent upon taking the voyage to foreign shores. But when he had reached a point only a few leagues distant from Santa Fé, at the bridge of Pines, he was overtaken by the queen's messenger, with the announcement that his scheme would be supported by her and that vessels and men would be furnished him for the voyage across the

Atlantic in pursuit of his quest for the undiscovered land. Returning with the messenger, Columbus was well received, but requested to wait the outcome of the negotiations then pending for the surrender of Granada. These dragged along into the month of January, but, after receiving the capitulation of Granada and the keys of the city from Boabdil, and after signing the decree of expulsion for the Jews, at last, on April 17, 1492, the contract was entered into between Columbus and the queen, in behalf of the crown of Castile. According to her biographer, Isabella "contemplated the proposals of Columbus in their true light; and, refusing to hearken any longer to the suggestions of cold and timid counsellors, she gave way to the natural impulses of her own noble and generous heart; 'I will assume the undertaking,' she said, 'for my own crown of Castile, and am quite ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury shall be found inadequate.' The treasury had been reduced to the lowest ebb by the late war; but the receiver, St. Angel, advanced the sums required from the Aragonese revenues deposited in his hands. Aragon, however, was not considered as adventuring in the expedition, the charges and emoluments of which were reserved exclusively for Castile." So it seems that, after all, the queen was not called upon to defray the expenses of the undertaking, nor did she pawn her jewels—as many historians have asserted. She merely took to herself the credit of the adventure, Ferdinand paid the bills, and her unfortunate subjects at Palos were impressed for the voyage. Never, since the world began, did a sovereign of any country gain greater credit on such small basis of accomplishment. But the fact remains that Columbus at last gained his object through her final acquiescence in his plans, that the money was

grudgingly furnished for the expedition, and the royal order went forth for the equipment and assembling of a small fleet at Palos, consisting of two insignificant caravals or open boats with decks and sails, and a "ship," Santa Maria, of larger dimensions. Mr. Prescott says the proposed expedition was "unpopular;" which is not to be wondered at, when it is considered what were the objects of it: to sail westward a greater distance than had ever yet been undertaken, upon an entirely unknown ocean, and under a navigator whose abilities were unproved and who was looked upon as more of a crazy enthusiast than a sailor!

These men of Palos had children and wives, families and friends, whom they were not inclined to leave forever—as it seemed to them likely—and their co-operation was finally obtained only by a royal ordinance, promising protection from criminal prosecution to all who should embark in the adventure, until two months after their return. It would seem, indeed, that either the sailors of Palos were great criminals or great idiots, to be frightened into this perilous venture, and thus jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. From the evidences afforded by the chronicles, it would appear that many of these first sailors to set forth with Columbus had embarked in order to escape certain prosecution at home, and thus may be ranked as criminals in the eyes of the law. We know that many, if not the most, of those who joined subsequent expeditions were jailbirds and criminals, whom to get rid of Spain was ready to promise any prospective reward; for their action in the numerous murders and massacres that followed among the natives, proves this.

However, we would not seek to detract from their merits, nor to disparage their deeds; but the sequel shows that this first voyage which resulted in the dis-

covery of America might have been intrusted to better hands. We have, in the first place, a king and queen as patrons whose hands were dyed in the blood of their inoffensive subjects; a commander whose subsequent acts show him to have been mercenary and cruel, inso-much that he turned over the natives of America who came within his jurisdiction to massacre and rapine; and his crew was mainly composed of the offscourings of Palos.

And this was the expedition which, in the inscrutable mystery of Providence, was allowed to bring to the view of civilization the islands and continents of a hemisphere hitherto unknown to Europe. We cannot but admire the constancy to an ideal and the energy of purpose displayed by Columbus; and above all is displayed in letters of light the heroic endeavors of his two companion commanders, the Pinzones, who were in charge of the decked caravels, Nina and Pinta.

Such expedition was used that within less than four months from the signing of the "capitulation" between Columbus and the sovereigns, the little fleet was ready to sail, and on August 3, 1492, set out on its long and perilous voyage.

Guided by a master mind, and yet in a measure fortuitously, the three frail vessels finally sighted land (as all the world knows) at one of the islands in the Bahamas, on October 12, 1492, a date made memorable by this circumstance. The discovery of other islands of this chain, and at last that of Cuba, followed in due course, then Hayti or Hispaniola, on the north coast of which, a year later, the first city was founded by Columbus. By running on a reef off the coast of Hayti, the flagship Santa Maria was lost, and to relieve the congested condition of the smaller vessels, about forty mariners were left near the scene of shipwreck in

charge of a small fort which was erected and called Navidad. Pursuing his course with the two caravals, Columbus at last, in terrible storms and adverse winds, finally arrived at Lisbon, whence he reached Palos, and thence made a triumphal journey across Spain to Barcelona, where the royal court was then temporarily established.

The sight of the strange birds, the red Indians, the specimens of plants, and above all the gold, in dust and nuggets, excited the greatest interest, not alone in the sovereigns, but in the people at large, so that, after his truly royal reception, in which he was accorded the highest honors, and permitted to sit in the presence of the king and queen, another voyage was soon resolved upon. What a contrast to the first little trio of small and unseaworthy boats, with their meager crews, was this second fleet, which set sail from Cadiz in 1493, with seventeen vessels, and more than twelve hundred adventurers and sailors. Here was an opportunity for the soldiers so recently released from their services against the infidels, to gain fresh glories in new fields, and to recoup the fortunes some of them had lost during their adventures; or rather to gain the fortunes they had never acquired, so long as they remained at home. Without going into particulars, we may notice that other islands were discovered on this second voyage, and that on their arrival at Navidad the Spaniards found that all those who had been left there were massacred. A just revenge had been taken by the innocent natives for their brutality and licentiousness, for they had respected neither youth nor age and had ravished the wives and daughters of prominent chiefs, without regard to their protests. Thus the foundations of the city Columbus soon after set about to build were laid in blood; and this was but the prelude to yet more ter-

rible scenes, in which the natives were murdered on most trivial pretexts, such as to ascertain if their skulls were hard enough to resist the blow from a two-handed sword, etc. Not many years had passed before nearly all the native Indians were either murdered or driven to commit suicide to escape the cruelties of the Spaniards. Not only in Hispaniola, discovered on his first voyage and settled on his second, by Columbus, but in all the islands discovered on his two subsequent voyages.

Of one thing (it must have been shown in these pages) we cannot accuse the Spaniards, and that is of inconsistency. Ever since the caravals of Columbus first brought to view the isles of the Bahamas and the coast of Cuba, in 1492, Spain has consistently adhered to the policy of fire and the sword, of outrage and extermination, inaugurated by the sovereigns of Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella, and carried out by the adventurer from Genoa, Christopher Columbus. . . . And this is said without seeking in any manner to detract from the merits of the "Great Navigator," who, even if he were not humane and generous, was persistent and courageous. But a persistent, and even a sincere, man may be mean, and this quality of meanness was particularly shown when Columbus denied to that humble sailor, who first saw the light ashore in Guanahani, the reward he had promised, and claimed it himself. It is but a matter of history and can be verified, that Columbus set the pace followed by Cortez in Mexico, by Pizarro in Peru, by the long list of fiends in the guise of men, who followed after him, by all that horde of pirates and adventurers who pursued the lines of conquest laid down by him on that first voyage to America. Columbus started out hampered by his obligations to the Queen of Castile: he must return to her a propor-

tionate share of the expense of the expedition; he was indebted to her for prospective honors and privileges; and he was determined to have gold, at whatever cost, at whatever sacrifice of lives and property of the innocent Indians he had found in possession of the New World.

This will explain the attitude of the Spaniards, from the very outset, toward the natives found in the New World. It was that of bandits, robbers, freebooters, who must depend upon their swords for reimbursement for ships, munitions, provisions, and their time expended in exploration. The first encounter in which American blood was shed by Europeans was in the Bay of Samana, on the north coast of San Domingo, just prior to the departure of Columbus on his return from his first voyage to Spain; and the next year, having returned to the scenes of his adventures here, he founded the city of Isabella and from thence made incursions into the interior of Hispaniola, his covetous nature inflamed by the reports of great gold fields in that region. These incursions brought about conflict with the Indians of the interior, and in the battles that followed, between these mail-clad Spaniards with their guns and swords, and the unarmed natives with their naked bodies and primitive weapons, many thousands were slain, and the work of extermination well begun.

Before the middle of the next century, says the Spanish historian and religious writer, Bishop Las Casas, or in less than sixty years, the aboriginal inhabitants of Hayti and San Domingo had been swept from the face of the earth. Their place for awhile was supplied by importations from the Bahamas, who were at first overlooked as the natives there had little gold; but finally those isles also were depopulated. Then came Cuba's turn to contribute to the enrichment of the con-

querors. For some fifteen years or so she had been left unnoticed, while the mines of Hayti were being exploited; but as they began to fail, adventurers sailed from the sister isle of San Domingo and the first settlement was founded, in 1511. In two years the Spaniards were most firmly fixed, and the Indians of Cuba all reduced to a state of servitude. All, that is, that had not been murdered or driven to suicide. From the Spanish historians, be it remembered, we have the condemnation of the Spaniards themselves. Some of these, like the good and great Bishop Las Casas, do not hesitate to arraign their countrymen for their cruelties; in their pages may be found the recital of deeds that make the blood run cold in the mere reading of them. Nearly four centuries have passed (to be sure), since these deeds were perpetuated; it is three hundred and fifty years since the last of the Indians were exterminated; but distance in point of time does not lessen the iniquity of the offense; no terms that we can apply will lessen the enormity of their misdeeds!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

HAVING anticipated by a few years the natural sequence of events in following the fortunes of Columbus, we will return to Spain and gather up the threads we have for the moment dropped. It is well known that the ultimate outcome of the voyages of Columbus, though he had as he thought carefully anticipated every exigency, and secured to himself and his heirs every prospective honor and emolument, was disastrous to him and to his fortunes. On his third voyage to Hispaniola he was arrested by one Boabdilla and sent back to Spain in irons; and it mattered not that Isabella sought to console him; he had incurred the envy and ill-will of the Spaniards by his unexampled successes, and, as a foreigner, was looked upon with hatred and contempt. Securing, after a long period of waiting, the command of another expedition, he made that disastrous voyage which resulted in his shipwreck on the coast of Jamaica, and a year of terrible privations, only ended to be again sent back home broken and dejected, his health shattered and fortunes also wrecked. After a few years more of neglect and contumely, he finally died, in the year 1506, at Valladolid, whence, by the way of Seville, his remains were sent to San Domingo and interred in the great cathedral there. Even after death he was denied perfect rest, for a hundred years ago his sepulcher was sought and the supposed remains of Christopher Columbus taken to Havana. This

claim of Cuba to final possession of the ashes of Columbus was disputed by the inhabitants of San Domingo, but in 1898 those taken to Havana were again transported, this time back to Spain, where they were given supulture in Seville.

As to the rewards of Columbus, his great talents and his ignoble ambitions, let the more talented historians decide; also let them pass judgment on the great abilities and character of Queen Isabella, who preceded her illustrious subject to the grave by two years. The discoveries of Columbus seeming to put in peril the claims of the Portuguese, the influence of the Spanish court finally secured the promulgation of a "bull" from Pope Alexander the Sixth, by which, finally (through a series of bulls, rather) the line of demarcation between the Spanish and Portuguese possessions and discoveries was fixed, respectively west and east of an imaginary meridian located three hundred and seventy leagues to the westward of the Cape de Verd Islands. The Spaniards were granted exclusive possession and right of navigation westward of this line, and the Portuguese eastward, giving each ample opportunity for development, and finally securing to the latter the vast empire of Brazil. All this was arranged by the treaty of Tordesillas, on June 7, 1494, ratified by Spain and Portugal the same year.

Immediately after the return of Columbus from his first voyage, a board was established for the performance of work connected with the new discoveries, for the development of the regions and the management of all affairs pertaining to them, and at the head was placed an ecclesiastic high in favor, Juan de Fonseca, the archdeacon of Seville. Thus the church managed to secure a grip on the newly-found territories which it never relaxed, and through the well-known India House, or

Casa de la Contratacion las Indias all business of whatever nature was conducted. This house became great and powerful, and therein was established the vast army of officials who have for centuries dominated colonial affairs, and whose influence and whose corruptions have lasted to the present time.

Isabella's concern for the spiritual welfare of her recently-acquired subjects, the natives of the West Indies, prompted her to have those brought to Spain by Columbus at once baptized into the Christian faith, "as the first fruits of the Gentiles," and to send with the second expedition a body of ecclesiastics, twelve in number, and among them the great Las Casas, who afterwards became such a thorn in the flesh to the Spaniards themselves, and to whom we owe much that is known respecting the inhuman treatment of the natives at the hands of the barbarous Europeans. While it may be true that Las Casas and a few of his coadjutors exerted themselves in behalf of the persecuted aborigines, yet it is undoubtedly true that they did not so much consider their bodily welfare as their possible conversion into good Catholics. They were treated with every species of inhumanity that the fiendish desires of their conquerors could conceive, and in the end Las Casas relinquished in despair his benevolent intentions of doing them good and rescuing them from the grasp of the avaricious *conquistadores* and settlers. Time and again, it is recorded, did Isabella intercede and command the return and release of Indians enslaved by her representatives in the West Indies; but the *encomiendas* and *repartamientos* went on just the same, until the entire body of people sank under their accumulated misfortunes and expired.

In Spain, meanwhile, perhaps no more noteworthy

event had occurred than the rise to power of Ximenes, who, from a poor and obscure monk, Queen Isabella, with that perspicacity for discovering inherent genius in her servants, had raised to the archbishopric of Toledo. At first reluctant to receive such great honor, hardly less than second in real possession of power to that exercised by the sovereigns themselves, Ximenes had combated the wishes of the queen. Her insistence also shows her firm will, inasmuch as the position was coveted by King Ferdinand for one of his "natural" sons; but who had to be content with some more humble office. But Ximenes, when once in power, was somebody to be reckoned with, and, though never lacking in devotion to the crown, yet held his own on all occasions. It is related that on one occasion he harangued the queen severely for some appointment which did not meet his approval, and she indignantly asked him if he was in his senses, and knew whom he was thus addressing; when he replied: "I am in my senses, and know very well whom I am speaking to—the Queen of Castile, a mere handful of dust like myself!" Which was undoubtedly the truth, though not very palatable to the queen.

Cardinal Ximenes (to give him the title later bestowed upon him by the pope), was a force not to be disregarded in a review of the reign of Isabella and Ferdinand; whether that force was always exerted for good, or for evil, let the intelligent reader decide. Going with the court to Granada, in the year 1499, and finding the Moors there quite content under the comparatively mild sway of the Archbishop Talavera, he was moved to attempt the conversion of the Moorish *alfalquis*, or Mussulman doctors, and their adherents to the Christian faith, and, partly by presents, and partly by argument, brought over a large number to his side.

This was not agreeable to the majority of the Moors, who took an occasion to retaliate, one day, when they had some of his emissaries at a disadvantage, using the time-honored Christian arguments of force so successfully that several of them were killed. They had flocked to his preaching by thousands, when the labor of sprinkling them with the holy water of baptism was so extensive that it was done with a mop, which "was twirled over the head of the multitude."

It was in this manner that the Moors, some say to the number of fifty thousand, were made into Christian proselytes, and became those despised people afterward known as Moriscos, hated alike by Moslems and Christians. Although Ximenes had precipitated a conflict between the Moors who held out against this wholesale conversion from their ancient religion to the other, and many lives were lost on both sides, yet he could point with pride to the fifty thousand nominal converts to the Christian faith, and this made ample amends in the eyes of the queen. Ferdinand, however, took occasion to taunt Isabella with the rash precipitancy of her archbishop, and to point out how much better it would have been had she listened to his pleadings and given the primacy to his son. But as it was his son, and not hers, he had urged for the position, this fact may have had something to do with her refusal; for the queen was said to be the incarnation of virtue and modesty, whatever her consort may have been, and disposed to resent his amours with others of her sex. It was this indiscreet action of Ximenes that led to the outbreak in the Alpuxarras, narrated in a previous chapter, and which was at its height in the closing year of the century.

The many noble lives lost to Spain in that melancholy uprising led to the issuance of the "*pragmatica*"

from Seville, dated February 12, 1502, by which it was declared that all unbaptized Moors over fourteen years of age, if males, and over twelve if females, must quit the country by the end of the month of April following. They might, it was provided, convert all their realities into anything except "gold, silver and merchandise regularly prohibited," and go anywhere save to the dominions of the Grand Turk, or parts of Africa with which Spain was then at war. These provisions sent them forth absolutely penniless, and prevented them from having recourse to the only people of their religion, and who might befriend them.

Having now expelled all obdurates, and converted the remaining Moors into pseudo Christians, Spain, it would seem, had arrived at her apogee of glory, in the first decade of the sixteenth century.

As this event was in many respects the turning point of her destinies, and as the policies it shaped were those by which she was governed for centuries, the reader will, we trust, pardon another and extended reference to the remarks of the talented Prescott, who summarizes the situation in most admirable manner.

"From that disastrous hour," he says, "religion wore a new aspect in this unhappy country. The spirit of intolerance, no longer hooded in the darkness of the cloister, now stalked abroad in all its terrors. Zeal was exalted into fanaticism, and a rational spirit of proselytism into one of fiendish persecution. It was not enough now, as formerly, to conform passively to the doctrines of the church, but it was enjoined to make war on all who refused them. The natural feelings of compunction in the discharge of this sad duty was a crime, and the tear of sympathy, wrung out by the sight of mortal agonies, was an offence to be expiated by humiliating penance.

The most frightful maxims were engrafted into the code of morals. Any one, it was said, might conscientiously kill an apostate wherever he could meet him. There was some doubt whether a man might slay his own father, if a heretic or infidel, but none whatever as to his right, in that event, to take away the life of his son or of his brother. These maxims were not a dead letter, but of most active operation, as the sad records of the dread tribunal too well prove. The milk of charity, nay, of human feeling, was soured in every bosom. The liberality of the old Spanish cavalier gave way to the fiery fanaticism of the monk. The taste for blood, once gratified, begat a cannibal appetite in the people, who, cheered on by the frantic clergy, seemed to vie with one another in the eagerness with which they ran down the miserable game of the Inquisition. It was at this very time, when the infernal monster gorged but not sated with human sacrifice, was crying aloud for fresh victims, that Granada surrendered to the Spaniards, under the solemn guarantee of the full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty." . . . "With these sad events, narrated in previous chapters, may be said to terminate the history of the Moors, or the Moriscos, as henceforth called, under the present reign. Eight centuries had elapsed since their first occupation of the country, during which period they had exhibited all the various phases of civilization, from its dawn to its decline. Ten years had sufficed to overturn the splendid remains of this powerful empire, and ten more for its nominal conversion to Christianity. A long century of persecution, of unmitigated and unmerited suffering was to follow, before the whole was to be consummated by the expulsion of this unhappy race from the Peninsula."

Not content with their persecution in his own country, the great, if not good, Ximenes followed the fleeing Moors over into Africa. As we have seen, when, in the year America was discovered, their last stronghold was taken when Granada and the Alhambra fell, they flocked to Africa by thousands and tens of thousands. Many went to Morocco, probably landing first at Tangier, which is so accessible from near Gibraltar; but the most of them settled about the city of Oran, which had been, ever since the middle of the thirteenth century, a port of the kingdom of Tlemcen, in the interior. About the year 1500, when the implacable Ferdinand had succeeded in wiping out the last vestige of Moorish domination in Spain, this port of Oran became a great resort for pirates and Moorish corsairs, who very rightfully considered the commerce of the Christians as a legitimate object for reprisals and prey.

In 1505, the year after the death of Isabella, Ximenes made this port the object of a reconnoissance with a view to attack in force, and four years later, having an able engineer and military leader to assist him in the person of the Count Pedro Navarro, he carried out his long-cherished scheme. He had appealed to Ferdinand first to undertake the capture of Oran himself, and then (the king being disgusted at the acts of many of his nobles while he was in Italy, and having no confidence in them, refused to lead them) the determined Ximenes craved permission to equip, at his own expense, an expedition, and to accompany it in person. The king was also suspicious of Gonsalvo de Cordova, who had been fighting his battles in Italy, and whose popularity was in decided contrast to his own temporary eclipse, owing to his marriage with the new queen and his disagreement with Philip, his daughter Juana's husband; so there being none other to command, Ximenes went

along himself. And this was how it came about that the nobles sneeringly said that it was now left for "a monk to fight the battles of Spain, while the Great Captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, was left to stay at home and count his beads like a hermit!"

But the monk had planned well, and he (or his soldiers) fought well, too. He reaped the glory of the achievement, but it was doubtless due to his engineer-commander, Count Pedro Navarro. Ordnance, provisions and military stores were provided at the cardinal's expense, and he, though arrived at the age of seventy years, directed the embarkation at Carthagena and saw with exultation, from the deck of his ship, the departure of his fleet of ninety galleys and vessels, with his army aboard, composed of about four thousand horse and ten thousand foot soldiers. As all those who embarked in this holy war were granted an indulgence from fast days during the terms of their natural lives, the great Ximenes did not lack for enthusiastic soldiers; but not long after landing at Oran many of them did not need indulgences on this earth; for the fortress of Oran was situated on an almost impregnable height, and they took it only after most desperate fighting, and leaving the grassy hillside deep strewn with slain. The only approach to the fortress, which still stands in gloomy ruin, is along a sharp-edged crest, where there was but slight hold for scaling ladders to be placed. How many must have perished ere the strong walls were taken! Every rock must have been drenched in the blood of the slain, and the entire crest covered with their corpses.

We have forged somewhat ahead of our story, in following the Cardinal Ximenes into Africa, in order to narrate the sequel to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. Along the African coast their descendants

dwell to-day; in Tlemcen and Oran in Algiers; in Tangier and Tetuan in Morocco, Spanish is almost as much the language of the Moorish families as is Arabic. Many families, it is said, still possesses the keys to the houses vacated by their ancestors in Granada, and yet cling to the belief that the time will come when they shall again enter into the possession of their own, of which they were deprived by the unlawful acts of the Spanish king and queen.

As the conqueror of Oran, perhaps Ximenes is better known than as the founder of that celebrated university at Alcala, which he watched over so many years, and to which he devoted the best years of his life and vast sums of money for its maintenance. Here also he caused to be gotten together the erudite scholars who translated and compiled the material for the great "Complutensian Bible," that wonderful polyglot publication, manuscripts for which were collected from all parts of the world. The types for this great work in many languages were cast here, and all the labor performed—in fact it was his own creation, and stands a monument to his zeal and energy; which it were regrettable had not always been turned into such peaceful, if not harmless channels.

XIV.

QUEEN JOANNA AND CHARLES V.

By the death of Isabella, on November 26, 1504, the kingdom was deprived of the brightest ornament in its crown, and Ferdinand of one who had been in a measure his conscience and his guiding star. There is no doubt that Isabella was more to him than he would have acknowledged, a balance to his somewhat erratic, not to say frivolous character, if we may judge by his actions soon after her death. From the Spanish point of view, Isabella was well-nigh perfect; as a woman, as a mother, and as a queen and ruler. Applying to her the most rigorous standards, she was most admirable, always leaving out of the matter her unmitigated bigotry. Alas, that one so altogether commendable otherwise, should have been swayed by what her biographer styles her "ghostly counsellors." As a mother, she performed every duty imposed upon her with grace and gentleness, being, perhaps, a model in this respect. She loved, if she did not absolutely respect her royal consort; she loved passionately the children vouchsafed her by heaven, and lavished upon them every endearment. That her plans for their future were in the largest sense worldly and far-reaching, was to be expected; that they nearly all miscarried of her benevolent intent, was but the misfortune common to humanity in general.

Early in her reign she was called upon to part with her beloved son and heir, Prince John, for whom she

had devised a matrimonial alliance with a princess of the House of Austria, and whose death so soon followed after his seemingly auspicious marriage.

Then died her second daughter, Isabella, twice married to princes of Portugal, and whose heir if he had survived, would probably have consummated the union so devoutly desired by his grandmother of the two kingdoms so nearly allied by situation and physical features. Catharine, the unlucky Catalina of Aragon, likewise married to two princes, first to Arthur, Prince of Wales, and next to that monster of English royalty, Henry VIII., although the mother of children from whom some expectations were hoped, yet was no factor in the schemes which her mother prepared for the extension of the Spanish influence on the continent.

At last, to her sorrow, Isabella saw that her sole expectation devolved upon her daughter Juana or Joanna, who, though early giving signs of mental disturbance, was united in marriage with Archduke Philip, son and heir of the Emperor Maximilian of Austria, and ruler in his own right, through his mother, of the "Low Countries." Juana was despatched to meet her lover accompanied by a large fleet second in importance only to that famous Armada, equipped many years later by her grandson Philip II., for the conquest of England. After a tempestuous voyage she arrived at her destination in Flanders, was united to the frivolous Philip; eventually returned to Spain an object of commiseration, a deceived and dejected wife, with the mental malady she had fallen heir to greatly aggravated; but, as already noted, the only hope of Isabella for the perpetuation of the royal line of Castile. Yet, cognizant as she must have been of Joanna's unfitness for a ruler, Isabella designated her successor to the crown, with King Ferdinand as regent during the

minority of her son Charles, then—at the time of her last illness, nearly four years of age. Had she given proof of greater trust in her husband, Ferdinand, and, instead of making him merely regent, when he might have been king in reality, much trouble might have been obviated, probably, for the country she loved so well, and to which she had given the best years of her short span of life. For, Isabella died at the comparatively early age of fifty-four, worn out with the responsibilities of office, borne to the grave by cares and responsibilities which, to one of her conscientious nature, could not be other than overwhelmingly crushing. “Isabella’s actions indeed,” says her biographer, “were habitually based on principle. Whatever errors of judgment be imputed to her, she most anxiously sought in all directions to discern and discharge her duty. Faithful in the dispensation of justice, no bribe was large enough to ward off the execution of the law. No motive, not even conjugal affection, could induce her to make an unsuitable appointment to public office. No reverence for the ministers of religion could lead her to wink at their misconduct; nor could the deference she entertained for the head of the church allow her to tolerate his encroachments on the rights of the crown. She seemed to consider herself especially bound to preserve entire the peculiar claims and privileges of Castile, after its union under the same sovereign with Aragon. And although, says Peter Martyr, ‘She governed in such a manner that it might appear the joint action of both Ferdinand and herself,’ yet she was careful never to surrender into his hands one of those prerogatives which belonged to her as queen proprietor of the kingdom.”

She carried this sentiment of caution and aversion to the rule of her husband over her ancestral kingdom to

the extreme that it became her "ruling passion strong in death" as shown by her preference of "Juana Loca," the Crazy Joanna, as queen proprietor, to the strong, sagacious, statesmanlike Ferdinand as possible king. In justice to her husband, whose ambitions and aspirations she thought she had good cause to distrust, it must be said that he had not merited this disparagement; and perhaps, after all, there may have been traced the prevision of a jealous forewarning of the course he actually did pursue in forming a matrimonial alliance within a short period of her death, which was a tacit insult to her long and devoted attachment to him as queen consort.

The complications that ensued after her death; when Ferdinand and Philip were pitted against each other in a game of diplomacy which nearly proved the ruin of the nation, we have scarcely space to review in this connection. Both knew well that Joanna was wholly unfit to reign, and the "queen proprietor" herself was aware of her unfitness, and took no part in the quarrels that ensued. Philip came to Spain, bringing a train of Flemish attendants with him, who were soon inducted into all the high offices, ousting the former retainers of Isabella, and causing deep disgust in the Spanish popular mind. Ferdinand himself, though at first disposed to resent the pretensions of his troublesome son-in-law, for the sake of peace temporarily abandoned his own claims and sought solace in an alliance with the beautiful Germaine, sister of Louis XII., of France, and with the latter concluding a treaty which, in the event of another heir being born to him, would deprive the artful Philip of a great part of his prospective possessions. He had already resigned his claim to the crown of Castile, in favor of Philip and Joanna, with great flourish of trumpets and show of true loyalty, at

Toledo, and the grandees of the kingdom had taken the oath of allegiance to them, at Torro in January, 1505. Ferdinand and Germaine were united in marriage within seventeen months after the death of Isabella and in the very town of Segovia, where he had espoused the latter, thirty years before; and this exhibition of bad taste and apparent haste did not elevate him in the eyes of the Castilians. After the arrival in Spain of Joanna and Philip in April, 1506, Ferdinand was compelled to witness the defection of many of his nobles, and, to avoid as much as possible the chagrin of seeing himself neglected where he had once reigned supreme, he embarked for Naples, where his Great Captain Gonsalvo, had prepared another kingdom for him by his repeated victories, and where he had risen to such height that the king was anxious lest he might be tempted to usurp the throne himself. To his glad surprise, Gonsalvo met him at Genoa, and together they proceeded in great state toward Naples. On the way, however, he received, with mingled emotions, the sad news of Philip's death, which had occurred on September 25th, within exactly five months of his arrival in Spain; but not before he had shown unmistakable signs of enmity toward his father-in-law, and the people over whom he was called to reign. He was but twenty-eight years of age, handsome and accomplished; he had every prospect before him of a long and eventful career; but death claimed him, as it had claimed Prince John, his sister's husband, while yet standing on the threshold of power and unlimited glory.

The old king, who was being fêted with his young wife, by his Italian subjects, and who had no desire for returning in haste to a country which had so recently been in quasi rebellion against, and all but repudiated him, proceeded leisurely on his way, and

did not reach Spain, on his return journey, until June of the next year, 1507. Then there was some hesitation on the part of the nobles to receive him; but eventually he recovered all his ancient heritage and made his power felt over the land. Especially had he been indebted to the Great Captain, and to his associates for support; but Ferdinand seemed to suspect his noble soldier had ulterior designs, and let him retire to his dominions and remain there—as has been already noted—while Cardinal Ximenes went over and conquered the Moors of Oran. The king was particularly severe with some of the Andalusian nobles, and from Don Pedro de Cordova, son of the famous Aguilar who perished fighting Ferdinand's battles in the Alpuxarras, he took nearly all his possessions, and banished him from Cordova, at the same time executing the sentence of death against some of his companions who were less guilty than he. This noble was a nephew of the Great Captain; but no accusation could be brought against the latter, who was content, in his old age to enjoy his vast estates in Andalusia. He was the first of the grand trio: Ferdinand, Ximenes, and Gonzalvo, to depart this life, giving up the ghost in December, 1515. Next to follow was King Ferdinand, who was seized with his last illness while journeying through a small village near Truxillo and who died on January 23, 1516. He left no heir by Queen Germaine; their only child, a son, born in 1509, having lived but a few hours. His own favorite for the succession was Ferdinand, the younger son of Joanna, and he would have advanced him at the expense of the older, Charles, had he been able to do so. As it was, after in vain attempting to lessen the extent of the dominions to which Charles was to fall heir, he left the regency during the latter's minority to Cardinal Ximenes, having received

so great proof, during his long service, that he would administer whatever trust was committed to his care with ability and devotion.

By the death of King Ferdinand the elder son of Joanna, Charles, received the crown of Spain although his mother was nominally queen. Displaying from the very first those ambitions for which he was in after years famous and which urged him to grasp at the universal scepter of the world Charles I., as he was now called, was impatient to enter into possession of his new dignities. He landed in Spain in September, 1517, whither he had been preceded by his tutor-Adrian, whom he afterward made Pope; and his first concern seemed to be as to the course of Ximenes, who had stood loyally by his rights, and in effect had preserved to him his crown. This, however, did not prevent him from sending the aged cardinal an impertinent, ungrateful letter, which is said to have hastened his end. If this be so, then indeed can one see in the exaggerated importance which the great cardinal attached to an epistle from the upstart son of an imbecile queen, the abasement of nature which originally was grand and dignified and which in former years could assert its dignity even before the Queen of Spain. At all events, Charles did not reach his devoted servant before the end came to this old man, who, having tasted all the fruits of greatness, having rung all the changes of life from poverty to the heights of the primacy of Spain, turned his face to the wall and expired. This event took place on November 8, 1517, when the cardinal was in his eighty-first year; thus by the deaths of three great men, Ferdinand, Gonsalvo, and Ximenes, Spain was bereft in as many years. No one rose to take their places; but their work had been so great and so far-reaching, that perhaps no one was

necessary. Adrian succeeded to Ximenes, Charles I. to Ferdinand, and later on arose other captains to conduct the vast military operations of the times.

We shall not devote great space to the reign of this new King of Spain, who came into the succession, more because his royal mother was incapacitated through insanity than through any inherent or inherited merits or capacities of his own. We have treated the reigns of his predecessors, especially the reign of Isabella and Ferdinand, at greater length, because during those reigns, and particularly during the latter, were laid the foundations for all the great things which made Spain famous and world-renowned after Charles's succession.

It was through Columbus—who died eleven years before Charles came from Flanders to Spain, more like his foreign attendants than a Spaniard—that he fell heir to those vast discoveries in the New World—discoveries carried on and succeeded by settlements and the development of mines of gold and silver, conquests of Indians and founding of cities, carried on uninterruptedly by Spaniards who had never seen their sovereign, or hardly knew who he was, nor why he had succeeded to a sovereignty so nobly extended by their great hero and heroine, Ferdinand and Isabella. The great India House, with its headquarters at Seville, and its ramifications in every known part of the New World to which the Spanish explorers had carried their country's flag, transacted all the business of the colonies and continued its operations without even a thought being given to it by the sprig of royalty who had come over to reign in Spain. It has so long been the custom to laud Charles for this great achievement and that vast enterprise, in which he had directly no more to do than the writer or reader of these lines, that the world has

formed an estimate of this hair-brained king far exceeding his true deserts. The real facts are that he might have been the meanest creation that ever was formed in the shape of man, and surrounded as he was by such environments and propelled by such vast forces, the springs of which were already set in motion by his ancestors, he could not have failed to reach a height which, to the ordinary mortal, would look sublime. This in truth has been the way with mankind ever since the most primitive dweller in cave and tree, in hut or in hole dug in the earth, felt the impulse within him to set up something or other and then fall down and worship it, as a ruler or as a god. More than any other people, perhaps, those who have lived in Spain and have aided in supporting many an imbecile monarch, have felt the enfeebling effects of this childish system. They are feeling those effects to-day, and yet they still persist in wasting the best years of their national life in nursing babies and child kings, rather than in electing some vigorous ruler to occupy their tottering throne. Half a dozen times in the history of Spain, puling infants in arms and babes not yet out of the nursery have succeeded to the kingship, and quite a hundred years, that might have been devoted to recuperation and improvement, have been thrown away in the support of irresponsible regencies and royal favorites.

To such a people, then, the young Charles appears somewhat of a demigod, and his reign one of the most glorious and enlightened in history. But it is when we consider the antecedents of this young man who was foisted into the chair of state, soon to be invested with unlimited opportunities for good and evil, that we become convinced of the actual impossibility for one of his mold and caliber to benefit his own country.

To return a moment to the unfortunate queen proprietor, Joanna; although she was the titular sovereign, yet her unfilial son soon deprived her of all voice in affairs and gathered into his own hand the reins of government. After the death of her husband, Philip, she was entirely absorbed in the contemplation of her great loss; even though she had been aware of his lapses from virtue and had suffered greatly from his violence when he was alive. She abandoned herself to grief and melancholy, and her one idea seemed to be that she should ever keep her dead husband's remains within her view. With this hallucination in full force, she frequently had the caskets opened in which he lay, a moldering corpse, and dwelt with mournful joy upon his fast decaying features. She gave everything into the hands of Ferdinand, upon his return from Naples, her one answer, when importuned about the affairs of government being: "My father will attend to all this when he returns; he is much more conversant with business than I am; I have no other duties now but to pray for the soul of my departed husband." Thus did she honor the memory of her unfaithful spouse, Felipe el hermoso, the Handsome Philip. The remains of Joanna and Felipe now rest in the magnificent mausoleum at Granada; but it was many years before the queen would allow her husband final sepulture. In the depths of winter she started, with a retinue of nobles and ecclesiastics, from the northern city of Burgos, for the far distant city of Granada where she intended to deposit the remains. Moody and melancholy as she was, she persisted in journeying only by night, and in the worst of weather. At one time, when the cavalcade had halted in the courtyard of what she supposed was a monastery, occupied by monks, she discovered that it was really a con-

vent filed with nuns, and in horror at the thought of her handsome Philip exposed to such great temptation, she commanded the coffin to be removed to the open fields, in the dead of night, and by torchlight again viewed her precious relics, that she might be satisfied he was yet safe from harm.

Finally, to the great relief of her wondering and half-dead attendants, she resolved to halt permanently at Tordesillas, where, in the monastery of Santa Clara she deposited the remains of Philip, and in the adjoining palace took up her abode, where she could watch over him and prevent any attempt at escape. Here she resided forty-seven years, and, though she lived throughout nearly the whole of Charles' long reign, and died but five years prior to his own decease; and though she was nominally queen all this time, she signed no paper of state, and took no part in the government of the nation. "She lingered out nearly half a century of dreary existence, as completely dead to the world as the remains which slept in the monastery of Santa Clara beside her." And this was the mother of Charles I., who, as Charles V. of Germany, ruled over a vaster kingdom than any other potentate of his time.

The Spaniards did not view with favor the election of Charles to the imperial crown of Maximilian of Austria; and it was soon shown that their fears were not unwisely founded. For, no sooner was he seated on the imperial throne than he began that career of conquest and devastation that has made him famous; he called upon Spain for the soldiers and money for his vast enterprises, and it was at the expense of this unfortunate country that they were accomplished. It was drained of its best blood, and its treasury, though into it was poured the millions and millions now flowing

from the West Indies and America, was exhausted time and again.

One of the first of his royal audiences was that famous Diet of Worms, before which was haled the sturdy founder of Protestantism, Martin Luther, to answer to the charge of heresy. No more contemptible picture of the times appears upon the pages of history than this of the great Luther, then in the plenitude of his mental powers, appearing before the uneducated and trivial Charles, pleading for his life. The emperor was then hardly twenty-one years of age, and yet arrogated to himself the settling of questions involving the vital interests of millions of his subjects. The contest between these two was continued for many years, and in the end Protestantism triumphed, though only after blood had flowed like water, and countries had been exhausted in the terrible struggle for religious freedom.

Between Charles and Francis I. of France a feud was opened that lasted until the death of the latter, and the results of which, in massacres and battles, appeared intermittently for generations. Charles generally won, as at Pavia, one of his most glorious victories; and treaties were frequently patched up only to be broken when it suited the convenience of either party to these agreements. It is a speaking commentary upon the vitiating effects of monarchical rule that even a respectable British encyclopædia in a summary of his virtues says: "His private morals bear a favorable comparison with those of contemporary princes," and in the next line this: "Don John of Austria was an illegitimate son," etc.

Heaven save America from the European standard of morals!

CHAPTER XV.

PHILIP II. AND THE ESCURIAL.

CHARLES' accession was marked by opposition which soon developed into a civil strife in which many thousands fell and several cities were destroyed. This was the insurrection of the *Comuneros*, as it was called, when the nobles and the common people united against the king as their common enemy. He was absent from Spain when the insurrection broke out, and when he returned, in 1522, it had been quenched. But an attempt had been made by a noble named Padilla to secure the throne in behalf of Joanna, and his futile endeavors to obtain her sanction, when, insane as she was, she absolutely refused to put her hand or signature to any document, would appear supremely ridiculous, had they not been productive of so much misery and bloodshed. Somehow, after having had his battles fought for him during his absence, and having obtained yet greater appropriations for his foreign wars, Charles retained the confidence of the benighted masses; and his later victories over the French and Italians, and his campaigns against the Moslems under the pirate king Barbarossa, kept him before their notice as a hero and conqueror.

This seems to have satisfied them, though they now and then protested against the terrible expenditures of blood and treasure by which the country was being impoverished. In the main, Charles was successful in his wars; by "successful" we mean that he usually

gained the victories and carried his points; but in the end his very victories were more than disappointing. His long and determined conflict with Protestantism, however, was ended in defeat for him, and in the world-wide spread of the very "heresy" which he had so persistently combated and tried to strangle at its birth. In this light, therefore, he may be said to have failed of his great and ultimate aims; and at last, weary even of fighting, and after a long reign of more than forty years, he was glad to lay down the insignia of royalty and abdicate in favor of Philip, his only legitimate son.

This son, the apple of his eye and the darling of his heart, he had carefully trained to follow in his footsteps, and it is to the credit of Philip, as a son, that he endeavored to do so. He never, during his father's life, entered upon any important negotiation or military adventure without consulting with his father, who, having retired to a castle in the beautiful valley of Yuste, where he passed his time in prayer and meditation, in occupations of humble character, was yet able and willing to give his advice. In some respects Philip II. was the counterpart of his father, yet with his virtues lacking and his vices amplified. He was equally ambitious and imperious, he was vastly more bigoted, if possible, and unyielding to counsel from others. His father was reckoned as comparatively virtuous; he consorted with women other than with his wife—to whom it is said he was devotedly attached—but he carried on his amours under cover of secrecy, as it were, and did not flaunt them in the face of society. He had but one wife whom the law recognized, while Philip, even before he became king of Spain, had been married twice. His second wife was "Bloody Mary," of England, who sought to gain his favor and win his

love by unexampled severity toward her Protestant subjects, sending many to the stake and harrying others out of the country. It was all in vain, however, and when she died her wayward husband was far distant from her, meditating other alliances. After her death he subjected himself to the scornful refusal of her sister Elizabeth's hand, and consoled himself with a princess of France; after her with Anne of Austria, in all marrying four wives, and each one a princess of a different nationality. He gained nothing great from these matrimonial connections, even though his object may have been to strengthen his kingdom by such; and, as the imperial crown worn by his father was refused him, he shrunk to proportions insignificant, as compared with what his father had attained to. Still, when he came into power, he looked upon himself as a monarch over Spain proper, the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the duchy of Milan; Franche Comte and the Netherlands, which he inherited through his grandmother; provinces in Africa, as Oran and Tunis, and the Cape de Verde Islands; and in America all that the explorers and conquerors had added to the kingdom during the reigns of his father and grandfather. Columbus and his followers had given him the West Indies and north coast of South America; Cortez had conquered Mexico, and Pizarro Peru, while the great Magellan had carried the Spanish flag into the far Pacific and planted it above that vast archipelago named afterwards in honor of this same sovereign, the Philippines. Though disappointed at the outcome of his matrimonial venture with England's queen, and with the princesses of France and Austria, yet Philip still was entitled to be considered one of the mightiest monarchs of the world, of his time. Having a great portion of the world tributary to him, and dependent upon his pleas-

ure, he allowed himself to believe that it should also profess the same religious belief that he himself held, and which he was convinced was the only true and saving faith. He had in overflowing measure that narrow bigotry of Isabella and Ferdinand, as well as of Charles his father, which urged him to commit the most hideous crimes for the furtherance of religion—as he viewed it. With absolutely clear conscience he could drive people to the stake and cause to be devoured by the flames, all, even innocent women and children, who did not unhesitatingly accept and proclaim the same belief as himself. The Inquisition, as we have seen, though of Roman origin and fathered by the pope, rose to the greatest height of its terrible power in Spain. It had been introduced into Aragon, previous to the reign of Isabella and Ferdinand, but was destined to blaze forth its baleful fires most brightly during their sovereignty. Established by Isabella, or at her request, by a bull of Pope Sixtus IV., in 1478, it was in “working order” against the Jews in 1481, six heretics being burned at the stake in January, and before the year had closed nearly three hundred victims suffered the same penalty; besides numerous others against whom the crime was fastened, but who, having escaped its deserts by death, were torn from their graves and burned. From this year the number continued to increase, until, according to the historian of the Inquisition, more than one hundred thousand suffered directly from its impositions, during the eighteen remaining years of Torquemada’s life, of which number more than ten thousand were burned to death. The indirect suffering caused by this secret engine of hell, with its tortures and confiscations of properties, its *autos da fé* and its multitudinous emissaries, is incalculable. At first directed against the Jews, and after that against

apostate Moors, it was not many years before the Inquisition, craving victims as its appetite for human blood increased, after the manner of its prototype, the tiger of the jungle, turned upon the nominal Christians of the kingdom and rent the heart of Spain in twain. It was in full blast during the reign of Charles V., and was one of the dreadful legacies handed down by him to his dutiful son, Philip II., who used the complicated enginery, with its ramifications into every portion of his dominions, in America as well as in Europe, for the furtherance of his hellish designs. It was in the Netherlands, however, that the fire and rack, and the gallows were unsparingly used under Philip's commander, the Duke of Alva, a man after his own heart, who is sad to have boasted of the thousands he had been the means of sending to untimely deaths. Through these means he for a while retained control of the Low Countries, but in the end they were the measures by which they were forever lost to Spain. As his father had been worsted in his struggle with the leaders of the Reformation, so Philip II. was conquered by the sturdy patriots under William the Silent and his coadjutors. His natural half-brother, Don Juan of Austria, had no better success, though, like Alva, he harried the Netherlands with fire and the sword; but in his encounter with the Turks in the great naval battle of Lepanto, he turned back the incoming tide of Moslem conquerors and secured all Europe from their invasions in the future. Don Juan went over and took Tunis and Oran on the North African coast, and owing to the suspicions of his half-brother, Philip, contemplated founding there an African empire, where he might be secure from the machinations of the king. But after further services against the enemies of Philip, he was at last found murdered in his tent, probably a victim of the devilish

king. Against Philip II. in fact have been brought the accusations of numerous people, as the murderer, more or less directly, of many of his own people, some of his own kin. It has always been charged against him that mysterious death of his son, Don Carlos, the unfortunate youth who had the ill fortune to fall in love with the French princess whom Philip appropriated to himself. He was imprisoned, it is alleged, tortured, and finally brought to his end by poison; dying at an early age, the victim of parental hate, his treatment in striking contrast to that which Philip himself had received from his own father, and Don Carlos' grandfather, Charles. But Philip II. would be styled to-day a moral pervert, as absolutely a degenerate as ever the world produced; yet he held within his terrible grasp millions of subjects, upon whom he freely wreaked his vengeance, for wrongs, real or imaginary. They were mainly imaginary, those lapses from religious duties and beliefs that constituted in his mind the most treasonable crimes against the State, as well as against his God.

The Dominican, Torquemada, the arch-fiend of the Inquisition at its beginning in Spain, lived to a good old age, and passed away in his bed; Philip II., who availed himself so effectually of the terrible engine of destruction created by Torquemada, also died in his bed, but after prolonged tortures from a most loathsome disease. It does not seem that wretches in high places like these often expiate their crimes in the flesh; but doubtless Philip II. may have been treated to torments anticipatory of the future. Stricken with disease in the last year of his life, 1598, he "lingered from June to September in horrible agony—devoured alive by innumerable vermin which had developed in myriads out of his gouty and corrupted joints, and in exquisite malignity surpassed every deviltry ever invented by the

Inquisition. Seeing his end approaching he discoursed with edification on sacred subjects; he provided thirty thousand masses to be said for his soul, and made minute directions about his funeral obsequies. His last words were: "I die like a good Catholic, in faith and obedience to the holy Roman Church." Then a paroxysm passed over the bedful of crowned misery, and Philip II. was no more. Thus ended the absolute despotism of Philip II., a despotism fountained and centered in him, with absolute power to nominate and remove every judge, magistrate, military or civil officer, every archbishop, bishop, and ecclesiastic of whatever sort; a reign consumed in 'accomplishing infinite nothing' in extinguishing free institutions, and venerable municipal privileges; in nullifying legislative and deliberate bodies; in eluding justice and constitutional right of every sort; in infamous self-indulgence, criminality and assassination; in kindling everlasting war in neighboring countries; in corrupting, bribing and espionageing half of contemporary Europe; in murdering thousands of Europeans; in generating the noisome and gigantic pestilence of an omnipotent Inquisition; and in organized terrorism, hostility of class to class, and extermination of the popular will.

The most valuable part of the population of this world was "accursed" and excommunicated. Philip himself was the kingdom, concentrated in one all-powerful personality. Dependencies girdling the globe hung by a thread to a middle-sized, yellow-haired fanatic, who, with horrible monotony of evil, poisoned the world for seventy-one years, and died leaving a memory compounded of every evil-smelling thing under the sun!

Philip II. impoverished Spain, it is true, but when he died he left behind him a monument of which almost

every Spaniard is proud, and which is called by his admiring countrymen the "eighth wonder of the world" — *la ochava maravilla del mundo*. This is the Escorial, that vast aggregation of structures, situated about thirty miles from Madrid, which was begun about the year 1565 and finished in 1584, after an expenditure of more than three million dollars. One of the greatest wonders is that he whose conception it was should have survived to see it completed, and should have been able to finish and furnish it, to the minutest detail, even adorning it with the finest sculptures and the richest works of art. In an attempt to grasp this immense work in the mass, we may say that in shape it is a rectangular parallelogram seven hundred and forty-four feet long, and five hundred and eighty wide, covering over five hundred thousand square feet of surface. It is in fact a very mountain of granite, artificial, but impressive, severe to austerity, but grand though gloomy. In general plan it is said to be based upon the traditional girdiron upon which St. Lawrence was broiled, laid over on its back and with the feet sticking up in the air, bars, handle and all, complete. It was erected in pursuance of a vow by Philip, at the battle of San Quentin, which vow was faithfully carried out, at the expense of the monarch's suffering country. The Escorial proper is composed of a monastery, a palace, a church, a seminary, a grand library, and a mausoleum. Primarily as a mausoleum for the Spanish kings, probably, as most of them since Phillip's time have been interred here, in this, one of the gloomiest places in the world. Eight towers rise above the general mass of granite, to a height of two hundred feet, above them all towering the great dome of the church. There are sixteen courts, or patios, the first in point of size being that of the Kings, two hundred and thirty feet long,

and one hundred and thirty-six in width. There are twenty-six hundred windows, twelve hundred doors, eighty-six staircases, forty altars, three thousand feet of fresco paintings, and some eighty miles of paths, promenades and corridors, inside and out. The church itself, which is surrounded by the conventual structure, is three hundred and twenty feet long, two hundred and thirty wide, and with a height to the top of the dome or cupola of three hundred and twenty feet. On three sides of this simple Doric are several chapels, in honor of the principal saints in the calendar, not omitting the eleven thousand virgins. The high altar, which is made of precious marbles and jaspers, inlaid with gold, is reached by a flight of blood-red steps, and the *retablo*, or altar screen, is composed of red granite, gilt, bronze and jaspers, and is said to have cost over two hundred thousand dollars. It seems almost impertinent to speak of cost in connection with this vast edifice, where labor, treasure, art and human lives were lavishly thrown upon its altars. It also seems impossible that it should have cost no more than three millions in the gross, even when money was so much more valuable than now, when we reflect that this sum is frequently spent upon buildings at this age, without producing near the impression that this great pile reflects. Above the oratorios are the effigies of members of the royal families, kneeling, made of bronze; including portrait busts of Charles V. and his wife, and of Philip II. and his four wives. The chief attraction of this building is the reliquary—the *relicario*—where at one time were to be found seven thousand precious relics of the saints, gathered from all parts of the world; but the gold, silver and precious stones in which they were once enshrined were all taken away by the French about ninety years ago. Paintings there are here in

the grand hall by the masters of the world, tapestries by Flemish artists, a marble image of Christ by Cellini, a "Last Supper" by Tintoretto. But the heart of this magnificent edifice is a small and gloomy cell, where Philip II. died, holding in his hand his father's crucifix; and where he proved the sincerity of his oft-repeated declaration, that this—a cell—was all he desired in the palace-monastery he had built in honor of his God. "The Escorial," says the Italian Amicis, "is Philip II. He is still there, alive and frightful, and with him the image of his terrible God!"

XVI.

SPAIN GETTING EXHAUSTED.

It is perhaps quite impossible to state exactly when Spain's power began to diminish, and she began that downward career which has brought her to the verge of ruin and impotence. But even while she was at her highest stage of glory, she contained within herself the seeds of dissolution, which soon germinated, under the fructifying influences of Philip II.'s reign, and produced baneful fruit before the end of the sixteenth century. Spain's greatness may be said to have culminated in the outfitting of that mighty fleet of vessels destined for the invasion and subjection of England sent out from Cadiz in 1588, ten years before Philip's death occurred. Under the command of the Duke of Sidonia, were placed one hundred and fifty vessels, including sixty-five great galleons, twenty-five boats exceeding three hundred tons, galliasses and galleys, with a total tonnage of more than seventy-five thousand eight hundred (75,800) tons. Two thousand four hundred and thirty guns composed the armament of this vast fleet, with ammunition to the amount of five thousand hundred-weight of powder, and one hundred and twenty-five thousand rounds of great shot. The fleet was manned by more than eight thousand four hundred sailors, and also carried soldiers to the number of twenty thousand; besides spiritual auxiliaries, of the church, priests and monks, two hundred in number. Philip II. had nearly exhausted all the resources of

Spain in its preparation, but he had full confidence that his intention would be carried out: that England would be conquered, and afterward converted; and her proud queen, Elizabeth, who had refused the offer of his hand in marriage, earlier in their lives, would at last be humbled to the dust. In sooth, it seemed not improbable, for England at that time had but thirty available ships, on duty, under Admiral Howard, and only seventeen thousand sailors. But her ships of oak were commanded by such heroes as Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins; indeed, the first-named had already performed an act of valor when he "singd the King of Spain's whiskers"—as he termed it, by dashing into harbor, sometime previously, and destroying a great number of vessels, before this armada was brought to its perfection. It finally got clear of the harbor, but was no sooner in open waters than a great storm scattered the fleet and compelled it to return and refit. It had first set forth in May, 1588, but the disasters of the storm detained it until July. It is a strange fact that England's warning of this hostile intention against her shores was obtained from Philip himself, in a book he had caused to be prepared, and a copy of which Lord Burleigh secured in May and forwarded to London; where it may still be seen in the British Museum. Thus his pride and vainglory frustrated the end of the expedition at the outset; though there is small doubt that had the fleet proceeded directly on its way in the month of May, it would have caused great damage to England's coast towns, even if its armed force aboard had not effected a landing.

If ever signal evidence was needed that Spain had been abandoned by the God of Battles, it was afforded in this instance. For in the first place a storm had detained the fleet until its destination was known and

its sailors and soldiers demoralized; in the second, the British sea lions were allowed time to gather to oppose its entrance into the English Channel; and on the heels of these heart-breaking incidents came a series of terrible storms that pursued the fleet until its pitiful fragments, composed of not more than one-third its original complement of vessels, limped back to harbors in Spain, with a loss of sailors and soldiers amounting perhaps to half the number that had set forth a few months before, so confident of eventual and easy victories.

One of the best accounts of the destruction of the renowned Spanish Armada is also the most recent, by our great naval authority, Captain Alfred T. Mahan, who says, in part: "The Armada entered the English Channel on July 30th, and on the 6th of August anchored off Calais, having traversed the channel successfully in a week. Three several actions had occurred; none was decisive; but all tended generally in favor of the English, who utilized their advantages of speed and artillery to hammer the foe with their long guns, while keeping out of range of his muskets and lighter cannon. According to a Spanish authority, the Spanish losses in battle were six hundred killed and eight hundred wounded, while the English loss, from first to last, did not reach one hundred. Such a discrepancy tells its own tale; but it is to be remembered moreover, that men slain means sides pierced and frames shattered. Shot that fly wide, or that cut spars, sails, and rigging, kill comparatively few. With hulls thus damaged, the Spaniards had to confront the equinoctial gales of the Atlantic. At Calais, a friendly town, Parma might possibly join, but there was no harbor for big ships. . . . Medina Sidonia sent him word of his arrival; but it could not be hoped that the English

would allow the fleet to occupy that unprotected position undisturbed. The wind being to the westward, they anchored at a safe distance to windward, and on the night of August 7, sent against the Spaniards eight fire-ships. The ordinary means of diverting these failing, the Spanish admiral got under way. In this operation the fleet drifted nearer the shore, and the wind next day coming out strong from the northwest and setting the ships bodily on the coast, he, under the advice of the pilots, stood into the North Sea. Had Flushing been in their possession, it might, with good pilots, have afforded a refuge; but it was held by the Dutch. The English ships, more weatherly, drew up and engaged again; while the continuance of the wind, and the clumsiness of the Spaniards, threatened destruction upon the shoals of the Flemish coast. The sudden shifting of the wind to the south saved them when already in only six or seven fathoms of water. Here again was no bad luck; nor could it be considered a misfortune that the southerly breeze, which carried them to the Pentland Firth, changed to the northeast as they passed the Orkneys and entered the Atlantic, being thus fair for their homeward voyage.

“The disasters of the Armada were due to the following causes: First, the failure to prescribe the effectual crippling of the English navy as a condition precedent to any attempt at invasion. Second, the neglect to secure beforehand a suitable point for making the junction with the army. Combinations thus intrusted to chance, have no right to expect success. Third, the several actions with the English failed because the ships, which could exert their power only close to the enemy, were neither so fast nor so handy as the latter. Only those who have the advantage of range, can afford inferiority of speed. Fourth, the disasters in the At-

lantic were due either to original unseaworthiness, or to damage received in action, or to bad judgment in taking unweatherly ships too close to the shores of Ireland, where strong westerly gales prevailed, and the coast was inhospitable."

Not alone the coast, but the people, of Ireland showed inhospitality, for many Spanish sailors who were cast ashore alive had their throats cut by the Irish, as well as the same fate being meted out to the priests and soldiers. Altogether the great Armada was the unluckiest venture that Spain ever made; and it is not too much to say that even to-day she feels the terrible losses inflicted by the British and the storms. One point we should not fail to observe here: that while the Spaniards had the advantage of ships and guns, numbers, mere tonnage and weight of metal; yet England had those "hearts of oak" as well as ships, and every man worked as though upon his individual efforts depended the repelling of the enemy. In a word, or rather in a sentence: It was the "men who worked the guns"—as was said and shown in our recent war with Spain, who won the victory and sent Philip II.'s squadrons home shattered and forever rendered helpless as against the prestige of England. A comparison to advantage might be instituted between the Spanish operations at that time, and those during the recent war, and it will show that Spanish methods have not materially changed since that remote time, three hundred years ago. Spanish sailors are still ignorant of the first principles of seamanship, Spanish gunners still depend upon luck to train and aim their guns, and Spanish commanders consider themselves absolved from all blame if they can shift the responsibility upon some one else. It was a matter of record then, as off Santiago and in Manila Bay, that the Spanish gunners could not shoot their

guns to hit a vessel or even a fleet. That great crescent of Spanish galleons seven miles in length, was smashed again and again by the comparatively smaller vessels of Admiral Howard. The English ships were maneuvered with such consummate skill, says a writer on this affair, that the Spanish guns could never tell on them. On the other hand, the British poured the galleons full of shot. The Spanish gunners and marines were slow and aimless; the British gunners and marines activity personified. Not once, it is said, did a Spanish shot strike its intended mark; while the Spanish ships quivered and were shattered under the British fire, and their decks ran red with blood.

But enough has been presented to show how signally defeated was the supreme effort of Philip II. to force upon another and more vigorous nation the obsolete religion and methods of Spain. In fitting out this vast expedition he had called upon his saints, and upon them relied mainly to encompass the defeat of his foes; upon them he placed the responsibility for defeat, and considered himself exculpated from all blame. He may have recalled that proverb to which we have alluded in a previous chapter: "If God is against you the saints are of no use." But he would not admit that God could be against him; he received the terrible news of disaster, it is said, with the same equanimity that he had received the glorious tidings of victory at the battle of Lepanto, and in both cases without change of countenance, in the Escorial, surrounded by his brother monks and priests. Had Philip II. been less bigoted, more humane, he might perhaps have attained to unparalleled greatness; for surely he had the opportunity; and, we must confess, his schemes were vast and showed the workings of a mighty mind; mighty, but closely environed about by the walls of intolerance and bigotry.

Equally a bigot, but less a king, was his son and successor, Philip III., who took the throne from his father when the latter left it at the command of death, in 1598. The long and bloody reign of Philip II., together with that of his father, Charles V., just about filled and rounded out the century. The Duke of Alva, during Philip II.'s reign, had obtained possession of Portugal, which remained under Spain until 1640, when it was lost, and has never since been regained. Under Philip II., also, the Moriscos of Spain were terribly persecuted; but they were allowed to remain, as they were too great a source of profit to the Inquisition. But in Philip III.'s reign they were at last all expelled, and the final blow delivered to the languishing industries of Spain. Governed as he was by his favorite, the Prime Minister, Duke of Lerma, it was not strange that when Lerma's brother, the Archbishop of Toledo, advocated the total expulsion of the Moriscos, Philip III. lent a willing ear. He was too weak for great policies, but not too weak to be cruel. He had inherited just sufficient of the ancestral insanity to become a fiend, but through consanguineous marriages his ancestors had also provided that he should be more of an imbecile than a man of parts. If such a man had been born a commoner he would have been shut up within the walls of an asylum for insane, or have been looked upon with scornful pity by his brother men. As it was, he became the tool of wicked and designing men, who found in him a promise of wickedness suited to their purposes, and a readiness to respond to iniquitous suggestions which resulted in well-filled coffers for them, and in empty public treasury and poverty for the people at large. It was in 1609 that the Moors were driven out of Spain, notwithstanding the urgent petitions of the nobles of Valentia* and

many of the dignataries of the land. Their sufferings, as had been those of their ancestors under like circumstances, were unspeakable; they died by thousands on the voyage to Africa, and when the survivors arrived in that country they were massacred by thousands more by their coreligionists, the Bedouins. Swiftly came the reward for such perfidy toward an already persecuted people, in the decline of agriculture, mining, manufacture, and consequently the commerce of the country: Spain was hurled downward on its course to national bankruptcy with frightful momentum. Neither in Naples nor in the Netherlands were affairs going prosperously, and the lines of constriction by which Spain was to lose her most valuable extraneous possessions were being more and more narrowly drawn. Favorite succeeded to favorite; in 1619 loomed up the specter of the Thirty Years' War, into which Philip III.'s son and successor, Philip IV., could not fail to be attracted. This, the last Philip of that century, when he abandoned the title of Prince of the Asturias (always borne by the princes of Spain), and fell heir to the regnancy, was but sixteen years of age. But it mattered little what were the age and qualifications of princes, or their lack of both years and experience; their favorites ruled them, and through them their subjects. The favorite of Philip IV. was the miserable Gaspar de Guzman, Duke of Olivares, who succeeded in worming himself into the confidence of the young king, and in getting him yet more intimately concerned in the outcome of the Thirty Years' War. Through a combination of ignorance and pride, Spain soon lost her hold on the Netherlands, and in the Indian Ocean was compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of her former subject peoples, the Hollanders, whose ships secured for them the rich and precious Spice Islands. In

France, Olivares had as a competitor the great Cardinal Richelieu, whose forces eventually overran some of the northern Spanish provinces; rebellions broke out at home, defeats followed in Italy; Turenne and Condé proved too much for the degenerate Spanish commanders and their enfeebled soldiers. When, finally, Philip IV. sought to terminate his foreign wars by a peace, in 1648, he was compelled to acknowledge the entire independence of Holland, or the United Provinces, and by the Treaty of the Pyrenees, a few years later, England was confirmed in her possession of Dunkirk and Jamaica, and important concessions were made to France for her evacuation of Catalonia. Philip IV. at last shuffled off his accumulated heritage of woe and war and departed this life in the year 1665, after a reign of forty-four years.

The reigns of the three Philips, we may truly say, are indelibly impressed with the great decline in the once splendid fortunes of Spain. Along with the Jews and the Moors, whom they had driven out of the land, went also a great measure of the country's prosperity. It was to a child only four years of age, that the throne of Spain was left by the demise of Philip IV., and thus for years the country was governed by a quasi regency, the queen mother choosing her favorites more from their personal charms in her eyes, than their ability to rule a nation or recuperate its exhausted finances. Even the Spaniards, so long accustomed to grovel at the feet of royalty and endure with hardly a protest the most frightful indignities—even the common people, but particularly the nobility, complained of the degradation of the court. It was not probably more degraded then than it had been for the previous hundred years; but it was weak; while the people could endure positive rascality in their sovereigns, and thrive under ordinary

abuses, yet they despised a weak and vacillating ruler or policy. Charles II., the successor to his father, Philip IV., was both weak and wicked; but he could not, fortunately, perpetuate his imbecility in the person of an heir, and so arose at his death the question of the Spanish succession. That great schemer, Louis XIV. of France, who had married a daughter of Philip, the Infanta Maria Teresa, for years plotted to place his son upon the throne of Spain. He even sought the overthrow of Charles II., the sovereign in legitimate succession, and finally became so urgent that England and the Protestant States placed a check upon his ambitions, for a time, by forming what was known as the Grand Alliance. But the wily and persistent Louis managed to keep the issue before the world during Charles' long reign of thirty-five years, and in 1697 negotiated the Peace of Ryswick, in order to allay the suspicions of his neighbors, and also, more secretly, the Partition Treaty, by the terms of which the King of England consented to the division of the Spanish dominions among the various claimants; of whom King Louis was of course the chief and most to be benefited. Upon the death of the unfortunate Charles, in the year 1700, there came the opportunity to Louis, which he had so long anticipated, of placing a scion of his house upon the Spanish throne. His claim was based upon his first marriage to the Infanta Maria Teresa; but he could not for himself, of course, urge the succession, neither for his son, who was to succeed him, if he lived, upon the throne of France. But for his grandson, Philip of Anjou, he laid claim to the throne of Spain, as a collateral heir, who had been named by Charles II. in his will. Philip, Louis' grandson, was crowned King of Spain early in 1701, but his title was contested by the Archduke Charles of Austria, whose mother

held the same relationship to the throne as Philip's grandmother. Archduke Charles took the field, and eventually England and the United Netherlands joined with Austria, against Louis XIV. and France. Thus resulted the notorious "War of the Spanish Succession," which was so calamitous for France especially, and in which the Prince Eugene and the English Duke of Marlborough, gained such splendid victories over the French. The miserable war dragged on for thirteen years, only being terminated by the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, confirmed by the Peace of Rastatt, the following year. It is well known that Marlborough gained the victories of Blenheim, Mallpaquet, etc., and inflicted incalculable damage upon the French; but for these victories, which were of no direct material gain to England, the duke and his heirs have drawn from the British treasury millions and millions of British gold. However, the indirect gains to England were as usual very large, for she came out of the wars with Gibraltar (which she obtained by stratagem in 1704, and has ever since retained as a spoil of war) with Minorca, St. Christopher in the West Indies, Hudson Bay, Newfoundland and Acadia. Spain was confirmed in her possessions of the home country and the West Indies and two Americas, Naples, the Duchy of Milan, and the Netherlands went to the emperor. Meanwhile, the bone of contention was removed by the death of Leopold, and the succession to his throne of the Archduke Charles, who was thus thrown out of the race. In this manner it came about that a scion of the House of Bourbon replaced the defunct House of Hapsburg on the throne of Spain, where it had reigned, in the persons of Charles V. (or Charles I.) Philip II., III. and IV., and Charles II.

The House of, Bourbon connected collaterally with

the House of Hapsburg, and the lines of Castile and Aragon, has remained in possession, with slight intermissions, ever since; and a Bourbon, in the person of the Boy King, Alfonso XIII., sits upon the throne to-day.

In the year 1714, Philip of Anjou, now known as Philip V., lost his wife and was immediately married to Elizabeth Farnese of Parma, who exerted an influence over him which his first consort never possessed. She became the ruling spirit of the kingdom, though there was still no lack of favorites, such as Alberoni, who was such a decided failure in his foreign negotiations that he was deposed and exiled. When Louis XIV. died, in 1715, Philip became smitten with a desire of uniting the two thrones of France and Spain in the person of his royal self; but was held in check by England's fleets and the provisions of the Treaty of Utrecht. Six years later, however, the royal houses of France and Spain became further united by the betrothal of the Prince of the Asturias to the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, and of the daughter of Philip's wife, Elizabeth, to Louis XV.; the best he could do, under the circumstances.

XVII.

SEVERAL SPANISH MONARCHS.

PHILIP V. narrowly escaped being drawn into the troubles of the Austrian Wars of Succession, which would only have been in the nature of poetic justice, after all. His sympathies, at all events, were not with the heroic Maria Teresa, who for so many years resisted the combinations entered into against her by other nations, and who finally won what were unquestionably her rights. The Spanish king even went so far as to send his troops into Italy, where they might at will co-operate with the allies as against the Austrians; but his designs were frustrated, it is declared, by English vigilance. It would seem, in fact, that the moribund Spain, while even now in the last throes, wished to snatch at everything in sight, and, not content with her own troubles, would have mixed in those of France, Austria, and the other powers. "The wolf loses his teeth, but not his inclinations." This is true of Spain as of no other country. Having tasted the glories of the "Golden Age" of Charles V. and his son, when treasures without stint came flowing into Spain, and her fleets whitened the seas of both hemispheres, she could do no less than growl and show her toothless jaws when fair spoils for war passed by. Philip V. died in 1746, of apoplexy, after a reign in the main beneficial to his country, when contrasted with those of other kings, and was succeeded by his son Ferdinand. Indolent, melancholy, and inclined to peace, Ferdinand

was a blessing to Spain, inasmuch as he was not positively and malignantly disposed for war. Two years after his arrival at royal dignities he was a signatory to the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748, by which a general peace was proclaimed. He was fortunate in his ministers, Ensenada and Carajal, though the former was pro-Gallic in his sympathies, and the latter a strenuous Spaniard. He remained aloof from the Seven Years' War, when Prussia and England were opposed to Germany, Austria, France and Sweden; and even resisted the tempting bait held out by England of the cession of Gibraltar to Spain if she would cast her fortunes into the scale as against her opponents. There was never a time, perhaps, when Spain came so near recovering her own property, so long retained by England, as on this occasion; but notwithstanding the great temptation, Ferdinand and Spain maintained their neutrality unimpaired.

This was in the year 1756; in 1758 his wife died, by which event he was prostrated with grief. From the time of her death, he withdrew from all participation in the cares of state, and buried himself in his palace of Villa Viciosa, from which he emerged only to be carried to his last resting-place. Spain had been vexed and harried by so many sovereigns actually and actively detrimental to her best interests, that the contemplation of one whose character was at least negatively virtuous is a grateful relief. Ferdinand VI. was not positively great, but he was capable and well meaning; and he showed by his manner of life, his frugality and plain living, his active interest in the welfare of his country, and especially in reducing the total volume of debts that were crushing out the national existence, that he had at heart the best interests of his kingdom. For the first time in centuries—it has

been written—Spain found herself in annual receipt of an income larger than her expenditures; and though it has been charged that Ferdinand brought about this happy result by withholding payments for debts incurred in former reigns, and retrenching where he should have expended for reforms; yet on the whole it was a condition which resulted in great benefit to Spain.

The throne fell to his half-brother, who, as Charles III., brought to the administration of affairs his invaluable experience as King of the Sicilies. He made at least one great mistake, however, soon after his accession, in joining his fellow Bourbons of France in what was known as the "Family Compact," a secret treaty which Mr. Pitt at once suspected, and resented by a virtual declaration of war against Spain the following year. To war against England was always to court defeat; more than that, it may be said that when she arrayed her forces on the other side, Spain nearly always came to grief. The inevitable swiftly followed, and though the Bourbon allies invaded Portugal, in a vain attempt to compel her to join with them, yet Britain's victories at sea and beyond the ocean soon brought them to their knees. It was during this war, in 1762, that Spain for the first time lost her hold on Cuba and that Havana fell to the English, when Morro Castle was taken, after a long siege and desperate resistance, and the "Pearl of the Antilles" changed owners. By the treaty at Paris, the next year, 1763, Great Britain seems to have come out of the affair with the greater portion of the spoils—receiving Florida in exchange for Havana and Cuba, part of Louisiana, several West Indian islands, Canada, and valuable concessions for the cutting of logwood in Campeche Bay. England was so well satisfied with the outcome of the

attempts to form a "family alliance," that she complacently viewed the frantic efforts of Prime Minister Grimaldi—successor to General Wall, an Irishman—at reviving the compact by a system of intermarriages. Charles himself had suffered former defeats at the hands of the English; but he probably knew the futility of resistance to such a power, and wisely refrained taking part in any active demonstration. Having now two foreigners, Grimaldi and Squilacci, the latter minister of finance, managing his affairs, Charles III. soon experienced a sensation in an uprising of his people, who were incensed at the rise in prices consequent upon some measure of the finance minister. The king fled to his pleasure palace of Aranjuez, leaving his ministers to arrange a truce as best they might, but by his appointment of the Count d'Aranda as chief, he placated the people and brought about a peace. Under the last-named individual, the Jesuits, who were charged with being the authors of Spain's misery at that time, were finally expelled the country in which their order had its birth, and where they had secretly controlled kings and ministers at their pleasure. As Charles refused to interfere, Count Aranda surrounded the Jesuit colleges with troops, at a preconcerted time, read to the astonished inmates the royal decree of expulsion, and had them hurried to the coasts, where they were embarked for Italy, and where they suffered greatly. Portugal, as well as France, had already decreed their expulsion; Sicily had thrust them out, and also the Spanish colonies; and finally Pope Clement XIV. decreed the suppression of their order. "Spain for the Spaniards" had always been the cry of her fervid patriots; as far back as the time of the Goths resistance had been made to Rome's claims; Isabella and Ferdinand, notwithstanding they had been invested

with the title of "Most Catholic," by the Pope of Rome, yet resisted his intrusion into the ecclesiastical affairs of their kingdom, to some extent; Ferdinand VI. had sequestered revenues hitherto sent to Rome, and now Charles III. had expelled one of the most influential orders that held fealty to the pope above loyalty to the king.

Both Grimaldi and Aranda were retired from office, and in 1775 there succeeded Don Jose Monino, better known as the Count of Florida Blanca, who has sometimes been alluded to as a friend of the United States because, when the American colonies were struggling for freedom from British rule, he cast Spain's sword into the balance against Great Britain. This, however, must be taken with discretion and reserve. That he did declare against Great Britain, four years later, and in 1775 did much to harass that country and create a suspicion that he would favor the American "rebels," is undoubtedly true. But he did not assist them; on the contrary he really was not in favor of the motives and acts prevailing across the Atlantic, fearing their injurious effect upon the Spanish colonies. But still, he finally threw Spain into alliance with France, who was openly assisting the Americans, and their combined fleet threatened the coast of England; riding saucily within sight of her shores. Two continents shared in the disasters of warfare, simply because three countries in Europe could not agree in their policies. While the combined French and Spanish forces laid strenuous siege to Gibraltar, the fleets of England were scouring the seas in search of their opponents. In 1781, finding that the Americans were receiving assistance by getting supplies from a small island in the West Indies (St. Eustatius,) Lord Rodney reduced and took it, capturing spoils to the amount of more than fifteen

million dollars. It mattered not that the island of Eustatius belonged to the Dutch, then supposed to be at peace with Great Britain, it was suspected of giving aid to the rebels, and so was destroyed. England's hand was heavy against whatever nation opposed her or her policy. Her fleets were her strong support, and when, finally, the squadrons of Lord Rodney, consisting of thirty-six sail-of-the-line, met that of Count de Grasse, having under him thirty-four sail, there ensued a terrible sea battle and contest for supremacy in those seas. The French squadron was almost annihilated, the flagship of the admiral, the splendid *Ville de Paris*, which had been presented to Louis XV. by the people of Paris, and was one of the finest ships of the century, was taken a prize by the British, and carried into Jamaica. It was for the capture of this island, taken from the Spaniards in the previous century, that the French fleet was to have combined with the Spanish—then sailing southward to join it from Cuba—and but for the opportune arrival of Rodney, the English would probably have lost beautiful Jamaica, which has remained, in consequence of his victory, an English possession to this day. By this victory also French power in the West Indies was broken, and their insular possessions there number but two or three at present, as against three times that number a little more than a hundred years ago. The shattering of the fleet that had carried succor to the Americans fighting at Yorktown, and for the return of which they were still anxiously looking, was of great moment to those Americans who, but for French assistance, might never have won their independence at all. But England, harried as she was by fleets Spanish and fleets French, yet held her own on the ocean, as she has ever done since first she had a navy and British sailors to man it. She won

her great supremacy by might of these ships, and it is to her sailors more than to her soldiers that she owes her invincible and unassailable attitude to-day. Meanwhile, the Spaniards struggled most desperately to secure possession of Gibraltar, and aided by the French they assailed it again and again. But though for a long time cut off from succor, the commander of the little garrison, General Elliot, kept his seven thousand men alert to repel every advance of the enemy. They suffered from red-hot shot, from the assaults of what were thought to be impregnable batteries, and finally from the exhaustion of their provisions. Though protracted through several years the siege of Gibraltar became finally merely a blockade, which was eventually broken by Lord Howe; though hostilities continued up to the time of the declaration of peace, in 1783. That was Spain's last effort to regain possession of their cherished rock of defense, though they have never ceased to hope for the eventual recession to them of a coign of vantage to England, which at the same time is such a menace to their own coast, and a standing reproach to those who suffered it to slip from their hands in 1704.

By the famous Peace of Versailles, concluded in 1783, France, Spain and Great Britain agreed to bury the hatchet of war; and coincidentally also the rebellious colonies of Britain were confirmed in their pretensions, acquiring undisputed right to territory extending from Canada to the Floridas, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Incidentally, Spain had contributed to this humiliation of England; but she herself had come out of the contest shorn of power and prestige on the ocean, as well as her great ally, and none now disputed Britain's claim to be called the mistress of the seas. Rebellions in her colonies were the result of her relaxed

vigilance a broad, and Spain had to exert herself to suppress an insurrection in Peru, under Tupac Amaru, a descendant of the Incas murdered by Pizarro. Peru had then been a conquered territory for more than three hundred years, and it was thought that the ancient spirit of the Incas, which had brought the country to such a pitch of native civilization and refinement, before the coming of the Spaniards, was crushed utterly to earth. But this descendant from the Sons of the Sun, kept his armies in the field the greater part of two years, and during that time defied the efforts of Spain to subdue him. He was at last captured, and in accordance with the cruel policy of Spain was put to the torture, compelled to witness the slaughter of his own family and then to suffer an ignominious death. This outbreak was but an indication of what was soon to come; of the truly continental character of the rebellion that was to sweep South America from the Caribbean Sea to Patagonia, and eventually deprive Spain of the last vestige of her possessions on that continent. During the remainder of Charles' reign there was comparative peace in the land; but the Gibraltar ownership, which still sat like a leaden weight upon the Spanish stomach, nearly brought the nation again into conflict with England; but it was waived, and has been so treated by successive reigns and administrations, until it seems now like an integral portion of Britain's possessions, with which she would no sooner part than with Canada or Nova Scotia. In fact, in one sense, Gibraltar is of greater value to Great Britain than even Canada, guarding as it does the approaches to the Mediterranean, and forming but one of those stepping-stones around the globe, by which John Bull measures his world-wide properties. Under Florida Blanca Spain threw off to some extent the terrible incubus of

the Inquisition, but this blight upon her life and progress was not entirely obliterated until after Ferdinand VII. was sent to his last account, there to meet the founders and supporters of this iniquitous contrivance. There was a falling off in the number of victims, fortunately, which may have been owing, not so much to the spread of tolerance, as the exhaustion of the supply of heretics, grown wary and wise.

The national spirit of Spain has not shown any indication of a renunciation of the inquisitorial methods; only under pressure of their neighbors, who really have made some progress in civilization, they do not dare practice those methods in this nineteenth century. Spain's ideas, and Spain's government are about the same as in the time of Charles V. and Philip II. and nothing has shown this more forcibly than the recent war (1898), by which she lost, through adherence to those ideas and traditions, the last of her colonial possessions in America. Count Florida Blanca was an enlightened statesman, from the Spanish standpoint, and inaugurated many reforms, such as improvement of the commerce and manufactures of the country, repealing some of the most onerous of the internal imposts, reviving agricultural industries, building roads, and constructing canals. He thus came in contact with and was opposed by the conservative people of the country, who tried in vain to have him removed from office; but he was not only retained by Charles III., so long as that monarch was alive, but afterward by his successor, Charles IV.

When at last Charles III. died, in the year 1788, he left his country somewhat in advance of what it was when he entered upon his duties. Like his illustrious predecessor, Charles IV., when he came to the throne, he was versed in affairs of state, and for a

while continued his policy. He was forty years of age, and, until he allowed Florida Blanca to be superseded by the infamous Godoy, about 1792, he showed the result of training and experience in his treatment of great questions. He had need enough of all his powers and of the best of counsellors, in those troublous times during which the bloody French revolution was raging, and the results of which were so disastrous to the Bourbons of France. Gradually, however, but surely, his queen became prominent in the court counsels; his great minister, Florida Blanca, was taken from office and imprisoned, and after a short period under the aged Aranda, who was used merely as a blind to further their designs, the queen's party finally set the latter adrift and raised their favorite, Godoy, to his place.

XVIII.

CHARLES IV., FERDINAND VII., AND ISABELLA II.

ALTHOUGH Spain might have held aloof from taking part in the bloody revolution that now devastated her neighbor beyond the Pyrenees, fair France, yet it was not likely that Charles IV., himself a Bourbon, could remain neutral in a struggle that involved the fortunes of the Bourbons of France, and brought the head of the house and his queen to the scaffold. The insane behavior of the revolutionists in declaring war against every nation that did not recognize their claims soon involved them with other powers, and it was not long before, in addition to a civil war to manage, they had threatening them the perils of the European coalition. Forces of Spain and Portugal even invaded the south of France, and in the north Austrian and English troops crossed the border. It was at this time that there rose to prominence that man whose wonderful career held spellbound the attention of the world, Napoleon Bonaparte, who rescued Toulon from foreign hands, and soon made his impress on the country. The fortresses captured by the Spanish and Portuguese were regained, and Spain itself was invaded by French soldiers under General Dugommier, whose successes were so great that the country was forced to sue for peace. In 1795, by the Treaty of Basle, Spain became practically an ally of France, and brought upon her devoted head the fury of England, especially when, the next year, she concluded an alliance with the revolutionary republic. Exposed as she was, with a vast coastline, and with defenceless colonies, Spain was ever an easy prey to a great maritime power like England, and she soon suffered terribly for her folly.

By the great naval action off Cape St. Vincent, the Spanish fleet was shattered, defeated, and later blockaded in the harbor of Cadiz, while Spain's coasting trade was almost entirely destroyed. In the West Indies she lost the rich island of Trinidad, which has ever since remained in English possession, but succeeded in preventing Porto Rico from falling into the hands of General Abercrombie, who attempted its reduction. Many have ascribed Spain's losses and her puerile policy to the Queen's favorite, Manuel Godoy, who had found favor in her eyes on account of his physical attractions, and at the age of twenty-five was created prime minister and "Duke of Alcudia." He was now known as the "Prince of Peace," from having been instrumental in bringing about the disgraceful alliance with France in 1795. Through pressure brought to bear upon her by Bonaparte, Spain was forced to invade her neighbor, Portugal, and her successes were made the means by which French troops were introduced into the peninsula. Godoy was now at the height of his power, for, possessing the affections of the queen, and through her the confidence of the king, he was given in marriage a princess of the royal family and elevated to the highest station. It is to the discredit of the Spanish character that although he was known to be of low and vulgar birth, and had come to power merely as the queen's paramour, yet he was, many years after, confirmed in his vast possessions and titles, and allowed to return to Spain and enjoy his ill-gotten plunder. He lived to extreme old age, though his life was frequently threatened and in danger, and died in 1851, covered with honors and immensely rich.

It would be wearisome to follow the meanderings of Bonaparte's policy during which he made a cat's-paw of poor Spain, and held her to this agreement and that,

all the time bleeding her of resources, and finally plunging her into the disastrous war with England, by which she was prostrated in the dust. In 1804 she declared war against England, forced thereto by Napoleon, and events rapidly led up to that disastrous event in her history by which she forever lost her naval supremacy at the battle of Trafalgar, October 25, 1805. By Nelson's splendid victory the combined fleets, the French under Villeneuve, and the Spanish under Gravina, were destroyed, and Napoleon's plans for an invasion of England brought to naught. Tied as he was to Bonaparte's war-chariot, compelled to do his bidding without receiving any share of spoils or glory, it was not strange that Charles (or rather his favorite, Godoy) should enter into a secret understanding with England by which, in combination with Portugal an effort was to be made to stay the march of the universal conqueror. Becoming aware of this, Bonaparte made it an excuse for demanding yet greater concessions from Spain, forcing from her the little kingdom of Etruria, by the treaty of Fontainebleau, and planned the partition of Portugal. About this time Napoleon's schemes were greatly prompted by domestic dissensions in the royal family of Spain. Godoy pretended to discover a plot by which the Prince of the Asturias, Ferdinand, son of the king and heir, meditated taking his father's life and seizing the throne. Whether or not this was so seems never to have been explained, but the Prince of Peace made the occasion a pretext for having Ferdinand imprisoned, and afterward released, acting in the character of mediator and peace-maker in the royal family. This incident led to the dissensions by which both Charles and Ferdinand, later on, were induced to throw themselves into the arms of Bonaparte, and gave him the pretext by which their throne

was declared vacant and given to his brother Joseph. Bonaparte had already obtained a footing in Portugal, and had forced the flight of its royal family to Brazil. Marching an army to the Pyrenees, he caused the royal family of Spain so much alarm that they also meditated flight to Mexico; but the populace of Madrid discovering their intentions, and ascribing all their ills to Godoy, rose in rebellion and particularly sought the life of the arch-conspirator, who only escaped most narrowly from a violent death. The weak king, deferring to the popular will, abdicated the throne in favor of his son, and thus Ferdinand VII. became King of Spain in 1808. As Prince of the Asturias he had, he thought, the favor of Napoleon, and he relied implicitly upon his promises of support; to such an extent, indeed, that he sent his troops back to Portugal, and placed them under the command of the French general, Junot. He was not long to remain in ignorance of Bonaparte's intentions, however. Bonaparte had resolved that no scion of the house of Bourbon should sit upon the throne of Spain, or indeed of any European kingdom. In order to make his peace with Bonaparte, Ferdinand set out to meet him, when the former had come south as far as Bayonne, and by cunningly laid plans both he and his father were lured to that place, over the border on French soil. Then ensued one of the most disgraceful episodes in the annals of royalty, for Charles declared that his abdication was forced and that Ferdinand was not king, even in name; while the latter held to his father's intention and the people's will. Godoy and the queen mother also took part in this family quarrel, when accusations and recriminations were made which showed the corruption and weakness of this group of rulers with which poor Spain had been afflicted. Bonaparte cut short the quarrel by announc-

ing that neither Charles nor Ferdinand should return to govern Spain, and in the end it was decided that both should resign their claims in consideration of large annuities, and remain virtually prisoners in France.

Meanwhile, French troops, under Marat, were in Madrid, where, as soon as the people there heard of the delivery of the throne over to Bonaparte, they rose and massacred many of them, and were only checked after stern and bloody reprisals. The French emperor then assembled representatives of the nobility, and presented them with a constitution he had prepared for the government of Spain, together with his brother Joseph as king. By this time one hundred thousand French troops were on the soil of Spain, and the country was soon overrun, but it was not without hard fighting that Joseph Bonaparte reached the capital of his new kingdom, Madrid, and no sooner had he arrived there than he was forced to retreat upon the French frontier and stand at bay, awaiting reinforcements. His invasion and the forcing upon them of a king who had no ties or sympathies with Spain, caused the Spaniards to rise in rebellion all over the land; everywhere they resisted to the death, and among the celebrated and heroic defenses is that of Saragossa, where the women fought with the men in repelling the enemy from their homes. No one can deny that the Spaniards are possessed of bravery, that they are valiant even to rashness, and need but good leaders to become almost invincible. But soon it appeared that their bravery was to avail them little, for one hundred and fifty thousand French soldiers were hurled against them, from many points and under skillful commanders. If it had not been for England's assistance, the map of Spain might to-day be different from what it is. That astute power saw the advantage to be gained by fighting Bonaparte from

Portugal and on the soil of Spain, and by the time the massacre had occurred at Madrid, English soldiers had landed in the former country and were on their way to co-operate with the enemies of France. A small army of twenty-five thousand, under Sir John Moore, having been caught in the interior far from its base of supplies, began a retreat to the coast, followed by the French in overwhelming numbers. Brought to bay just at the point where his troops were to embark, Moore turned and fought the brilliant battle of Corunna, gaining a victory but losing his own life. The English troops embarked for England, but soon after a small force under Wellington was marching northward through Portugal toward the Spanish frontier. This force was augmented by English and Portuguese troops, until finally the Duke of Wellington had command of some sixty thousand, and with this army made that memorable campaign against the French which resulted in the liberation of both Spain and Portugal from the invaders. By the construction of those great military works known as the lines of Torres Vedras, from which he advanced at will, and behind which he retreated as necessity compelled, Wellington became invincible, with these earthworks always at his back. From them as his bases, he advanced by degrees until he had finally driven the French under Junot and Soult from Portugal, and crossed the frontier. Massena was compelled to seek refuge in Spain, bloody battles were fought, on both sides great bravery was manifested; but the Spaniards fought better as detached bands of guerrillas than as armies. The miserable war dragged on for years. It was in 1808 that Bonaparte had sought to impose his brother upon the Spanish throne, but it was not until 1813—though he had been twice driven from Madrid, meanwhile—that he was finally defeated

in his purposes. We have not space to detail the many battles, sieges, skirmishes; to describe the unutterable misery, the terrible devastation; let it suffice to say that in 1812 Wellington entered the capital, Madrid, and Joseph Bonaparte was virtually a fugitive. The entire Spanish forces were now placed under Wellington's command; for hitherto he had been fighting Spain's battles mainly with English and Portuguese. The crucial event took place at Vittoria, whither Joseph had fled after being driven out of Burgos. Here his army for awhile stood stoutly, but the trained allies were now invincible, and after a prolonged resistance Joseph's army was driven from the field and finally over the frontiers of France and Spain, King Joseph in the van and in as pitiable plight as any of his soldiers. He had lost a kingdom he never desired, in which he was only retained by the commands of his imperial brother, a throne propped up by bayonets, and which, when these were removed, fell to the ground. The reduction of Pampeluna and San Sebastian followed, and then western Spain having been cleared of the enemy, Wellington turned his attention to the east, to Catalonia, where the French successes had been more pronounced.

Meanwhile, the politicians of the country had not benefited by the terrible lessons of experience, but still went on with their plotting and scheming, and Spain was rent with dissensions. Constitution after constitution was promulgated, but the people paid little heed, and when, in 1813, their captive sovereign was restored to them, they forgot all they had endured for sake of liberty, and forged anew the chains that held them to the throne. Base and despicable as this white-livered scion of a feeble sire and wanton mother had shown himself, yet he was received as a hero by the pop-

ulace, who united in doing him honor all over the land. He was doubtless a representative Spaniard, for the Spanish people hailed him as such; yet to no noble act of his, no brave deed, no generous expression could any one point. But the people were blinded by the glamour of the throne, by the prestige attaching to their royal house, and dearly were they to pay for their unreasoning attachment to a worthless scoundrel, now returned to sovereignty as Ferdinand VII. One of the first things he did was to abrogate the Constitution, probably because it was the best Spain ever had; his second act was to reinstate the Inquisition, his third to banish or imprison all who had opposed in any way his return. His next attempt at grasping the reins of royalty was to send troops to subdue the now rebellious colonies in America, the inhabitants of which, with more of manliness than his home subjects, aimed at a greater degree of independence. They all succeeded, as we know, in gaining that independence, and all during the years of Ferdinand's reign—all except Cuba and Porto Rico, which were to be liberated by the intercession of a government not then considered important enough to merit notice—that of the United States of America. Severe and gloomy indeed were the years of this monarch's sovereignty in Spain, and his subjects had good reason to repent their hasty action in recalling him to the throne. The French were gone, and no foreign foe menaced the nation; but within herself Spain had cause enough for sedition and rebellion. The soldiery the king would have sent to suppress rebellions in America, the seasoned veterans of a war he took no part in, refused to embark, and finally disaffection became so great that in 1819 Ferdinand was compelled to swear devotion to the Constitution, to abolish the Inquisition, and to inaugurate reforms. Still, the country contin-

ued disturbed, and when, in 1823, under pretence of saving Spain from a revolution, French forces assembled on the frontier, King Ferdinand gladly welcomed them. They invaded Spain a second time, this time in the pretended interest of peace, and that they were hailed as allies by the majority of the people shows how pusilanimous those people were. One hundred thousand French soldiers were quartered upon and supported by Spain for five long years, in order that a miserable despot might be kept on his throne, and the liberties of the Spanish people restrained. Even then resistance to his policy was so strong that he fled like a cur to the French camp, and then, supported by foreign bayonets, he proclaimed all his previous professions null and void, and put to death many who had supported the Constitution.

His high-handed acts, such as the imprisoning and execution of political offenders, and his real weakness, which had brought about the loss to Spain of nearly all her American colonies, finally made it apparent that the greatest blessing to Spain would be a deliverance from this cowardly criminal. They had not far to seek for a substitute on the throne, and a party was formed having as its object the elevation to power of the king's brother, Don Carlos. Thus arose the "Carlists," who have continued their struggles until the present day, and whose frequent attempts to impose their claimant upon the throne have resulted so disastrously to Spain. When King Ferdinand lost his third wife without having an heir born to him the Carlists took heart that their candidate would eventually succeed to the throne. When the royal reprobate married again, for the fourth time, and a child was born whose paternity has many times been called in question, and that child a daughter, they did not lose hope; for there was the old Salic

Law by which females were prohibited from sovereignty. But Ferdinand revoked that law by "pragmatic sanction," banished Don Carlos to Portugal, and when the child was three years old he died, leaving to her a kingdom with an accumulated heritage of woe and wickedness. This child was Isabella II., whose excesses as a woman finally compelled her abdication as a queen; but of that later on.

As the Queen-regent, Christina, ably supported her little princess in her claim to the throne, the contending parties came to be known as Carlists and Christians. Don Carlos claimed that the revocations of Ferdinand were illegal, and that the ancient law of succession as hitherto in force in the kingdoms of Castile, Aragon and Navarre, by which no woman could inherit the crown, if a male heir were living, was still in force. There was, he claimed, a male heir, and he, Don Carlos, being the late king's brother, next of age, was that heir! After all, it was merely a question of opinion, as to whether a son of a woman known to be dissolute should be preferred to the daughter of another woman equally loose in her morals. For the amours of the wife of Charles IV. with Godoy were notorious, and the character of Queen Christina was not held above reproach. In fact, her immoralities were only exceeded, later on, by those of the illustrious daughter, the young princess, who was, to use a simile, the real "bone of contention" in connection with the throne. If Ferdinand had been a man of moral perceptions and mode of life—in other words, not a Spanish sovereign—and had left male issue, the Carlist wars might never have devastated Spain. If his fourth wife had been ordinarily discreet in her amours she might have held the regency until her daughter came of legal age, and then have retired with dignity to a merited seclusion.

But they were neither moral nor discreet; yet the world has witnessed the intercession of foreign powers in the support of Isabella II. on "moral grounds," and by their aid her generals were enabled finally to compel the Carlists to terms. This did not happen until about 1840, however, and during the time intervening most horrible atrocities had been committed on both sides; Spanish soil was drenched with blood—and with Spanish blood, at that, shed by Spanish hands. The successful leader of the Christinos, Espartero, was elected to the guardianship of the Princess Isabella, and her mother compelled to abdicate and invited to quit the country. Three years later Espartero was driven from the country, and the Duke of Baylen selected as guardian to Isabella, who was then declared of age, though but thirteen years old. But the Cortes, in its superlative wisdom, held that she, being a princess, must of course possess superior endowments to ordinary mortals, and consequently, at this tender age be well qualified to rule their country.

She was crowned as Isabella II., and her mother, the ex-regent, invited back from the country to which she was exiled. No woman, says a recent writer, ever started life under worse auspices. Her father, Ferdinand VII., was at once stupid, cruel and treacherous; her mother, Christina of Naples, was utterly and irredeemably worthless; while her ancestors, Spanish and Neapolitan alike, had for generations been equally renowned for their vices and their follies. Then, the first fourteen years of her life, she was in constant association with some of the worst men and women of Europe. She saw her own mother openly outraging all the decencies of life, plotting, intriguing—nay, even giving her lovers rendezvous in the nursery of her children. Thus, by every law of heredity she was foredoomed.

XIX.

HOW THE BOURBON LINE WAS BROKEN.

THE two princesses, Isabella, and her sister the Princess of the Asturias, were accustomed to see their mother's favorite in her *boudoir*, and were too young to understand old Espartero's objections to this state of things, when he returned from defeating the Carlists, in 1839. At all events, he determined to end it, and deprive the queen-regent of both her power and her children, in the interests of the national morality. After she had been forced to flee, Espartero made her return impossible by promptly publishing an account of all her crimes and *pecadillos*, together with an announcement of her marriage to one Munoz, a private of the royal guard. The queen and her sister were placed in the care of Don Arguelles, who seemed to think that his only duty was to see that they were clothed and fed, and made no attempt to educate them, or fit them in any way for the duties of their station. Their governesses were given to understand that lessons were unnecessary for princesses, and so complete was their ignorance that they could hardly sign their names when they were married. Isabella always maintained that this was not the result of carelessness on the part of their guardian, but was a deliberate plan to render them unfit for rule. But, whether intentional or not, neither was fit to rule, and when, in 1843 Isabella took her place among the sovereigns of Europe, Spain would have been much better off if she had taken a wooden

image from one of the churches and placed it on the throne; for a wooden image, if not endowed with reason, yet has no tendencies to crime and passion. When at length the minister Narvaez was forced to recall the exiled queen mother, for the sake of decency, she so overwhelmed the lonely princesses with flattery and caresses that they soon knew no will but her own. She used them to play upon the sympathies of her subjects, so that when things went well she quite neglected them; but when there were symptoms of discontent, she had them arrayed in their smartest frocks and taken out to drive about the streets of her capital. Christina's daughters, with their high and well-founded expectations, were the "two best matches in Europe," and their mother determined they should catch husbands of her own choosing. She had been bought, it is claimed, by Louis Philippe, and had resolved her two daughters should be married to his two sons. The announcement, however, of these "Spanish marriages," raised such a storm that finally but one of the daughters was married to a son of the King of France, and that one the younger, who had no expectations except through the failure of her sister to provide for the succession in due time. Queen Isabella, then, was married to her cousin, Don Francis, son of the youngest brother of Don Carlos and Ferdinand VII. By this marriage, the first and third lines of descent from Charles IV. were united, and the second, the Carlist, was left altogether out of the reckoning. This of course, further infuriated the Carlists; but they were then practically impotent, and did not indulge in another grand outbreak until toward the end of Isabella's reign, when the first pretender, Carlos V., was dead. The younger sister, the Princess of Asturias, was married to the Duke of Montpensier, and, after a

sojourn in Paris, returned to Spain, where she held semiroyal state at Seville. Unlike her royal sister, the Duchess de Montpensier was a model wife and devoted mother, and, until Isabella was blessed with children, she was looked forward to hopefully by many as the coming savior of Spain. She and her husband could not endure the scandals of the court at Madrid, it is said, and so retired to the beautiful palace of San Telmo, at Seville, where they lived in a luxury so pronounced that Isabella called the Duke "El Rey de Sevilla." When, in 1851, the queen gave birth to a daughter, their relative positions were completely changed, and the duke resented this to the extent of casting doubts upon the legitimacy of the Infanta. As time passed, however, and the people became more and more discontented with Isabella's rule, they began again to turn their eyes to Maria Louisa, the Dutchess de Montpensier, whose blameless life had won for her the hearty respect of all classes. But, unfortunately for her, she was popularly supposed to have no will but her husband's, and him the Spaniards mistrusted profoundly. When, therefore, in 1868, the minister, Bravo, banished them both, no public protest was raised. In the troublesome days that followed, the duke tried again and again to secure the Spanish crown for his wife, but always in vain. "No son of Louis Philippe shall ever reign over us," the people declared; and nothing would ever induce his wife to separate her lot from that of her husband. After affairs were again settled in Spain—and long after Isabella herself was banished the kingdom—the duke and duchess returned to San Telmo; and only recently her remains lay there in state, where she had died, respected and revered to the last.

It is a wearisome task to chronicle, merely, the

changes of administration, or ministeries, that occurred during Isabella's turbulent reign. Both England and France were concerned in her choice of a husband, even more, perhaps, than the young queen herself. The English party was supported by the liberals, or *Progresistas*, and the French claimants by the *Moderados* or Moderates. French intrigues having prevailed, the *Progresistas* were for a time sullen and subdued; but when, after the French revolution of 1848, Narvaez carried proceedings with a high hand against the progressive party, and its leaders were imprisoned, the strain was such that England recalled her ambassador, and, until 1850, all diplomatic relations between that country and Spain were suspended. Isabella governed through her ministers, and cared little how they governed, so long as she was left to her intrigues. Young as she was when she became queen and took a consort in marriage, she early showed herself a worthy representative of the family that had produced a Ferdinand VII., and the scenes of his court and that of her mother's were enacted over again. Now, the Spaniards, while the most lenient of people as toward the vices of their sovereigns, yet at times have spasms of virtue; or rather seize upon the failings of their rulers to declare against them. So at Barcelona there was an insurrection, in 1854, caused, it was charged, by the ambitious and unconstitutional measures of the government, and the scandals associated with the royal household, which spread even to the capital, and in which some blood was shed. A national junta was formed, with old Espartero and O'Donnell dominant, and constitutional government was again apparently restored. Still, the people were dissatisfied, and in 1856 Espartero resigned and the queen was induced to proclaim martial law. O'Donnell, who came to sole power in 1858, con-

tinued in prominence for five years, during which time he strove to divert attention from domestic to foreign affairs, by desultory wars. In 1859 he went over to Morocco and inflicted severe punishment upon some fanatical Africans who had attacked the Spanish stronghold and penal colony of Ceuta; and this revival of the Hispano-Moriscan wars, when Christian and Moslem were once more pitted against each other, delighted the people and made them content to settle down awhile longer to the pursuits of peace. In 1861 San Domingo was annexed to the kingdom, and for a short time it seemed as if Spain's ancient glories were to be reburnished, if not revived, and especially when she was invited to embark with France in an invasion of Mexico. In this latter affair, which proved in the end so disastrous to France, and cut short the career of Maximilian, she finally refused to co-operate in, having had one long and bitter experience in attempting to subdue that stubborn nation. In 1863, O'Donnell's ministry was superseded by that of the Marquis of Miraflores, during which he had the insurrection in San Domingo to deal with. To Miraflores succeeded Arrazola, and he in turn stood aside for Mon, and Pacheco: these again gave place to the veteran, Narvaez, and at last O'Donnell came to the fore once more. No party, however, struck at the root of the evil, either through lack of perception or lack of courage; though the clerical party had been shorn of much of its power and possessions, and the people at large correspondingly benefited. The trend of the popular reasoning had been shown in the outrages upon the monks, in Madrid and Catalonia, in 1834 and 1835, and the confiscation of church properties. Isabella had sworn to the Constitution of 1812, enlarged and improved in 1836; but so had her father sworn; and he had repudiated and retracted,

as often as he swore. Her lapses, however, were probably more through thoughtlessness or ignorance, than from the motions which had actuated Ferdinand VII. Liberalism constantly gained ground, and fifty years ago Republicanism appeared as a complicating factor in the government. In 1866 occurred another insurrection, this time of more threatening character than any other that had preceded it; but the leaders were captured and exiled, and for a time quiet was restored. Scarcely had the country time to take breath, when another rebellion broke forth, at the capital, the people aided by some of the troops proclaiming their desire for a republic. This was put down with a stern hand, and for the comparatively mild rule of O'Donnell, was substituted the military terrorism of Narvaez; when he died, the equally severe measures of Gonzales Bravo were enforced. Under this last, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier were exiled, the rebel leaders were banished in groups, the press was silenced, and matters were brought to a crisis. It was at this most inopportune moment that Isabella set out for the frontier, to meet the emperor and empress of the French; for, notwithstanding her immoralities, she had not forfeited the good opinion of the royal rulers. And, while she was at San Sebastian, where Wellington gave the French so severe a drubbing, fifty-five years before, she received the distressing news of the rebellion that her forces were not able to withstand. She never returned to her capital, nor has she since been there as a queen, where she once ruled with so high a hand. Transported with impotent fury, she was compelled to abandon her country to its fate, and set out for France, where, in the capital of that country bordering on her own she has found a home in exile ever since. Several Spanish sovereigns have found a refuge from exasperated sub-

jects in France; many French kings have made England their Mecca when troubles have overtaken them; but (at least of late years) no English sovereign has fled either to France or Spain, to escape trouble at home. Back to Spain, then, after the "Pronunciamiento of Cadiz," issued on September 19, 1868, came trooping the exiles sent out by Bravo and his confrères, who promptly took their places abroad. Among those repatriated subjects was General Prim, who directed the movements of the army, in co-operation with Admiral Topete of the navy, under whom, at Cadiz, the *pronunciamiento* was initiated. A collision occurred at Alcolea, between the royalists and insurgents, when the latter under Serrano won the day, and took nearly all the survivors into their ranks, and the reunited soldiery marched upon Madrid. The capital was with them, and Serrano soon established a provisional government, placing at its head the former exile, General Prim. Popular measures were enacted; reforms, particularly ecclesiastical, were decreed; and all Bourbons, of whatever character or degree, were banished from Spain. It would seem that everything now was progressing as the most ardent liberal could desire; but still there were many malcontents, and about everybody connected with the government, as well as outside of it, had a reform programme of his own. There was open rebellion in 1869, followed by defeats for the rebels, with bloodshed, and even slaughter. But the provisional government was sanctioned by the Cortes (which was assembled under the new electoral law permitting universal suffrage and vote by ballot) and it continued for two years. The Spaniards were not sufficiently educated, however, for a popular government; it is doubtful if they ever will be; and when the ex-queen resigned all

her rights (which amounted to nothing at all) in favor of her son, Alfonso, the Prince of the Asturias, the setting up of another king was agitated.

But the Bourbons were then in disfavor, and so the crown was offered to the Duke of Aosta, second son of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, and he was seated upon the throne in 1871, as Amadeus I., of Savoy. He had not been in position long before he wished himself back again, as he was before fate had settled upon him as a ruler over the unsteady, turbulent Spaniards. Two or three attempts upon his life soon strengthened the conviction that had grown upon him, of his unfitness for the office, two years of kingship perfectly satisfied him with its honors, as well as its perplexities. He abdicated, and the throne was declared vacant, and the Spaniards again seeking some royal personage who desired the doubtful honor of being their king. This was the opportunity of the Carlists, it was thought by them at the time, and they inaugurated the second Carlist war. Carlos V., the first pretender, was dead, as also his eldest son, Carlos VI.; but the latter had left the succession to his younger brother, "Juan III.," and he had turned over the claim to his eldest son, Carlos VII., who is the present Don Carlos or Pretender to the Spanish crown. He was then young and inexperienced, and so was betrayed by his generals and finally compelled to flee the country; but not until after massacres and widespread revolution had horrified the country. The republican leaders fought bravely (in behalf of they knew not what, but were determined it should not be a Carlist); Spain was declared in a state of siege; a levy was made of one hundred and twenty thousand men; great exertions were put forth. The disastrous ending of Don Carlos' plans was caused mainly by a *coup-d'état*, in January, 1874. He imme-

diately embarked for England (so long the home of pretenders to the throne) after delivering himself of a fulsome protest, and there came to the rescue, no less a personage than Don Alfonso, son of ex-Queen Isabella! General Pavia and his army had declared for him, in order, as he said, "to prevent the triumph of anarchy," and the people, who had execrated the Bourbons, at the departure of his mother, six years before, now welcomed effusively this stripling who was at that time the last Bourbon representative in Spain, or he soon was in Spain, and, having arrived at the heels of an army which had been successful in ousting Don Carlos, he was welcomed with acclaim as the "Pacificator King." Imagine a youth of seventeen stepping in and claiming the honors won by old and tried generals on bloody fields, and you have the situation at this time. He had to do something of the sort, in order to make a dramatic entrance into the country—or rather a theatric display—and he had evidently well learned his part, and performed it to perfection.

Republics and republicans, liberals and conservatives, had come and gone, played their little parts upon the stage; and it had all eventuated in this: that merely another Bourbon had arisen for the long-suffering people to carry on their calloused shoulders. And thus this amiable son of an amiable but immoral woman, this grandson of a corrupt and intolerant old king, this descendant of a royal dynasty founded in idiocy and inter-related by marriage to a degree prohibited by common sense and the laws of self-preservation, succeeded to the throne so long occupied by his ancestors! And, as if the line were not already sufficiently degenerate, Alfonso XII., as he came to be called, made a "love-match" with his cousin, Mercedes, daughter of the Duke de Montpensier. Fortunately for the country

—though of course to his great sorrow, the lovely Mercedes died before any children were born of this union; and after a brief period of perfunctory mourning, the young king married again. This time he wedded a relative not so closely united by the ties of consanguinity, the Archduchess Maria Christina, daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand, of Austria, and descended from Ferdinand, the younger brother of great Charles V. She is the great-granddaughter of the Emperor Leopold II., and the great-great-granddaughter of heroic Maria Theresa, the Queen of Hungary and Germany, who made such a protracted fight for her crown, during the celebrated “Thirty-years’ War.” So her blood was blue enough to satisfy the most haughty aristocrat of Spain; yet there have been opposers to this union who have thought otherwise, and maligned the queen unnecessarily, as unworthy the honor. But Alfonso had to look abroad for a fitting mate, as there was no one of his rank in Spain. It was a delicate question, also; for all the crowned heads of Europe looked disdainfully, yet covetously, upon the throne of Spain. In fact, the mere matter of selecting Alfonso’s predecessor—when Amadeus was chosen—brought about the offense to Prussia by which the Franco-German war was precipitated upon Europe, with all its attendant horrors, and terrible disasters to France. It was in 1870, when the Spanish crown was being hawked about Europe for a purchaser, that the provisional government of Spain, at their wits’ ends for some one to take it off their hands, offered it to the comparatively unknown Prince Leopold, of Hohenzollern. This gentleman happened to be related to King William of Prussia, and, although the latter advised Prince Leopold to reject the crown, yet the French emperor found in the offer a pretext for declaring war against Prussia; and

thus Spain became the unwitting means of France's humiliation.

No international complications followed the union, however, and the queen herself, being an amiable and sensible woman, has borne well the onerous exactions of royalty. Two daughters were born to the royal pair, the elder named after the lamented Mercedes, and both sweet and charming girls. But during Alfonso's life no male heir came to secure his tenure of sovereignty and this was a great disappointment. He was ably assisted by the great leaders, republican, liberal, and conservative, such as Emilio Castelar, Sagasta, Canovas del Castillo, and others. We should not ignore the attempt to found a federal republic, which succeeded to the abdication of Amadeus, in 1873, nor the strenuous efforts of its founders—efforts exerted in vain to unite and coalesce an unstable and incoherent population, unable to appreciate the advantages of freedom. But, with Alfonso, they received back to their bosoms the Bourbon "viper" which they had so affected to detest, but a few years previously. He was, however, comparatively free from venom, having inherited only the desires which, in his mother, brought trouble in their train, but which society, somehow, has come to look upon more tolerantly in man. It has been said that his licentiousness hastened Alfonso's end; but charity has drawn veil over his frailties, and he is now worshiped in Spain as the brave young king who chased the specter of Carlism into its den, who was ever thoughtful of his subjects, republican in his tastes, simple in his pleasures, and always cheerful and open-hearted. These popular qualities, however, did not save him from frequent attempts at assassination, any more than had gallantry and soldiery devotion saved brave old Prim, who had died by violence, in Decem-

ber, 1870, murmuring with his latest breath: "I am dying, but the king (Amadeus) is coming. Long live the king!"

Notwithstanding these brutal protests from the lower classes, Alfonso was a popular sovereign; under him Spain was at last governed as a constitutional monarchy, the legislative power divided between the king and the Cortes or peoples' representatives; suffrage was nominally free—a farce, of course, but the people were diverted, and imagined they took an important part in the government. There were frequent changes of the ministry, and ministeries came and went; as usual, alternately objects of scorn and acclamation, and always the scapegoats of the crowned head, who remained inviolable and immovable. And it was distinctly a great loss to Spain, when his gallant young king, after a brief reign of eleven years, was smitten by death, and carried to his eternal rest in the royal mausoleum of the Escorial.

XX.

MODERN SPAIN AND HER FUTURE.

THE death of Alfonso XII. did not leave the Spanish throne vacant, for, as it was now hereditary, his daughter Mecedes, the Princess of Asturias, succeeded, with her mother as Queen Regent. The widowed queen did not receive that popular sympathy to which she was entitled, a neglect proceeding from dynastic considerations; but she eventually won support and respect by her dignified bearing during those trying months succeeding to her bereavement. She, more than any one else, knew the extent of her loss, and Spain's, and to her more than to any one else were turned the eyes of the nation. It seems the irony of fate that the long-desired heir of Alfonso XII., upon whose coming he had built so much, should after all be posthumous. It was on May 17, 1886, that the Queen Regent gave birth to a son, who was really born titular king of Spain, thereby displacing his sister Mercedes. There was great rejoicing, as well as great disturbance; for the upholders of royalty saw a pledge of its continuance, and the devotees of a republic saw a possible postponement of the fruition of their hopes. In the end the loyalists prevailed, but not until after much blood was spilled, and many insurrectionists exiled to Fernando Po, on the coast of Africa. Although Republican revolutionary leaders had been shot and others exiled, yet around the Queen Regent rallied the best of that party, as well as the best of the conservatives and

liberals. She was supported, not on account of the loyalty of her subjects to herself, but because of the chivalrous respect for the helpless infant, committed to her care as King of Spain. Through thus having a chivalric battle-cry, or rallying-point, the royalists have maintained their vantage ground, and have even gained as the years have passed, owing to the self-sacrifice and steady sensibility of the queen-mother, who has manifested a devotion, and shown a purity of motive unsurpassed in history, and absolutely unimaginable by her Spanish subjects. Accustomed as they have been to immorality and licentiousness at court, to such reigns as those of the queen of Charles IV., and Isabella II., the morality of this "Hapsburg woman" came to them as a shock. And, if they can forgive her for venturing to be more correct in her deportment than her predecessors, and thus in a measure a reproach to them, it will be to his mother, the Queen Regent, that the present King of Spain, Alfonso XIII. will be indebted for the preservation of his throne. As he comes into absolute possession on his sixteenth birthday, when he reaches his "majority," he will become actual King of Spain, if he lives and the throne is still intact, on May 17, 1902.

Unlike his father, his grandmother, his grandfather (and so on, back for generations, we might enumerate,) the little Alfonso has the distinct advantage of a loving mother's care and oversight. So far as he is not incapacitated by reason of inherited bodily infirmities, he is being educated in everything that pertains to the dignity of his coming kingship; but it is much to expect that one descended from (to go no farther back), Alfonso XII., Isabella, Christina of Naples, and Ferdinand VII., shall escape their legacies of disease, and live to a ripe old age. He has been alluded to as "the

hope of Spain:" but why he is, or how he became that "hope" is not very clear to others than devoted royalists. Still since it seems necessary that Spain have some sort of figurehead to worship, "be it alive, or be it dead," matters not much; it may be well that this object take the shape of an innocent child and his widowed mother. Spain does credit to her best feelings when she bows down at such a shrine; but this is not saying that she also does the wisest thing, by any means. What she needs, undoubtedly, is a strong, sternly-repressive force at the helm of state, represented by another Charles V., or Cardinal Ximenes, without their bigotry, and in accord with the enlightened nineteenth century.

The really patriotic leaders of Spain have been conspicuous for their scarcity; there are few great Conservatives like Canovas del Castillo; Republicans like Castelar; Liberals like Sagasta. All these rallied to the queen's support when she needed them, and all have been, in turn, directors of the wavering sentiments of Spain. The virulent, obstinate, even brutal ignorance of the masses cannot be penetrated by any sentiment of sympathy with high aspiration or disinterested devotion to principle. This was emphasized when the great statesman, Canovas del Castillo, was murdered by an anarchist. It was, to be sure, an Italian assassin that struck down this upright and learned conservative in the full flight of his powers; but he was acting in what he took to be the interests of the country, when he did the foul deed. That was in 1896, on the seventh of June; three years previously Señor Sagasta had been stoned by a mob—that same Sagasta who was found in power when the late war broke out between Spain and the United States. Sagasta has held faithfully to his trust, despite the thankless nature

of it, and it would seem that nothing but a stern sense of duty to his country could keep him at a post where he has been so maligned and distrusted, hated and scorned. He has made a strong fight against the corruption of the official classes; he had the misfortune to be in charge of affairs when (according to his enemies), official corruption and opportunities for peculation were greatest. He has endured the obloquy attaching to the office of prime minister on account of the unprepared condition of Spain's navy—a condition which conduced to its ignominious defeat at Santiago and Manila—when the real fault lay with the bureaucratic system, which has prevailed for hundreds of years.

It is not our intention to discuss the late war and the causes which led up to it, in this connection; for the causes and the object of it are given in our "Cuba, its Past, Present and Future," issued in this series. The object of the present volume is to set forth the unvarying features of Spanish policy, diplomacy, and customs; to show the real cause of Spanish misguidance and ultimate deterioration, in its long line of improvident and unpatriotic rulers; the methods by which its resources have been exhausted and its very life-blood sapped during the centuries past.

The war with Cuba was but an episode; yet it was also the legitimate outgrowth of Spain's policies, which—as already explained—have been consistently cruel and unjust toward her colonists, from her earliest occupation of American territory.

To make a compact and comprehensive presentment of Spain as she is to-day, we should take cognizance of what she has accomplish in the world of art, of architecture, of letters, as well as of diplomacy. Of her architecture, Gothic and Moorish, we have obtained glimpses as we went along; of her diplomacy, illustri-

ous examples have been given in the lives of her rulers and statesmen. It may seem, indeed, that her history has been one long chronicle of the doings of crowned heads and their immediate attendants: courtiers, servants, diplomats, and especially of their armies. But, though they have been neglected hitherto, there are commoners—there have been talented members of the body politic—who have won crowns of honor from their contemporaries, and whose works have outlasted the generations in which they were born. We have seen and noted the most shining exemplars of statesmanship; we have examined such glorious productions of architecture as the mosque of Cordova, the Alhambra, the Alcazar of Seville; it remains to note that in the minor arts also Spain at one time led the world. The Spanish ceramics were once greedily sought by royalty, and to-day occupy conspicuous places in the cabinets of collectors; the "*azulejos*," particularly, or the Arabic tiles and mosaic tablets, are celebrated. "The beautiful Hispano-Moresque faiences, with brilliant reflections, were, from the fourteenth century, the ornaments of princely dressers. During the sixteenth century, the manufacture of faience formed perhaps the most important industry of Seville, Toledo and Talavera." The porcelain factory founded by Charles III. was filled with workmen brought by him from Naples in 1758. And as to other arts, the "*plateros*," or silversmiths, were at their best in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and their wonderful products are still to be seen in the churches. Indeed, it is declared that the collections of the Spanish churches and cathedrals equal the far-famed treasures of the Vatican, and that, if brought to a last extremity, Spain could, by the confiscation and sale of these accumulated riches, provide for the payment of a goodly portion of her national

debt, including the total expenses of the war with Cuba.

These treasures consist of "inlaid shrines, jeweled mitres and crucifixes, ecclesiastical robes heavy with gems and embroidery, rare statuary, and numerous paintings by the old masters, together with other art objects of inestimable worth. Art treasures of almost fabulous value have been accumulating ever since the discovery of America, and became more numerous and precious than ever under the reign of Philip II., who heaped up in his kingdom the spoils of the Old World and the New, bestowing the rarest of them on the religious establishments." In this connection we may recall the altar of a now obscure convent near Burgos gilded with some of the first gold brought home by Columbus, and Isabella's missal, in the illuminating of which some of that precious gold was used. Most of these works of the "*illuminadores*," their illuminated prayer-books, etc., are still extant in many churches and cathedrals, the majority dating from the sixteenth century. The Spanish ancient embroideries are exquisitely beautiful, the sacerdotal vestments of rich cathedrals, like those of Seville, Burgos, Granada and Toledo, are said to be unsurpassed. The art of weaving was ancient in Spain, and the Arabs brought it to great perfection as early as the ninth century; while the introduction of Flemish weavers by Charles and Philip II., gave Spain possession of rich tapestries. As to wood carving, shown in jalousies and ceilings, and marble filagree, "there is no country in the world where carved altar-pieces may be seen that are at all comparable to those of Spain." In art—in the production of works that will live forever—who that has seen the inimitable pictures by Murillo, Ribera, Velasquez (of which hundreds are yet preserved in Spain), will

deny this country the honor of having been the birth-place of at least several of the "old masters?"

In literature, it cannot with truth be claimed that Spain has been so fortunate as in art. "The backwardness of Spain," says a talented writer, "in all things save cruelty, finds a luminous example in the practically total absence of Spanish names from the literature of the world. Who but a specialist can mention more than one world-famous Spanish author? Who are Spain's epic, dramatic, narrative and lyric poets? Who are her historians, her critics, her novelists? Who are her scientific authors (leaving out the Arabs) her philosophers, and her essayists? In the sixteenth century, out of the thin soil of mediocrity—mediocrity in authors which neither gods nor men can tolerate—sprang the immortal Cervantes, the only writer Spain has produced who can be at all compared with the literary geniuses of other peoples? . . . Following Cervantes, arose the first of the dramatists Spain produced: Lope de Vega, to whom is given the sole credit for lifting the Spanish drama into a position of dignity in any manner worthy the word. Lope de Vega wrote, it is said, eighteen hundred plays, and four hundred other works. Of these several were epics now wholly forgotten. . . . The hordes of poets that lived with him rose no higher than the pun or vulgar metaphor. The best they could do was to call their enemies, the English—as now the Americans—'pigs!' At that time the poets of Spain turned out epics by the thousand; yet, . . . for two hundred years Spain has wallowed in the barbarism of a nation without a book it can call its own!"

But says another charming writer, a teacher of literature: "Most people, and well educated people at that, will tell you they know of no Spanish literature beyond

the legends of the Cid and that wonderful production of Cervantes, 'Don Quixote,' which 'laughed Spain's chivalry away.' Yet there is a vast treasure for the student of Spanish who succeeds in passing these two sentinels who guard the storehouse. . . . There is Calderon, for instance, that wonderful poet-dramatist, so often compared with Shakespeare. Emerson appreciated him, and more than once has he paid tribute to the beauty of Calderon's imagery, and his keen insight into human nature. Contemporaries of Calderon and Cervantes are two other great men, Lope de Vega and Quevado; the last named a satirist, bitter of disposition, but endowed with clearest insights. These four great names—Cervantes, Calderon, Lope de Vega and Quevado—would by themselves form a glorious garland of dramas, lyrics, novels and satires for Spain. . . . Then there are the 'Moorish Tales,' sometimes written by Moors, sometimes by Castilians, dealing with chivalric encounters between youths of noble families. . . . We rarely think of Christopher Columbus as an author; and yet his letters and memorials are wonderfully interesting reading—a mixture of history and mysticism, and in good Castilian. . . . The 'Conquest of Mexico,' by Antonio de Solis, has been called by competent critics one of the greatest of prose epics; and indeed, there is something about the Spanish language that lends itself marvellously well to the recital of great deeds and high thoughts. It is a language simple, direct, dignified, sonorous—truly, as has been said, the language par excellence for addressing the Deity! . . . Spain has given the world models of dramatic art: France has many times copied from her, and with but little change, the plot and treatment of some play which we now generally ascribe to the Frenchman, having lost sight of the

Spanish original. Molière himself drew largely from the Spanish dramas, as did other well-known dramatists of France. Spain's Golden Age corresponded closely with her pre-eminence in conquest and internal development; after that burst of glory Spain slept—retired, rather, in dignified reserve, to brood alone upon her poverty and fallen grandeur. But there has been an awakening, within the past fifty years, and Spain, says William Dean Howells, has made more progress in intellectual activity during the last half-century than any other nation. A surprising statement, this; but Howells generally knows whereof he speaks. In novels, poetry and metaphysical and philosophical works, there has been a great outpouring; Juan Valera, the author of 'Pepita Ximenez,' is one of her best-known modern authors; Castelar, the orator, has a world-wide reputation for his brilliant, eloquent speeches. Simultaneously with this development in the Spain of to-day, we note the appearance of literary works of merit throughout all Spanish America, chiefly taking the form of novels. And in this connection one recalls particularly that charming idyl of South-American life, 'Maria' (written a few years ago by one Jorge Isaacs, a native of the United States of Colombia), and which has been translated into nearly every modern language. In this brief mention of a few of Spain's great names, merely a hint is given of what awaits the student of Spanish: and that is as keen a pleasure as he can find in the literature of either France or Germany, and perhaps more of interest, because of its comparative newness and freshness; so he can partake somewhat of the joys of an explorer in a rarely-traversed land!"

There can be no reasonable doubt that the events of the past year, the upheavals of musty traditions and

century-old customs, proceeding from contact with American soldiers and sailors, from a shattering of cherished idols and superstitions—these events will bring about a revival of artistic and literary activities. If Spain accepts the lessons of the war, and arouses herself from her sleep of centuries, she may yet leap abreast her foremost rival in the race for intellectual supremacy. In scientific literature and inventions, Spain will probably ever lag behind; she has shown conclusively that she lacks the spirit of scientific investigation. But for literature her noble and sonorous language is the most fitting speech devised by God; and may it be applied by those who possess its gift.

One is tempted to linger on the bright side of the picture; but deep shadows cast themselves across the canvas.

In a forecast of Spain's future one must take heed to figures which cannot be controverted. For instance: of Spain's total population estimated at eighteen millions, not more than one-third can read and write; quite half the whole number have no trade or profession; not two millions attend school of any sort; of literary writers of all classes there are less than 1,300; with 20,000 physicians, 100 office-holders, 64,000 pensioners; 500,000 servants; 39,000 teachers; 500,000 devoted to agriculture (such as it is); more than 90,000 are professional beggars. Two million, six hundred thousand of the women are unable to read or write, and nearly a million women earn their living by hard labor in the fields. They have few enjoyments in common with the men, though they take as great pleasure in attendance upon the bull-fights as their husbands and brothers, the gallant "*toreadores*" being their ideal heroes; the brutal spectacles their highest conception of an entertainment. The national character, in fact, may be assumed by a

perusal of the statistics of the annual bull-fights, the interest in which, instead of diminishing, is rather increasing. According to a report by a consul-general of the United States, during the season of six months in 1896, between April and October, 478 bull-fights took place, in which were slaughtered 1,218 bulls, valued at \$300,000, and 5,730 horses, estimated at \$200,000. Twenty-five "*matadores*" were employed, at a cost of \$221,000; while fighters of less renown received from \$300 to \$400 for their services; some being paid as high as \$850 each. A famous "*espada*" known as "*Guerrita*" appeared in sixty-eight fights, killed 174 bulls, and received \$51,000; another, "*Bombita*," fought 43 times, killed 112 bulls, and was paid \$21,000; "*Mazantini*" 29 times, killing 68 bulls, and was rewarded with \$21,700. These are official statistics. During last season (1898) the most popular "*toreador*" took part in 65 fights, killed 133 bulls, and carried off \$60,000; the only injuries he sustained being a bruise on his foot and a slight wound in the leg. The successful bull-fighters are from the lower classes and are uneducated; yet are courted and even feared, no newspaper, whatever may be its standing and influence, daring to give them anything but praise, as they have their bands of cutthroat adherents who inflict severe punishment upon those incurring their enmity.

Spain is the only country pretending to civilization in which the bull-fight flourishes, and has the character of a national pastime. It is the only country, too, where it is not only tolerated by the church, but where the church countenances and upholds it.

At the outbreak of the war between Spain and the United States, Signor Crispi, Italy's greatest statesman, was asked his opinion as to the result, and made the following prophetic statement: "It will be the end

of Spain; though I regret, as do all Italians, that our Latin sister has allowed herself to be drawn into such a blind alley, from which she cannot possibly escape without great injury. She is valiant, she is chivalrous—yes; but those are virtues of the Middle Ages, as understood by the *grandees* of Spain. In our nineteenth century *initiative* is necessary—a practical spirit—which in the Spaniards is absolutely wanting. Spain has committed monstrous sins, for which she is paying now. I do not know that the Americans have any right to interfere in the affairs of Cuba; but the Spaniards have certainly shown themselves cruel, barbarous, and incapable of governing the ‘Pearl of the Antilles;’ and in one way or another they will lose that beautiful colony. The prime cause of Spain’s condition is the general state of ignorance—in the upper, as well as the lower classes!”

When this century opened, or in 1800, Spain governed colonies with an extent of 10,000,000 square miles; now she barely owns a total of 244,000 square miles. In May, 1898, she lost Manila and the Philippines when Commodore Dewey sank her Asiatic fleet; Cuba, when Cervera’s splendid squadron was shattered in July; Porto Rico, when the Peace Protocol found American soldiers on that island, in August. And before the year closed, she had conveyed—and sanctioned that conveyance by treaty—all her sovereignty in America, besides parting with nearly all her possessions in Asia.

The year 1899 found her owning no territory whatever in free America.

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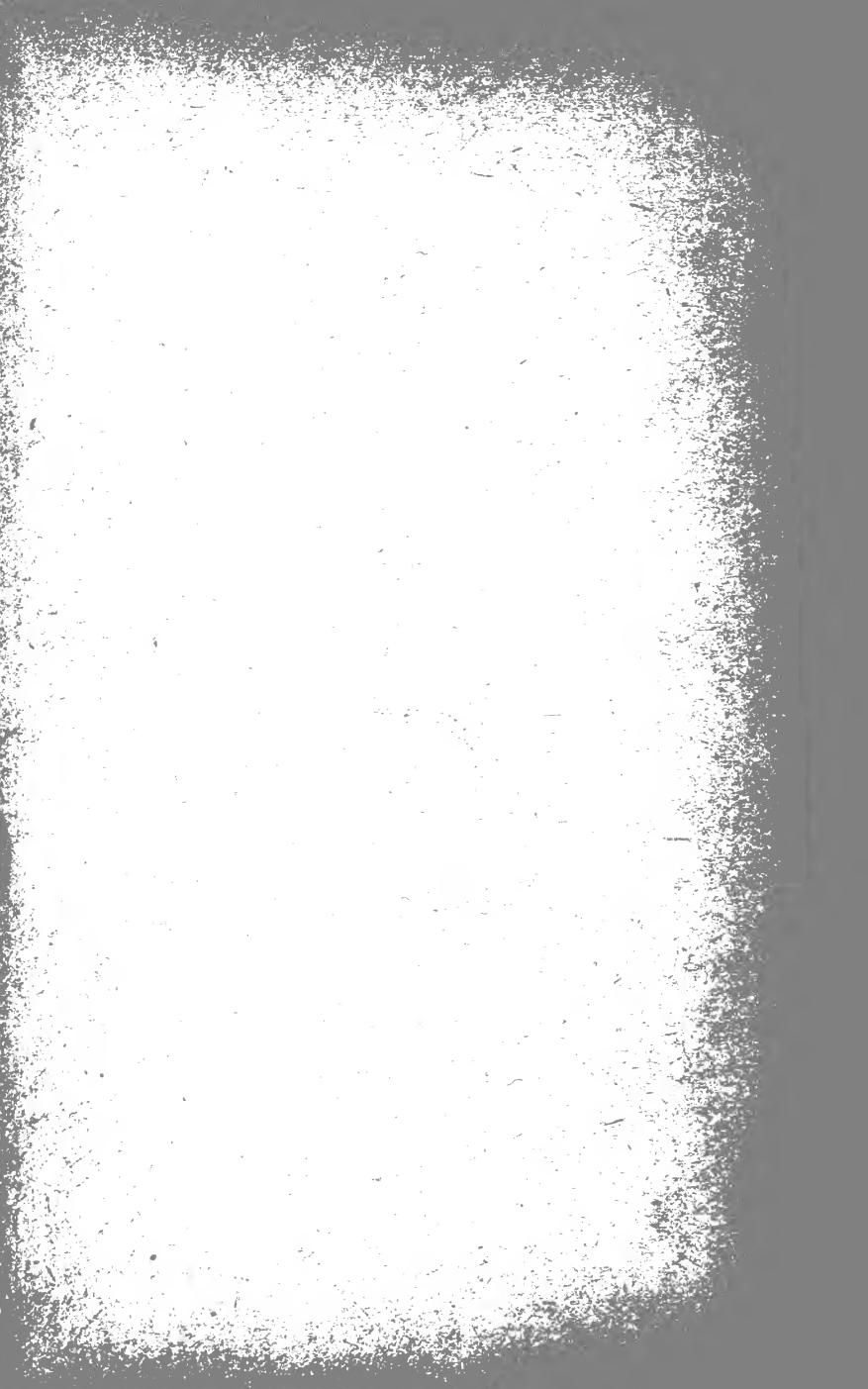
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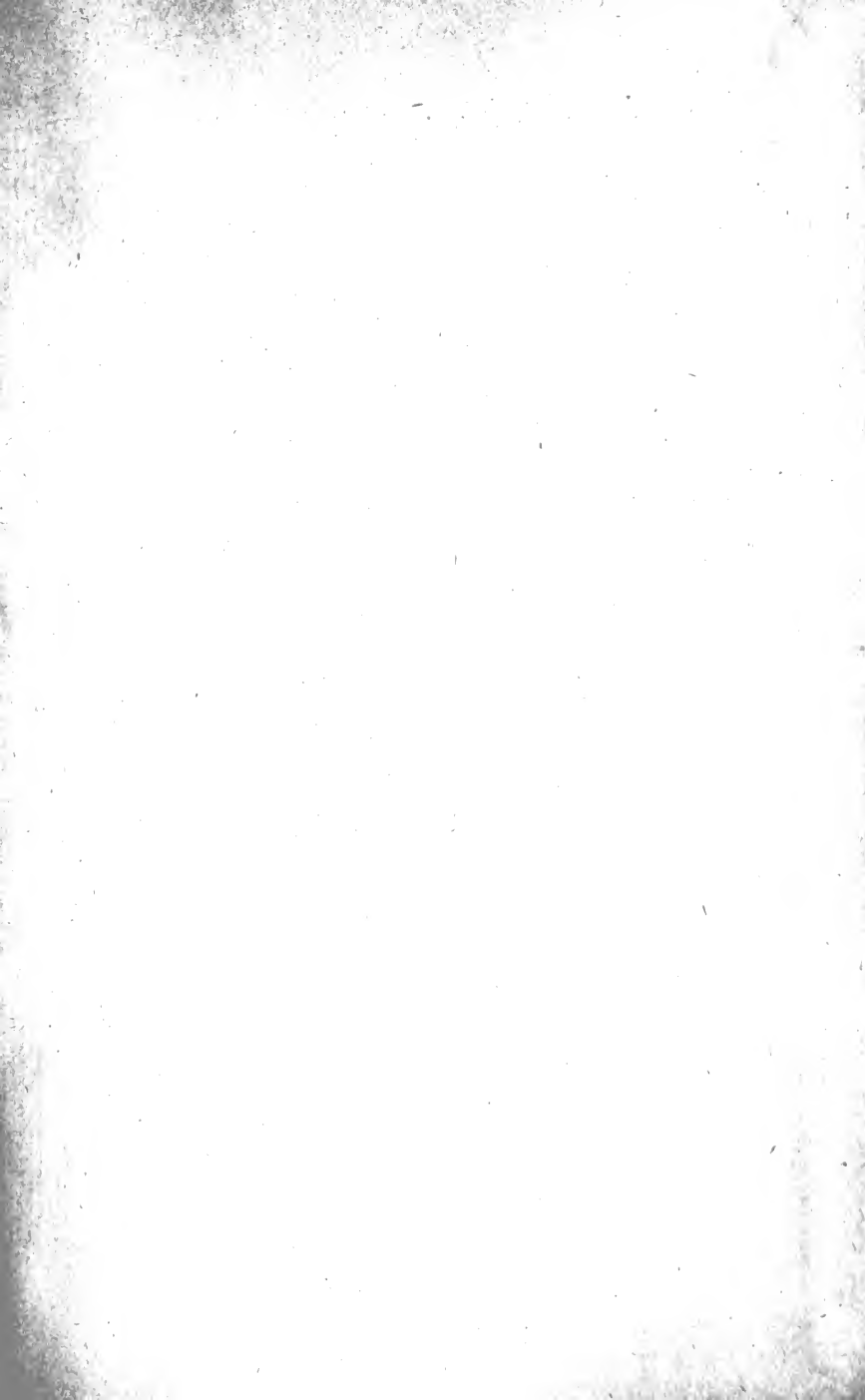
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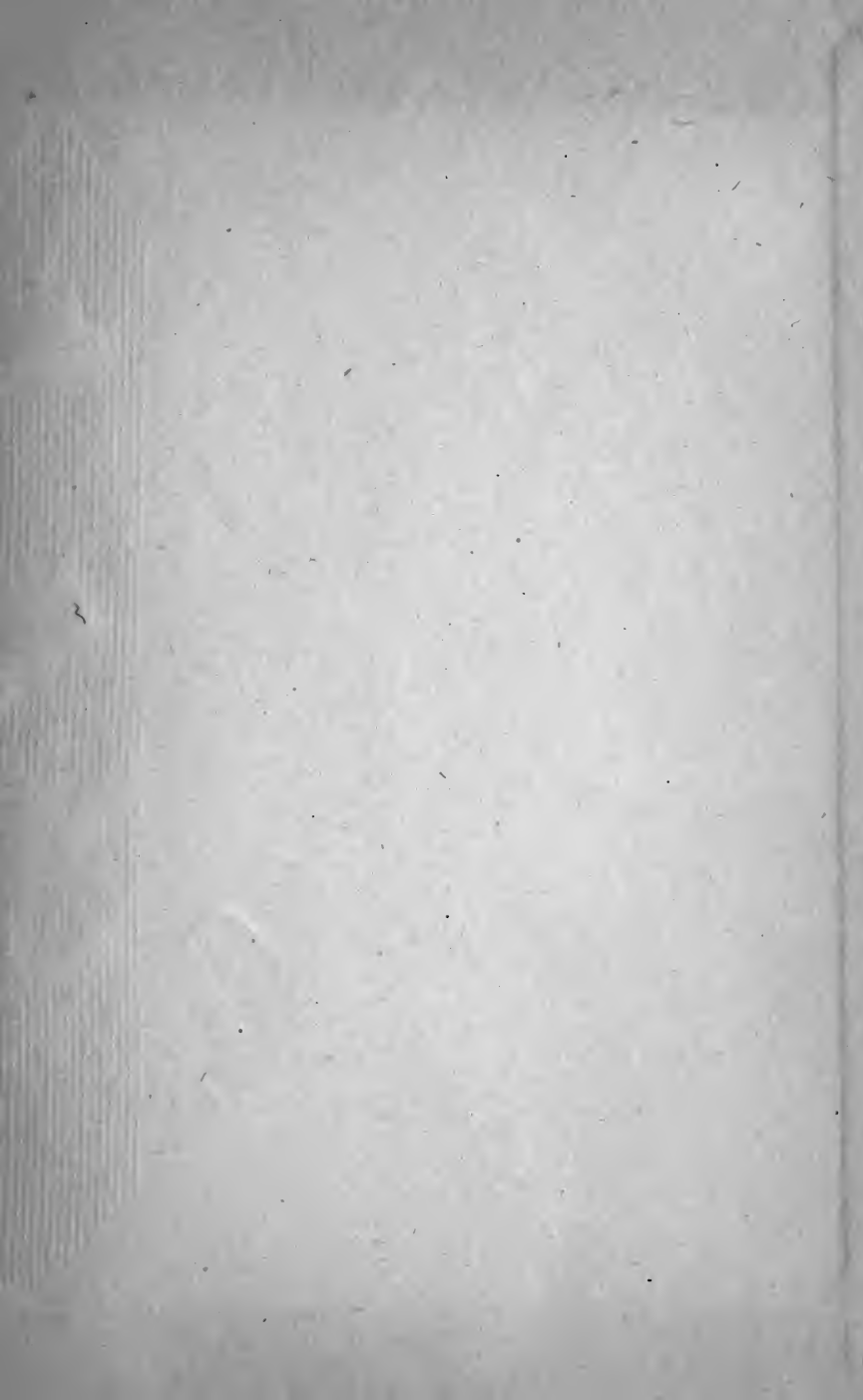
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